AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

JUN -9 1952

modern screen

JULY
20¢

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side report:

Hollywood's Most Passionate Loves

first photos of
ITA HAYWORTH'S
hideaway

LET CAMAY TAKE YOUR SKIN

"out of the shadows" and into the light of loveliness!



MRS. CHARLES RONALD STATON, this lovely bride, sings Camay's praises: "After I changed to regular care and Camay, I was amazed at the clearer, fresher look my skin had. It came about so quickly."

As this Camay bride proved—a clearer, brighter complexion can be yours with your First Cake of Camay!

A GIRL who has hopes of popularity and romance—of a marriage proposal and all the bliss that it brings—may hope in vain if her complexion wears a mask of dullness!

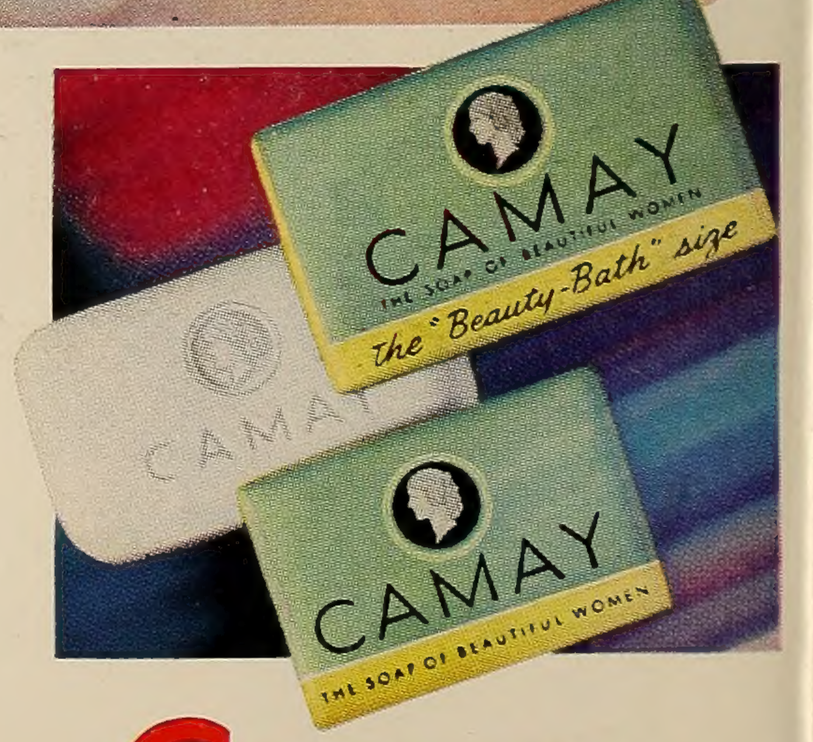
Never let your complexion be marred by shadows! Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women, can take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness. Change to regular care—use Camay and Camay alone—and you'll marvel at the fresher, clearer complexion your very *first cake* of Camay will bring!

For complexion *or* bath, there's no finer beauty soap than Camay. The mildness of Camay is so kind to your skin. And Camay's rich, creamy lather cleanses so gently. Take your skin "out of the shadows" and into the light of new loveliness with Camay, The Soap of Beautiful Women.

New beauty awaits all your skin!



The daily Camay Beauty Bath brings all your skin that "beautifully cared-for" look! It touches you with Camay's flattering fragrance. For more lather, more luxury, use big Beauty-Bath size Camay.



Camay

the Soap of Beautiful Women

JUN -9 1952

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Ipana tooth paste gives 'round-the-clock protection against "Tell-Tale Mouth"

KEEPS BREATH and TEETH CLEANER... REDUCES TOOTH DECAY!



Yes, using Ipana® regularly after eating removes major causes of mouth odor —keeps breath and teeth cleaner all day and evening.

This gives you really wonderful **'round-the-clock protection** against "Tell-Tale Mouth."

And it **reduces tooth decay** one of the best ways known.

Ipana contains **all** the ingredients necessary for effective mouth hygiene, including two scientifically formulated **cleansing, purifying** ingredients.

Try it. Check the clean, keen-tasting **freshness** Ipana gives your whole mouth. Get this tooth paste that is **time-tested** and **proved** in use by millions!



Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Products of Bristol-Myers

'ROUND-THE-CLOCK PROTECTION FOR YOUR WHOLE MOUTH!

NEW! DOUBLE-DUTY *Multifine* Tooth Brush—Over 1400 fine nylon bristles, plus the *twist* in the handle. 1000 dentists helped design it.

Drive carefully 'round-the-clock! The life you save may be your own!

Only COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

HAS PROVED SO COMPLETELY IT

STOPS BAD BREATH*!

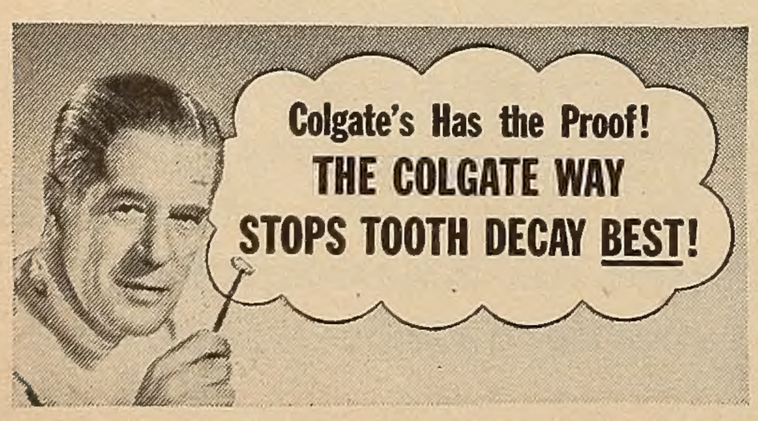
***SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!**



For "all day" protection, brush your teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream. Some toothpastes and powders claim to sweeten breath. But only Colgate's has such complete *proof* it stops bad breath.*



Colgate's wonderful wake-up flavor is the favorite of men, women and children from coast to coast. Nationwide tests of leading toothpastes *prove* that Colgate's is preferred for flavor over all other brands tested!



Yes, science has proved that brushing teeth right after eating with Colgate Dental Cream stops tooth decay *best!* The Colgate way is the most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!



No other Toothpaste or Powder OF ANY KIND WHATSOEVER Offers Such Conclusive Proof!

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JULY, 1952 AMERICA'S GREATEST MOVIE MAGAZINE

modern screen

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CHARLES D. SAXON
editor

DURBIN HORNER
executive editor

CARL SCHROEDER
western manager

FLORENCE EPSTEIN, story editor
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CAROL PLAINE, assistant editor
KATIE ROBINSON, western editor
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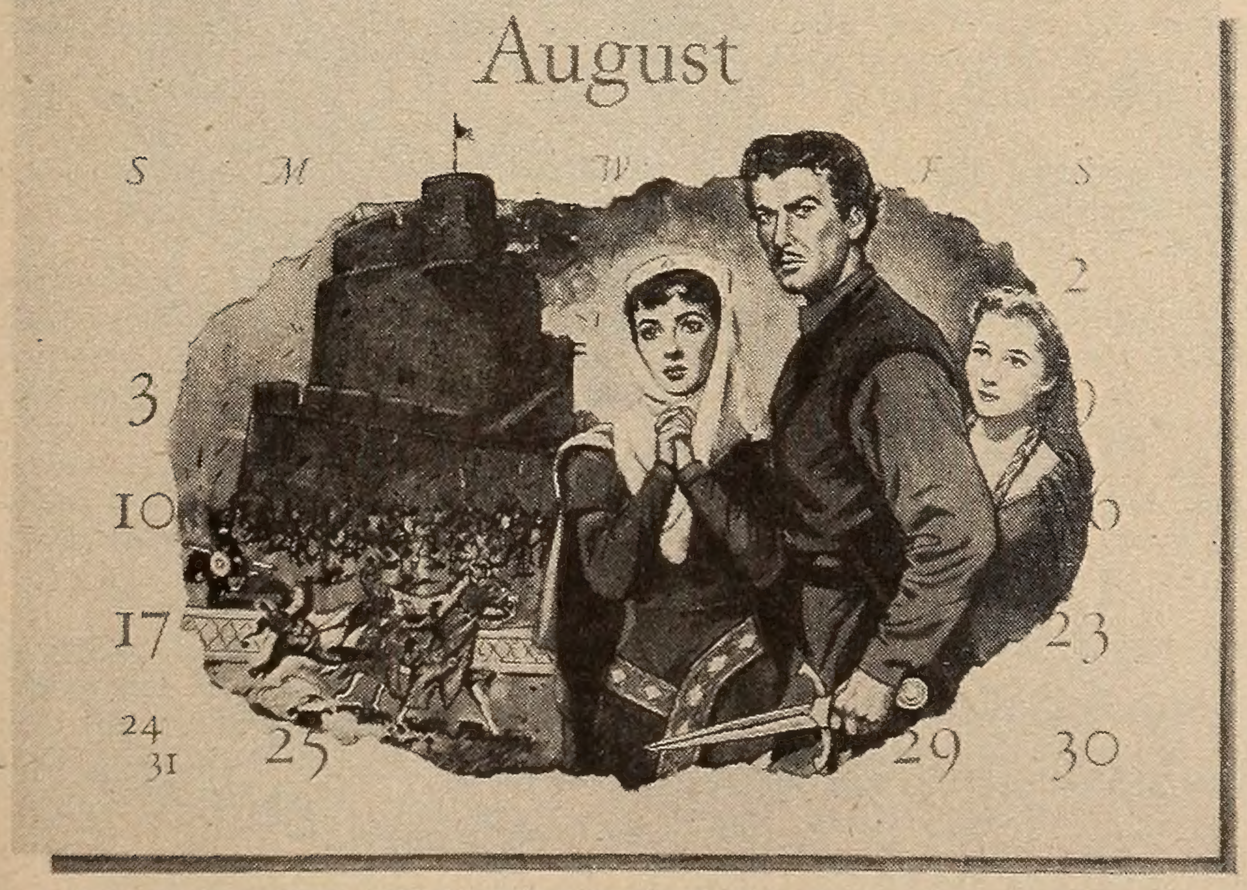
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M-G-M's Movie-of-the-Month Calendar

A Joyous New Musical for July and it's "Lovely To Look At"



"LOVELY TO LOOK AT" is M-G-M's sumptuous summertime delight, an entertainment as eye-filling as its title suggests, gay and chic and romantic as Paris, lilting with the Kern-Harbach songs! A magnificent must-see musical starring KATHRYN GRAYSON, RED SKELTON, HOWARD KEEL, dancers MARGE and GOWER CHAMPION, ANN MILLER and America's most beautiful models. Breath-takingly filmed in glorious color by *Technicolor.*



"IVANHOE" will be August's important picture, starring ROBERT TAYLOR, ELIZABETH TAYLOR, JOAN FONTAINE, GEORGE SANDERS, EMLYN WILLIAMS in Sir Walter Scott's exciting story of love and adventure. From M-G-M, the company that gave you "Quo Vadis", in all the splendor of color by *Technicolor.*



"THE MERRY WIDOW" is lovely LANA TURNER—it could be none other!—and FERNANDO LAMAS is co-starred. A gala M-G-M event for September, with Franz Lehar's music and color by *Technicolor.*



New finer MUM stops odor longer!

NOW CONTAINS AMAZING NEW INGREDIENT M-3 TO PROTECT UNDERARMS AGAINST ODOR-CAUSING BACTERIA

• **Protects better, longer.** New Mum now contains amazing ingredient M-3 for more effective protection. Doesn't give underarm odor a chance to start!

• **Creamier** new Mum is safe for normal skin, contains no harsh ingredients. Will not rot or discolor finest fabrics.

• **The only** leading deodorant that contains no water to dry out or decrease its efficiency. No waste. No shrinkage.

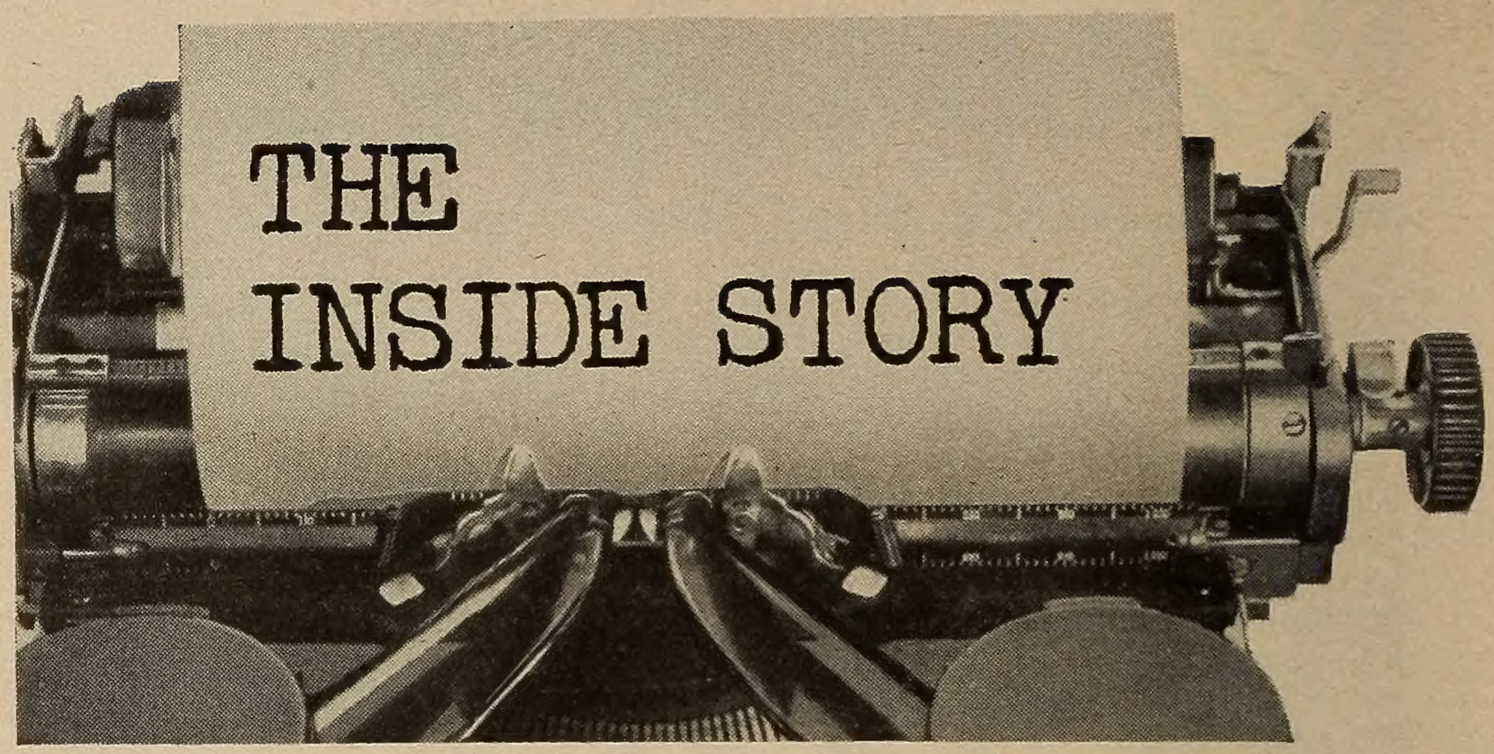
• **Delicately fragrant** new Mum is useable, *wonderful* right to the bottom of the jar. Get new Mum today.



New **MUM**®

CREAM DEODORANT

A Product of Bristol-Myers



Here's the truth about the stars—as you asked for it. Want to spike more rumors? Want more facts? Write to THE INSIDE STORY, Modern Screen, 1046 N. Carol Drive, Hollywood, Cal.

Q. I understand that Danny Thomas once studied to become a rabbi. What made him change his mind?
—B. Y., Toledo, Ohio

A. *Thomas was born and is a practicing Roman Catholic.*

Q. How much older than Travis Kleefeld is Jane Wyman?
—S. E., San Francisco, Cal.

A. *Ten years.*

Q. If Robert Taylor dislikes publicity so much, how come he has a publicity agent? —T. Y., Ames, Iowa

A. *He considers it a professional necessity.*

Q. Is it true that Jane Russell runs an appliance store in Hollywood when she isn't working in pictures? What happened to that little English boy she brought over to America?
—R. R., Dallas, Texas

A. *Her husband, Bob Waterfield, runs the appliance store. The Waterfields plan to adopt the little boy.*

Q. I understand that Peter Lawford is the best-liked actor on the Metro lot. Is this true? —C. F., Elkton, Md.

A. *He is well-liked, but so are many other MGM players.*

Q. I read recently that Farley Granger has become very high-hat and is refusing to pose for movie magazines. Is this true and if so, why?
—N. U., Akron, Ohio

A. *Just a passing phase with Farley.*

Q. Is the Lamas-Turner romance a buildup to publicize their picture, *Merry Widow,* or is it the real thing?
—V. H., Hurley, Neb.

A. *It started out as a publicity gimmick but developed into a full-fledged romance.*

Q. How many times has Alan Ladd's wife been married?
—E. P., Pawtucket, R. I.

A. *Three times.*

Q. Is it true that Glenn Ford is a big gambler and that this gambling is the cause of many quarrels between him and Eleanor Powell, his wife?
—S. W., Chicago, Ill.

A. *Ford likes a sociable game of poker about one night a week, a desire his wife never quarrels about.*

Q. Is Kirk Douglas only romancing with Gene Tierney as he did with Irene Wrightsman, or will Kirk and Gene end up at the altar?
Y. T., Ellenville, N. Y.

A. *For both parties this is merely a happy interlude.*

Q. What happened to the blazing affair between Greg Bautzer and Jane Wyman? —B. S., Tulsa, Okla.

A. *When Ginger Rogers returned to Hollywood after her New York play closed, Greg Bautzer returned to her.*

Q. How come the Bill Holdens, who have been married only ten years, have a 13-year-old daughter?
—E. W., Frankfort, Ky.

A. *The daughter is Mrs. Holden's by a previous marriage.*

Q. Don't movie stars get a raise every year? Why has Shelley Winters been earning $1,000 a week for the past two years? —N. Y., Baltimore, Md.

A. *She has been suspended several times, the suspension periods are added to the length of time her various salary brackets are in effect.*

Q. I read that during his 30 years as an actor Spencer Tracy has gone without work only two weeks. Is this true or just bunk?—L. S., Alhambra, Cal.

A. *True.*

Q. Is it true that Loretta Young and Irene Dunne are worth millions in real estate? —V. A., Richmond, Va.

A. *Not millions but a healthy sum.*

Q. Hasn't Gene Kelly refused to star

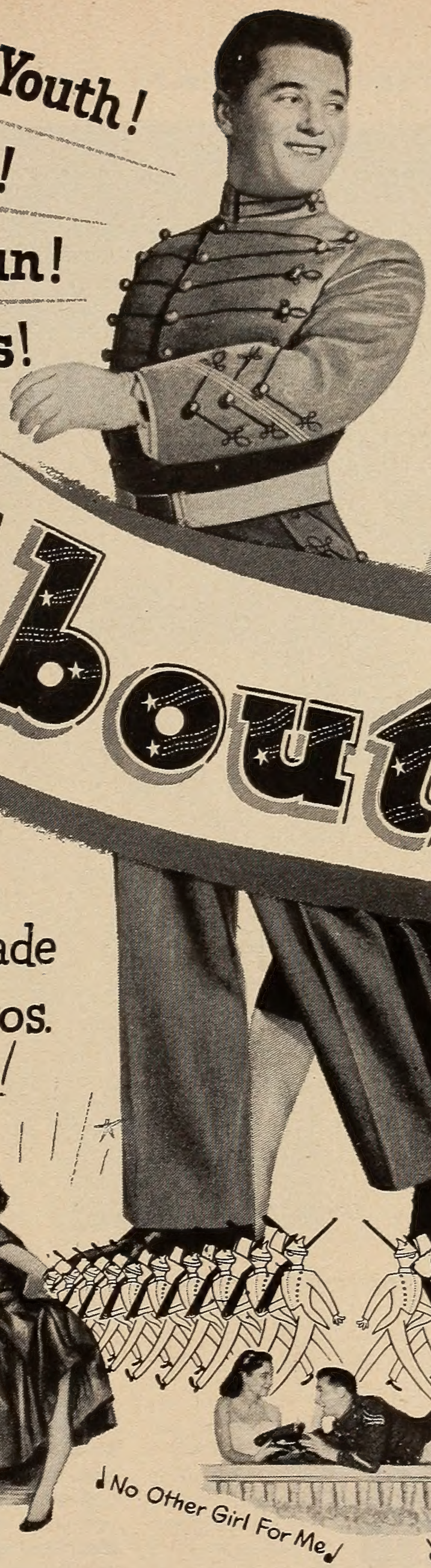
(Continued on page 26)

About Youth!

About Love!

About Fun!

About Songs!





LEFT FACE,
RIGHT FACE...
AND THEN A
BABY-FACE
MAKES HIM
ABOUT FACE!

"About face"

COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

As happy a pleasure parade as Warner Bros. ever made!



♩Piano, Bass and Drums♩

♩No Other Girl For Me♩

♩If Someone Had Told Me♩



♩Spring Has Sprung♩

STARRING

GORDON MacRAE EDDIE BRACKEN

DICK WESSON · VIRGINIA GIBSON · PHYLLIS KIRK · AILEEN STANLEY, JR. DIRECTED BY ROY DEL RUTH

SCREEN PLAY BY PETER MILNE • PRODUCED BY WILLIAM JACOBS • Musical Numbers Staged & Directed by LeRoy Prinz

watch! watch! watch!

Soon! ALL THE GREAT JOY OF "Where's Charley?" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

Soon! ALL THE GOL-DARNED GREATNESS OF "The Story of Will Rogers" COLOR BY TECHNICOLOR

JUDY GARLAND'S HOMECOMING IS THE HOLLYWOOD PARTY OF THE YEAR . . . SHELLEY AND VITTORIO FINALLY



Louella Parsons was among the first to congratulate Judy the night of her triumphant opening at the Civic Auditorium. Wyne Rocamoro looks on.



LOUELLA PARSONS' GOOD NEWS

COLORFUL, unpredictable Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman went and "dood" it—and Shell is now, ecstatically, Mrs. Vittorio Gassman.

Some wag said—if they abbreviate her last name as they do her first, she'll now be Shell Gas (please excuse!).

Although Shelley's romance with the fine Italian actor seems to have inspired a lot of kidding from the start, take it from me, they are very much in love.

No agent getting 10% of an actor's salary could have plugged as hard as Shelley did to make Hollywood realize what a really great actor her "love" is.

He proved her point to perfection when he gave a series of readings at a little theatre in Hollywood and even the local critics did a swoon.

When he was tested, and later signed at MGM, the boss, Dore Schary himself, told me that Gassman's talent is terrific.

They had expected to be married in the



An ecstatic Judy holds hands with Sid Luft, her manager and fiance, and the man who was largely responsible for her successful comeback.



Joan Crawford is a by-stander as Judy receives congratulations from one of many excited admirers. It was a night for Judy to remember.



The turnout of stars for the event was second only to that for the Academy Awards. Here, Van Johnson gives her a congratulatory kiss.



Mervyn LeRoy, who directed one of Judy's biggest hits, *The Wizard Of Oz,* hugs the star at the Romanoff party after the show.

summer. But when Gassman was on the verge of departing for New York to make *The Glass Wall,* Shell made up her mind that they would marry before and not after that movie. And when Shell makes up her mind—wild horses can't change it.

They flew to Juarez where they were temporarily delayed awaiting the arrival of Gassman's final divorce papers from Rome.

The enchanted bride has even learned to cook spaghetti and all the other dishes in real Italian style just to keep her man happy.

I'VE NEVER seen an audience take a star into its arms and hearts and seem to just hug her as the blase Hollywooders did Judy Garland at her hometown opening!

If Judy had any fears about coming home —it didn't take a split second to change her mind. Yes, it was as big a night—or bigger —than her New York vaudeville debut.

It was a glowing Judy, dressed in red velvet, ermine wrap and with tiny red bows in her hair who walked into Romanoff's after her performance to be greeted by the greatest gathering of stars I've seen in many a day.

Again, as Judy slipped into the big private dining room on the arm of Sid Luft, everyone stood and cheered her. Joan Crawford gave her a big hug, so did Esther Williams, June Allyson and countless others who were so glad that Judy is back looking so well—and feeling so wonderful again.

Jane Wyman, at our table, in white lace, danced and danced with Travis Kleefeld. What goes with these two? I've never seen two people more in love—broken engagement notwithstanding.

The Humphrey Bogarts were among the first on their feet to applaud Judy when she arrived. Also applauding were Gracie Allen and George Burns, Claire Trevor, Eleanor Parker and Bert Friedlob, Jean Simmons, and little Mona Freeman (I thought she looked very unhappy).

Previously, at the theatre, I had seen the big brass—Jack Warner, Frances and Sam Goldwyn and the Harry Cohns. Ethel Barrymore, who sat in back of me, cried when Judy sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."

And when Judy said, so sincerely, "I've missed all of you—Oh, well—why go on?" It was just one great big dewy sentimental evening from start to finish.

I WAS THE first to tell Joan Bennett long distance that Walter Wanger had been sentenced to four months in the Los Angeles Country jail for shooting Jennings Lang.

Joan's first reaction (she was rehearsing on the stage in Chicago for *Bell, Book And Candle*) was a sharp gasp, of relief at the short sentence. Then she asked me if the term began immediately. When I replied that the sentence would not start until June 4th, she said:

"Thank heavens. Walter, then, will be free long enough to be with our little Stephanie who is in school there. By the time he has



Jean Simmons was among the thrilled spectators at Judy's opening. Here, she greets Leo Genn as Eleanor Parker looks on. Rumor has it that Jeannie's marriage to Stewart Granger is rocky—they say she wants to live in England, he wants to stay in Hollywood.



A bevy of beauties it would be hard to beat in any town, even glamorous Hollywood, link arms as they wait for their escorts to the party that followed at Romanoff's. From left to right, the glamorous three are Mona Freeman, Jane Wyman and Joan Crawford.

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news

to go—away—she will be out of school and can come here with me."

It's typical of Joan, who is a mother before anything else, that her first thought would be for one of her children.

So COMPLETELY friendly—not to say chummy—was the surprise separation of Mona Freeman and Pat Nearney that they drove to her press agent's office together in Mona's coupe and walked in hand-in-hand.

Pat stood with his arm around Mona as she said to Helen Ferguson, "Yes—tell Louella that it is true about us. Pat and I are divorcing."

Frankly, I couldn't have been more surprised that the story was true. I had checked with Helen Ferguson (Mona's press agent) on the rumor of trouble between the Nearneys merely as a reflex motion. We columnists get many "tips" about Hollywood couples and I fully expected this to be another false alarm.

Mona and Pat always seemed so happy together. They adore their little four-year-old daughter. They were considered one of the best looking and most attractive couples in Hollywood.

What happened?

Neither is talking other than Mona's statement, "I am miserably sorry that Pat and I have not been able to solve our problems in private. A divorce is the only solution."

Some of their friends say that they married too young—Mona was 19 and Pat 25.

Anyway, it must have been Mona who wanted her freedom because she is now looking for an apartment and Pat remains in their home.

P.S. After leaving Helen's office—they left for home because "dinner is waiting" (!)

THE first Hollywood actress to greet Queen Juliana was Lana Turner. Lana was exactly like a little girl when she slipped in, a bit late, to the luncheon MGM gave for the Queen on one of the big sound stages.

"Oh, I have just had the most wonderful experience," Lana bent down to whisper in my ear as she passed our table, "The Queen wanted to freshen up—powder her nose, you know—and she used my dressing room. I was so thrilled I gave her all my flowers." Lana had just started her new picture the day before and so her dressing room was filled with lovely flowers.

The Queen completely delighted us all with her charm and friendliness. Before she is a Queen, she is a fine and sincere human being.

My favorite story of Her Majesty's visit took place at the only private party she and Prince Bernard attended during their three days in Los Angeles—a dinner at the home of the Louis B. Mayers.

Lorena Mayer presented Juliana with an evening bag which was wrapped up in beautiful papers and ribbons.

Very carefully, the Queen untied the gift without tearing the paper or cutting the ribbons. Just like many good housewives, she is a "paper saver."

"We don't have such lovely wrappings as these in Holland," she explained. "I want to show my friends."

FERNANDO LAMAS told me, "Lana Turner and I are very much in love. We will be married as soon as we are both free!"

And, so endeth the idea which many people had that this romance was just a publicity

Yes, Even More Laughs Than

"The Paleface"

Bob 'n' Jane are back with more o' that "Buttons 'n' Bows" fun—and King of the Cowboys, Roy Rogers 'n' Trigger are along for the ride!



EVERYBODY SINGS

"Am I in Love"
"A Four-Legged Friend"
"California Rose"
"Wing-Ding Tonight"
"There's a Cloud in My Valley of Sunshine"
"What a Dirty Shame"

SON OF Paleface

starring BOB HOPE · JANE RUSSELL · ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER



Color by TECHNICOLOR

Produced by ROBERT L. WELCH
Directed by FRANK TASHLIN
Written by Frank Tashlin, Robert L. Welch
and Joseph Quillan
A Paramount Picture

LOUELLA PARSONS' good news







June Allyson and Dick Powell arrived at Judy's party early, stayed late. Above, they pause to say hello as they dance past Pete Lawford.

build-up for *The Merry Widow*. No matter how it started, it has developed into the real thing.

Lamas also said, "The only thing holding up my divorce is that I am insisting on having my child with me a reasonable amount of time. My wife wishes to live in South America so it must be agreed that I may have the baby with me in Hollywood at least part of the time."

As this is written, Lana still hasn't reached a financial settlement with Bob Topping so she has a divorce delay, too.

THE Post Office Department is back of Marilyn Maxwell's punchy slogan, "While They're Fighting—Are You Writing?"

How about YOU?

I have received a lot of mail from our boys in Korea expressing the keenest disappointment that some favorite star has not answered a request for a note or a photograph.

No person—star or not—is important enough to ignore mail from these homesick men who are giving so much for so little.

WHO'S WOOING: Peter Lawford with the lady he most admires, Mrs. Gary Cooper, a frequent date around the nightclubs.

French Jean Pierre Aumont is plenty intrigued with German Hildegarde Neff, the gal with those wicked, smoky eyes.

Monica Lewis sings softly to Liam O'Brien when they're at a cozy table for two—and she's just the girl who can do it.

Vera-Ellen closes her eyes when she dances with musician Don Reid. So does Liz Taylor when she dances with Mike, the Magnificent.

Ann Miller never puts on make-up in public when she's dating Bill O'Connor because he can't stand it. But he doesn't mind holding hands across the table.

When Carleton Carpenter's with a honey too young to be served a cocktail, he drinks milk, too, which is darned thoughtful of him, and good for him.

Gary Cooper always sends flowers after he's dated a belle thanking her for "the lovely evening."

Debbie Reynolds kicks her shoes off after she's seated in a cafe and always has to scuffle under the table for them when Bob Wagner, her steady escort, wants to dance.

CHAT-CHAT:

Talk about friendly break-ups, Jane Wyman gave Travis Kleefeld black star sapphire cuff links and he gave her a huge black star sapphire ring AFTER they broke their engagement!

Rory Calhoun and Lita Baron are on the Stork's calling list.

Maureen Reagan, daughter of Jane Wyman and Ronnie Reagan, is growing so fast. She's five-feet-six-inches already and she's only 12. When she gets some shape on those bones she's going to be a beauty.

Marilyn Monroe carries around a book, "The Thinking Body," which, presumably, she reads. When she was threatened with her second attack of appendicitis somebody pasted over the title, "The ACHING Body"!

Judy Garland had her "good luck" dress (the one she opened in at the Palace) copied in exactly the same color and material for her adored little Liza.

Hasn't Doris Day become a little temperamental since she married Marty Melcher?

I just can't believe that Bob Mitchum is serious talking about retiring. We all get tired and need a rest but that boy has acting in his bones.

MAYBE it's just kid stuff—but Debbie Reynolds and Bob Wagner have crossed their hearts and promised to wait for each other for two years. And then they'll marry.

When I heard they were eloping I called Debbie and asked her if she is secretly engaged. "Oh, no, Miss Parsons," she gasped. "We've got such a long way to go to get established in our careers. Bobby gets only $35 from his manager to live on!"

My money says that if the youngsters DO wait two years the marriage won't come off. When you are their ages there are many romantic interludes along the way.

Maritia, the little Peruvian girl Joan Fontaine adopted last year, has become thoroughly Americanized except for one thing: She still sleeps on the floor propped up in a corner.

Believe me, she is one of the cutest and most lovable children I have ever met. Debbie, Joan's own child, adores her.

SOME of Clark Gable's best friends think he has changed since he had so much trouble with his titled wife, the former Sylvia Ashley. There were days when Clark neither telephoned nor saw his friends, even those closest to him.

Before he finally telephoned me, I was beginning to think I was on the black list, too. Now that I've talked to him, I understand something of his feeling.

A lot of things had been printed that were annoying because they were not true. One was that he was planning to marry Natalie Thompson, socialite whom he had seen only four times. Another was that he was never going to make another picture, that he was leaving Hollywood for good.

Just before he took off for a six months stay abroad (he is making a picture in London and another in Africa) he told me frankly that he had been unhappy over his recent pictures.

"I want a good story with guts in it and a little romance on the side. And, say, Louella—I'm not going to marry anyone—ever. I've had enough."

As of right now—I believe The King means it.

GENE TIERNEY and Van Johnson were completely broken up when a hen on the set of *Plymouth Adventure* laid an egg right in the middle of their big scene!

Well, you can't please everybody.

THE LETTER BOX: Sylvia Venettone says a pox on the fan who wrote he is sick and tired of reading about Liz Taylor. "Let him speak for himself" she snaps, "We love Liz."

Carol Kasheinider writes, "You don't give us enough news of Loretta Young and Irene Dunne." I DON'T??? Heavens, they are my close friends.

Patricia Petree wants to write a column like "Good News" when she finishes high school and wants to know whether she should graduate before taking up classes in journalism. I graduated from high school, Patrice, but I never studied journalism. Getting a job on your local newspaper is the best experience, I think.

That's all for now. See you next month.

The HAPPY DAYS...
The MAD FADS...
The GREAT SONGS
of the
ROARING TWENTIES

The wild and wonderful years of "Flaming Youth"...when a Tin Lizzie was the "Cat's Pajamas"... the Charleston was the rage... and every Sheik went petting with his Sheba!



HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL

Starring
Piper LAURIE
Rock HUDSON
Charles COBURN
Gigi PERREAU

COLOR BY Technicolor

And how you'll cheer the Dozen ***SONGS*** *you'll hear*

"FIVE FOOT TWO, EYES OF BLUE" "TIGER RAG"
"WHEN THE RED, RED ROBIN COMES BOB, BOB, BOBBIN' ALONG"
"GIMME A LITTLE KISS, WILL YA, HUH?"
"IT AIN'T GONNA RAIN NO MORE"

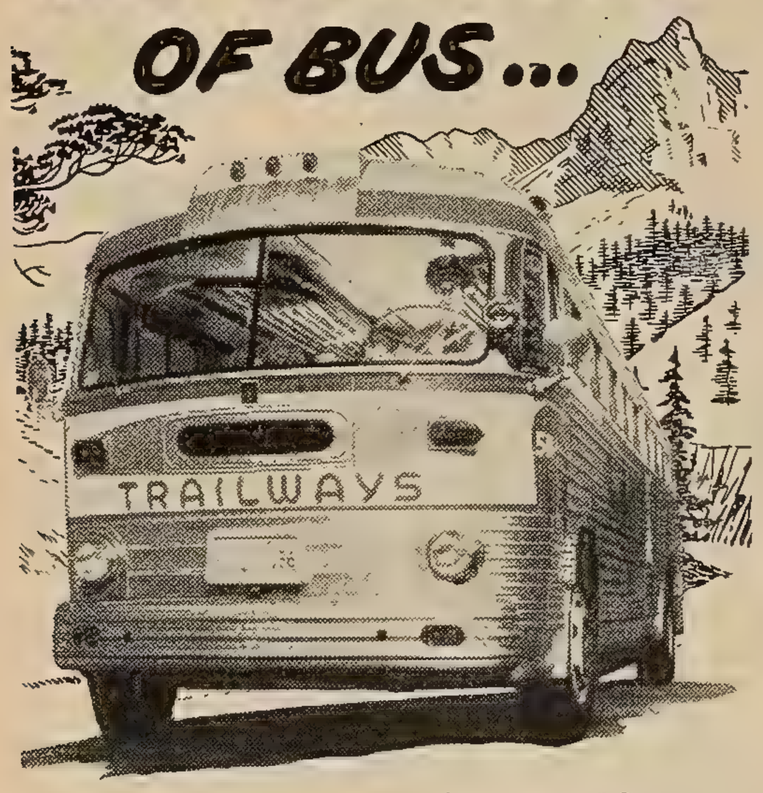
with **LYNN BARI • WILLIAM REYNOLDS**

DIRECTED BY DOUGLAS SIRK • WRITTEN FOR THE SCREEN BY JOSEPH HOFFMAN

PRODUCED BY TED RICHMOND • A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

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SPECIAL TO MODERN SCREEN: A NEW GOSSIP COLUMN

hollywood report

by Mike Connolly



famous columnist for
The Hollywood Reporter

LONG HUNCH DEPARTMENT:

Jane Russell will fight to the bitter end any attempts to deport Tommy Kavanaugh. The little Irish boy she adopted in England is almost two years old now and she has grown to love him as though she were his real mother. British immigration authorities have charged that it was illegal to permit the child, a British subject, to leave the country as the ward of a non-British subject . . . Don't be surprised if Debbie Reynolds develops as one of Hollywood's most colorful stars. I'm still reeling from the shock I got at this year's Academy Awards show when Debbie opened her handbag to reveal it was crammed with Girl Scout cookies! . . . Anything can happen on the heels of the Mona Freeman-Pat Nerney bustup. Pat told me: "I hope to retain her friendship. I think it is possible to keep that." And that's the kind of sweet-talking humility Mona listens to.



Reynolds

Never ever let it be said that Deanna Durbin will starve, although she hasn't made a picture in years. She has been living "high on the hog" in Europe, thanks to a $400,000 annuity she bought years ago and the monthly payments U-I has been sending her on her old contract . . . Headline in a California newspaper: "Tony Curtis Says He'll Marry Only Once." Trying to be original, huh? . . . Bob Taylor may never win an Oscar but neither will he ever lose his unfailing, feet-on-the-ground sense of humor. When I asked him how he felt about being named the worst actor of the year by the boys at Harvard for his work in *Quo Vadis* he said, "By golly, I finally won an award. And I never worked harder for one in my life!"



Curtis

SKIRMISHES OF THE MONTH:

George Sanders and Zsa Zsa Gabor are "through, feeneeshed, KAPUT!" Zsa Zsa told me at Mary Pickford's party on the eve of Mary's first appearance before the cameras in years in *The Library*. Eva Gabor, Zsa Zsa's sister, was listening to our conversation. "Don't print it in your column!" Eva said. "She'll change her mind tomorrow!" . . . Corinne Calvet wanted to appear on Zsa Zsa's television show. Zsa Zsa said, "I admire Miss Calvet very much as a Bikini bathing suit girl, but we do not permit Bikini bathing suits on our show" . . . John Agar fired his agent and got another one when he lost the part in Republic's *Citizen Soldier* that John Derek won . . . MGM protested to three Los Angeles theatres when they advertised "Mr. Elizabeth Taylor" in a British picture, *Holiday Cruise*. So the theaters changed their ads to read Mike Wilding . . . It's been buzzed around that Liz keeps her Mike up late nights over his protests that he's too old for that sort of thing—that he has to get his rest in order to look his best for the next day's shooting . . . And did you know that Broadway's Dolores Gray, who steadied with Mike in London for two years pre-Liz, has a poodle named MIKE?



Calvet & Husband



Turner

Joan Fontaine had both her little girls vaccinated and ready to go to Europe when ex-spouse Bill Dozier slapped a court order on her preventing her from doing so. And they were fighting it out before the judge when a whisper started that Joan and Billy Rose were a new twosome. Joan denied it with, "I invited Mr. Rose to a party. That's all. If he thinks I threw it for him he's mistaken"' . . . New feud: Lana Turner and Sam Goldwyn. They fought over Del Armstrong, Lana's make-up man for the past ten years. Lana wanted him to work for her on (*Continued on page 14*)



Are you in the know?

When leaving an upper berth, should you —

☐ *Dress completely* ☐ *Wear a robe* ☐ *Ring a bell*

To save your neck, you can't get down—*unless* you ring the bell that fetches the porter (with a ladder). It's okay to dress in the ladies' room. So you can wear your robe down the aisle, without feeling self-conscious. In *any* situation—at certain times, Kotex keeps you *self-assured*. Those *flat pressed ends* banish telltale outlines. And for extra comfort, there's your new Kotex belt, made with soft-stretch elastic. Non-twisting. Non-curling. Washable; dries pronto!



Know how to "click" with a camera?

☐ *Grin and face it* ☐ *Try a trick or two*

Make your snapshot wallet-worthy. Don't stand facing the lens squarely: cameras play hob with a chassis that's even a wee bit on the wide side. A good trick's to pose your frame at an angle. And when "those" days pose the problem of choosing the just-right sanitary protection—choose Kotex. As for finding the right *absorbency*—the trick's to try *all 3!* Regular, Junior, Super Kotex.



Should this summer's barefoot belle consider—

☐ *Snakes* ☐ *A pedicure* ☐ *Poison ivy*

Whether beachcombing, or dabbling in a babbling brook—your tootsies better be well pedicured! Cut toe-nails short; straight across. Use lacquer to match your paw-paint; and pul-lease—repair chipped polish! Belles on their toes don't risk embarrassment. They meet "*calendar*" needs with Kotex, for that special *safety center* gives extra protection.



If your Romeo's green-eyed, what to do?

☐ *Stick to your knitting* ☐ *Keep him guessing*

Your dreamboat's the jealous type? Making with the roving eye won't cure him. If you'd avoid feuds, date the sad lad solo; and stick to your knitting . . . no flirty business. Be kind to *yourself*, too, on days when comfort means a lot. Get the softness Kotex gives: it *holds its shape*, because this napkin's made to stay soft while you wear it.

More women choose KOTEX than all other sanitary napkins



Have you tried Delsey?

Delsey is the new bathroom tissue that's safer because it's softer. A product as superior as Kotex . . . as luxuriously soft and absorbent as Kleenex. (We think that's the nicest compliment there is.) It's a pure white tissue, double-ply for extra strength . . . so wonderfully different, your entire family will appreciate Delsey. Why don't you *try* Delsey, next time?



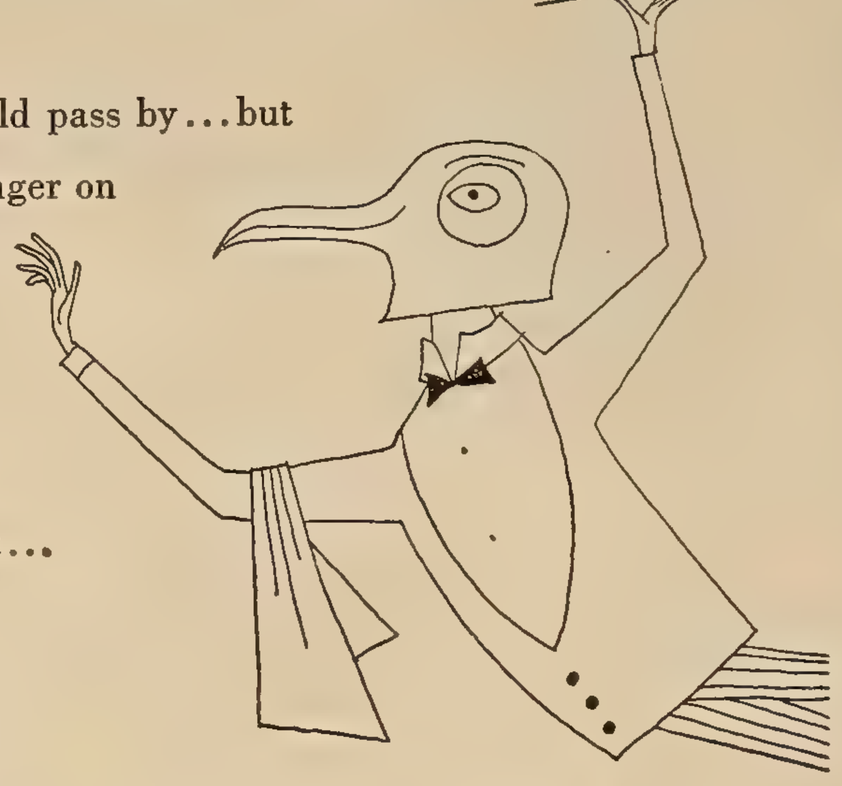
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I dreamed I stopped at

a Sidewalk Cafe in my

maidenform bra®

I came to watch the world pass by...but
passersby refuse to pass! They linger on
the sidelines to marvel over
my lines...so smart, so secure,
so *chic* in my Maidenform!
Of course it's incredibly flattering,
gives me a really sensational lift...
(my Maidenform, I mean!)





*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Maidenform's dream of a bra—
Maidenette* Strapless in broadcloth and lace;
acetate satin and nylon marquisette...from $2.00
There is a *maidenform* for every type of figure!

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hollywood report continued

Tribute To A Bad Man. Sam wouldn't let him go till he finished his work with Renee Jeanmaire in the long-shooting *Hans Christian Andersen.*

ODDS BODKINS:

Alan Ladd started his role in *The Iron Mistress* as a tough guy with long, blond hair . . . Gloria Grahame, who's trying to quit smoking, reported on the *Tribute To A Bad Man* set with 100 penny suckers —which makes a sucker out of someone! . . . Gig Young's mustache is coming off again. He's still being mistaken on the MGM lot for Errol Flynn . . . I don't know whose imitation of Sam Goldwyn I like best: Virginia Mayo's or Steve Cochran's . . . Bob Mitchum as a singer? He told his agents to look for a nightclub crooning spot for him in Las Vegas while he's between pictures . . . Leslie Caron puts veal steaks in her ballet slippers. This keeps her toes from getting blistered . . . Bette Davis was afraid to offer Gary Merrill a martini after he finished *Night Without Sleep.* His role called for him to drink them throughout the picture.



Mitchum

Sight of the month: June Allyson on Wilshire Boulevard wearing a huge "I Like Ike" button on her lapel. And, when she leaned forward, it changed into a photo of Gen. Eisenhower . . . Marlon Brando's pet raccoon is lonesome. So Marlon's looking for a mate for it . . . During the shooting of *Letters To The President,* director Bill Wellman asked Shelley Winters to cry for the big courtroom scene. She couldn't force the tears. Bill yelled, "Vivien Leigh won the Oscar YOU should have won!" And Shelley wept bucketsfull . . . Dress designer Billy Travilla swears that his wife, Dona Drake, has grown an inch since becoming a mother! . . . Remember the late Atwater Kent, Hollywood's greatest party thrower? His son Prentiss has joined 20th Century-Fox as a contract player. And young Prentiss has changed his name to Peter Kent.

SEX APPEAL:



Gaynor

Arlene Dahl's mad. Some teevee bluenoses in New York turned thumbs down on the peekaboo, decollete gowns she had ordered for her appearance with Imogene Coca and Sid Caesar. Too LOW AND BEHOLED! . . . Anne Baxter's low-cut costumes for 20th's *My Wife's Best Friend* make her the studio's new pin-up queen. Honest to cheesecake—wait'll you see our Annie! . . . And—just kidding, of course —Betty Carey sent two bottles of champagne to Anne when this picture started shooting, together with a note asking Anne not to wax too ardent in her kissing scenes with her ever-lovin' Macdonald . . . In *Bloodhounds Of Broadway,* Mitzi Gaynor was originally supposed to have played a folksy "Daisy Mae Scragg" character who always

wears gingham and any other kind of hillbilly apparel that might conceivably lure a "Li'l Abner." But now the part's been rewritten and Mitzi wears sheer silks . . . In *Monkey Business,* Marilyn Monroe slugs Cary Grant because she thinks Cary pinched her where lots of us would like to!

QUICK QUOTES:

Speaking of the Monroe muffin, I asked Marilyn about politics. She replied, "It's a good second subject" (!) . . . A star broke up with her boy friend, a guy named Joe, and blamed it on the old Hollywood triangle: "Joe and I were both in love with the same person—Joe!" . . . Marjorie Main wears lace panties under her tennis shorts for her new *Ma And Pa Kettle* picture. And Gorgeous Gussie Moran has promised not to sue . . . Bob Hope: "I knew exactly the moment Spring arrived. It was when all those little green things started poking their heads out of Bing's wallet!"



Monroe

HOME FIRES BURNING:

It took four servants and two gardeners to take care of their Bel-Air home, so Jean Simmons and Stewart Granger gave it up . . . Susan Hayward invited her most avid fan, a magazine writer, out to dinner. So he spent the whole evening talking sports with Jess! . . . Janet Leigh told a pal that when she takes time off from picture-making at MGM, it won't be to rest but to have a baby . . . Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart moved down from their hilltop into a house next door to Sue and Alan Ladd's in Holmby Hills . . . Kirk Douglas told me: "I don't know if any other reporter has printed the news that my kids will spend the summer with me. It's probably too wholesome an item for the columnists to tell their readers about" (!) . . . MGM wanted Peggy Dow to come back to Hollywood from her long-drawn-out honeymoon with Walter Helmerich, who has been naming his new oil wells after her, to star in *You For Me.* But Peggy pretended like she couldn't hear the offer. Those Texas gushers are SO deafening! . . . That $250,000 hotel Errol Flynn plans building on the Apple Valley acreage Patrice Wymore bought will be called Flynn's Inn.

HOLLYWOOD HEARTBEATS:

After he headlined at the Mocambo here, Dick Contino got an offer to appear in Toronto. He said: "I'd rather Uncle Sam put me in the service right away!" . . . Charlie O'Curran gave Betty Hutton a gold bracelet with "I Love You" spelled out on it—but in Chinese! . . . Wayne Moseley, Guy Madison's brother, changed his name to Chad Mallory and got himself a part in Monogram's *Sea Tiger* . . . Mickey Rooney insists that his next



Mr. & Mrs. Rooney

Dial Soap keeps complexions clearer by keeping skin cleaner!

Dial's AT-7 (Hexachlorophene) removes blemish-spreading bacteria that other soaps leave on skin.

The cleaner your skin, the better your complexion. And mild, fragrant Dial with AT-7 gets your skin cleaner and clearer than any other kind of soap. It's as simple as that. Of course Dial's bland *beauty-cream* lather gently removes dirt and make-up, giving you scrupulous cleanliness to overcome clogged pores and blackheads. But Dial does far more! Here's the important *difference:* when you use Dial every day, its AT-7 effectively clears skin of bacteria that often aggravate and spread surface pimples and blemishes. Skin doctors know this and recommend Dial for both adults and adolescents.

DIAL DAVE GARROWAY—NBC, Weekdays



Protect your complexion with fine, fragrant Dial Soap.

I Earned $57.04

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SHOWING THE PHILLIPS CHRISTMAS LINE TO A GROUP OF MY NEIGHBORS*



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OVER 130 WONDERFUL ITEMS TO SHOW TO YOUR FRIENDS

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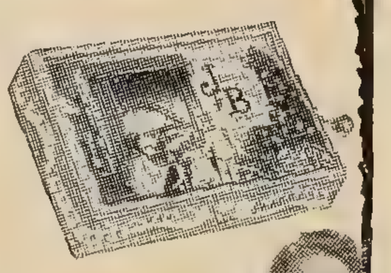
You can earn BIG MONEY also! Phillips big line of 130 items includes Christmas and greeting cards, stationery, gift items and children's books. Four new personalized Christmas Card lines . . . imprinted with the name of your customer FREE of any extra cost . . . start at 50 cards for $1.25. Other BIG sellers! START EARNING TODAY . . .



Jingle Bells "In Action"

Three Dimensional Music Box

You'll hear *Jingle Bells* in clear, true musicwhen you turn the crank on Jingle Bells "In Action," a 3 dimensional, full color music box that will thrill any child. Also "Pop-In the Bunny", "Busy Bee Play Book" and many other Phillips Christmas gifts for children.





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hollywood report continued

wife will be his ex-wife, Martha Vickers. That's what the man told me.

'Twas being mumbled around Hollywood that all the town needs now is for Barbara Payton and Ann Sterling to become roommates, after all the scandal . . . Many's the time I've thought that most of the little girls who come to Hollywood and go off the beam aren't bad little girls at all. It's the guys they get involved with in Flickerville who should be tarred and feathered!



Wyman

Travis Kleefield put a down payment on a mink coat for Jane Wyman just before the engagement was called off. Incidentally, relations between Jane and Kleefeld's mother were what you might call strained when we were going to press on this issue . . . Sharman Douglas spent the past few months in Hollywood living in the apartment once leased by Pete Lawford, her old flame . . .

FINANCIAL PAGE:

Mario Lanza has made $200,000 on his "Be My Love" recordings so far. And still going strong . . . Rita Hayworth who's still holding out for a $3,000,000 settlement for daughter Yasmine from her estranged husband Ali will wear seven sheer veils in *Salome,* slated as her next picture. For the Dance of the Seven Veils, of course . . . Judy Garland's success at the Palace in New York and at the Los Angeles Philharmonic enabled her to take out a $1,000,000 annuity . . . At press time, it looked like Bob Topping's settlement on Lana would be in the neighborhood of $75,000.

This is the lowdown on the Sinatra divorce: Frankie guaranteed Nancy minimum alimony of $12,000 a year . . . So you'd like to be a movie star? You should have seen Ava G. Sinatra on the set of *Snows Of Kilimanjaro,* rushing the end of the picture so that she could hurry to New York and join Frankie. The scene required her to wallow in the mud, looking bedraggled and beaten, Ava moaned, "Is this really worth it all?" . . . Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis returned from a personal appearance with about $350,000 in "new money." But most of it went to Uncle Sam for taxes . . . Marty Melcher tells me that Doris Day's eventual earnings from her ten-year recording contract will more than exceed her picture earnings. Same old reason: high taxes . . . When you become a star, it seems, you get all the things for nothing that you once couldn't afford. Like Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis, who got a free trip to Europe to entertain the troops. . . . Mr. and Mrs. Curtis were also presented at the Court of St. James in London, and, for the occasion, Don Loper whipped up for Janet a bouffant gown of crimson velvet with an off-the-shoulder neckline outlined in white ermine that knocked me cold when she gave me a preview.



Lanza

Zsa Zsa Gabor told a friend, "All I want out of life is a simple man with a few simple oil wells!" . . . Baltimore *Sun* reporter Patrick Skene Catling was brought out by RKO to write Jane Russell's biography. It will be published sometime this year. Studio's paying him $1,000 a week . . . Ingrid Bergman has a standing offer from two Hollywood studios of $250,000 for making a picture, plus a percentage of the profits. But so far she's just not interested.

WHO'S MAD AT WHO:

Gene Tierney was boiling mad over Kirk Douglas' short romance with Princess Rita . . . And then a contestant on a "Double Or Nothing" radio show—an elevator operator from the Beverly Hills Hotel, no less!—spilled the beans on the air about Kirk's cut-ups with Hedy Lamarr! He told the radio audience about how, when Kirk came to take Hedy out for the evening, he took the star up in his elevator! . . . Did you know that Aldo Ray, who made such a hit in *The Marrying Kind,* was once married? His divorce from Shirley Green, a Crockett, Calif., cutie, is scheduled to finalize this summer. They were wed in 1948 . . . Ruth Roman got mad and asked to be let out of her Warner contract when Virginia Mayo won the co-starring spot with Alan Ladd in Alan's first picture for Warners', *The Iron Mistress.* Ruth wanted that role more than any other in her career!



Tierney

FUNNIES:

This is the sales pitch one of the cigarette girls at Ciro's makes every night: "Cigars, cigarettes, small loans!" . . . Axiom: Laugh and the world laughs with you, cry and you'll cry with Johnnie Ray! . . . Funny, isn't it, that the closest thing to the truth is falsies? . . . An agent said to his actress client: "Sorry, dear, but I haven't been able to get you a raise. But don't worry—I've got it all set for you to pose for a 1952 calendar!" . . . "I knew her marriage wouldn't last!" one actress fanged about another. "When she bought her wedding gown she asked if it was washable!"

DANCING DOLLS:

Debra Paget skipped lunch for four days so that she could squeeze into a 14-inch corselet for *Stars And Stripes Forever* . . . Tony Dexter took a month of singing and dancing lessons for his trip to Japan—for the opening of *Valentino* in that country . . . Sally Forrest was crowned Sweetheart of the 7th Armored Division at Camp Roberts on Armed Forces Day. In return for the honor, she broke out with a new tap dance . . . You've heard the old saw to the effect that dentists' kids always have cavities and the butcher's children never get any meat to eat? Well, Eleanor Powell, one of the world's great dancers, enrolled her son and Glen Ford's, Peter, in dancing school!



Forrest

Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

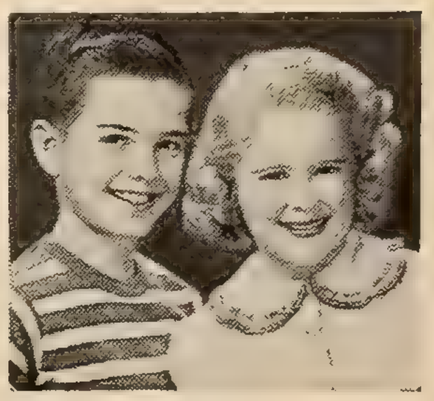
Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll

to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts *quickly* . . . acts *thoroughly* . . . and the purifying action *lasts for hours!* Keeps your mouth sweet and fresh *longer!* Use it after meals . . . before every date! It has a fresh, minty flavor you'll love!

FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY!



Many dentists blame acids in the mouth for tooth decay. Every time you use new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against those destructive acids, help retard their formation. That's why regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste is such an effective aid in fighting tooth decay!

CHECKS COMMON GUM DISORDERS!



In recent clinical tests, evidence revealed that chlorophyll promotes the growth of firm, healthy gum tissue. New Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll in water-soluble chlorophyllins to help you care for sore, tender gums.

Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

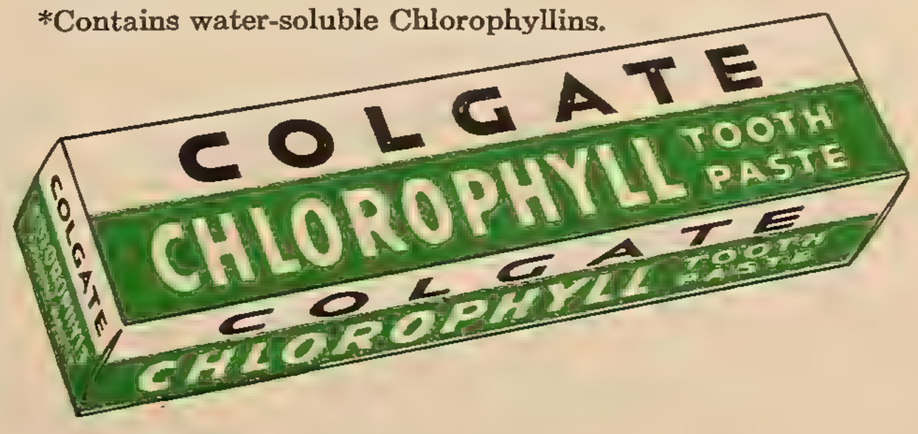
That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For *real help* against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . always use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the *finest chlorophyll toothpaste* the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

A Chance For Your Children That You Never Had!

Nothing can replace regular check-ups and care by your dentist. But today every child can be started on the road to healthy teeth and gums by using new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste right after every meal. Remember: dental authorities trace much loss of teeth to gum troubles! Chlorophyll can help prevent and check common gum disorders! It actually attacks the acids that often cause tooth decay!

*Contains water-soluble Chlorophyllins.



COLGATE'S GUARANTEE: Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you *double your money back, plus postage!* Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

NEW GREEN TOOTHPASTE Tested and Guaranteed by COLGATE!

MOVIE REVIEWS

by jonathan kilbourn



Leaving home to live with her married sister in Chicago, Carrie Meeker (Jennifer Jones) meets Charles Drouet (Eddie Albert), a traveling salesman, on the train. He tells her to look him up later in Chicago.

picture of the month



When Carrie loses her job in a factory, she has no one to turn to but Drouet. One night, months later, they arrange to meet at an exclusive restaurant. Here, Carrie meets George Hurstwood (Laurence Olivier).



Hurstwood, who is a married man, falls in love with Carrie. His wife finds out about their alliance, and has his salary turned over to her. Hurstwood, after inadvertently stealing money, takes Carrie to New York.



In New York, Hurstwood can't find a job. Their situation becomes desperate, and Carrie leaves him to go on the stage. Hurstwood comes to her for a handout before fading out of Carrie's life forever.

CARRIE

William Wyler's picturization of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" sticks so surprisingly close to the facts of the famous novel, compresses so well the story detail of a long piece of fiction, that it is an unpleasant duty to point out that in so doing it has squeezed most of the life out of the characters. Jennifer Jones, as Caroline Meeker, the Midwestern teen-ager of 1890, makes her way in the big cities of Chicago and New York through alliances first with traveling salesman Eddie Albert and then with Laurence Olivier, manager of a large restaurant and therefore a comparative big-timer, who is a married man.

Between them, these three manage to break a good many conventions, particularly for the turn of the century. But what leads Carrie, at least, to do so is never sufficiently explained. Her sudden transfer of her affections from Albert to the handsomer, richer, more socially elite Olivier, for example, appears pretty cynical for a naive country girl. So, too, does her eventual desertion of Olivier (after a period of harrowing tenement life borne without complaint—except by Olivier—she leaves him suddenly because "I'm young, and I'm going to live").

Later the script somehow indicates that she has a heart of gold. With no understanding of what Carrie is really made of or how she got that way, it becomes difficult to understand what drives her to act the way she does. The editing of the movie also creates some confusion. Particularly at the film's beginning the scene often shifts so rapidly that it is hard to keep track of what has been happening. Nor are the performances of Miss Jones and Olivier of much help. Olivier's middle-aged-philanderer-turned-romanticist, in particular, is a really wooden performance offering but one facial trick (half-closed eyelids) to indicate charm, thought, passion, fear, anger and just plain weariness. Only Eddie Albert, as good-time Charlie Drouet, who loves Carrie in his own makeshift way, manages to do something with his choice of thankless roles.

The trouble seems to be a quite complete lack in the screenplay of novelist Dreiser's own qualities of tenderness, pity and understanding of human motives. What is essentially a tragic story becomes on the screen merely a sordid one. *Carrie* is all plot and no people. *(Paramount)*

THE WINNING TEAM

It may come as a surprise to baseball fans to find out after all these years that Doris Day won the 1926 World Series pennant for the Cardinals, but that's how *The Winning Team* has it. Playing Mrs. Grover Cleveland Alexander, widow of the diamond great, she manages to taxi from New York's Astor Hotel to Yankee Stadium between innings and, inspiring her husband (Ronald Reagan) by the sight, saves the day for St. Louis. Her ride, which features the film's final reels, is no mean trick by itself but is hardly anything compared with what the picture pulls on the movie-going public. The script follows Nebraska-born Alexander from his early days on the farm through his farm-club successes and trouble in the minor leagues, where he is hit in the head by a fast ball and develops diplopia, or double vision. Then he regains his sight and arm and soon becomes a major leaguer. Almost before he knows who has hit him he finds himself on the front lines in World War I France, then back in the States—and the big-leagues—again. A mysterious mound seizure drives him rapidly to drink after a physician tells him that if he continues to play ball it will be time out for him permanently. Doris eventually comes to his aid, but not to the baseball fans' or movie-goers'. The many present baseball stars (pitcher Bob Lemon, for instance) who are in the cast are lucky, for they appear only momentarily. Which is more than can be said for Miss Day or Mr. Reagan, who may never recover. And baseball fans are likely to suffer from double-dipsomania for the rest of their natural lives. *Cast: Ronald Reagan, Doris Day, Frank Lovejoy.—Warners.*

MY SON JOHN

My Son John is about an American traitor and how he grew. As such, it is as timely as yesterday's headlines and probably much more controversial. The timeliness is due to its subject matter, the controversy to its setting. For *My Son John* takes place in a typical U. S. small town and happens to an average American family, the Jeffersons. The parents (Helen Hayes and Dean Jagger) have two sons about to go to Korea—and John (Robert Walker), a brilliant young Government official. The latter's delayed and somewhat truculent visit home provides the picture's main story line: his mother's discovery that her favorite son has ties with a Communist spy ring and the increasingly tragic necessity of deciding what to do, with love of country in constant conflict with mother love. This might be moving; it becomes shocking because of the story's insistence that a native Communist can so easily be the product of a typical home. Producer-director-co-writer Leo McCarey makes his main points again and again, and no one can argue with them: America must be alert against the often deceptively humanitarian doctrines spread by the Reds and their fellow travelers, and such men are not always foreigners. But, unfortunately, John Jefferson's story is told entirely from the outside (the tragedy, as Mr. McCarey sees it, is more the mother's than the son's); one learns to some extent how he got that way, but never why he felt that way. Since no really valid reasons are ever presented for John's fall to treason, his personal peculiarities may appear to be the cause of his downfall. He not only went to

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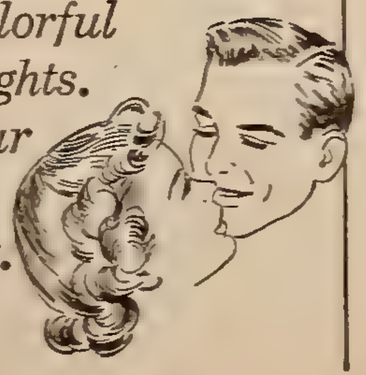
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college but took post-graduate work; this is presented in an unfavorable light. By implication, also, he is a dangerous character because he disagrees with his father (a pillar of the church and of a veteran's post). McCarey, who obviously made the film as a labor of love, has been able to dress up his muddled script with slick direction and unusually convincing, if sometimes hysterical performances so that its dangerous weaknesses are not immediately apparent. Yet the film is based on so many questionable premises that it is likely to be argued about for a long time to come.
Cast: Helen Hayes, Van Heflin, Robert Walker, Dean Jagger.—Paramount.

HIGH NOON

If *High Noon* is not one of producer Stanley Kramer's finest pictures, it is nonetheless a good example of his prescription for making movies better; tackle a difficult theme in a different way. A Western but not the run-of-the-prairie variety it tries to picture what the call of duty means to a really conscientious man in public office, utilizing the formula of the chase with a reverse twist. The hunters in this case are a band of about-to-be outlaws; the hunted man is town marshal Gary Cooper, who is planning to retire as chief law enforcement official of quiet little Hadleyville in the 1870's. The moralizing script deals with the difficulties the law officer has with a compromising citizenry who seem unable to learn that appeasement never pays. In between times Cooper also has difficulties with his pacifistic bride (she's a Quaker), a former girl friend (she's a knowledgeable but noble Mexican) and Lloyd Bridges (in another of his effective meanie roles). If Cooper is as stone-graven in acting style as he is in appearance, that may be what director Fred Zinnemann was striving for: a kind of mannered, hauntingly simple folk-tale quality. But it doesn't come off quite that way. Again and again the cameras discover Cooper out in a street and focus on him lovingly as he stands there, all alone for an unconscionably long period of time, like a ballet dancer out on the boards with nothing to do. This kills suspense rather than creates it. Every few minutes during the later reels there is a close-up of a clock, a different one each time; this is unfortunate, since it often serves merely to point up how long one has been bored. And Dimitri Tiomkin's musical scoring is effective in proving how phony a studio-composed "folksong" can sound, particularly if heard often enough. *High Noon* tries for art, but it succeeds only in being overly arty.
Cast: Gary Cooper, Lloyd Bridges, Katy Jurado, Grace Kelly.—United Artists.

THREE FOR BEDROOM C

Like the part she played on the Broadway stage a couple of seasons back in *Twentieth Century,* Gloria Swanson's role in her current film is that of a temperamental screen star. And by a funny coincidence the scene of the motion picture is the same as the play's: a Pullman that makes part of the run between New York and Hollywood. Only, this train is headed in the opposite direction—the wrong way, as far as the comparative merits of the two scripts are concerned. The story starts with Gloria hurrying to California on a sudden impulse with her adopted daughter, little Janine Perreau; having neglected to get reservations on the "Super Chief" from Chicago, they appropriate Bedroom C, whose rightful occupant is biochemistry professor James Warren. You can probably imagine more or less what happens from here on into Pasadena (complications are provided by the sudden appearance of Gloria's manager and a rising young stage actor with whom he wants her to co-star). The familiarity of the story and the setting could be excused if *Three For Bedroom C* had anything to offer in the way of wit, surprise or sheer production quality. Unfortunately, it hasn't, and probably neither Miss Swanson nor newcomer James Warren should be blamed for the overly girlish and boyish attitudes they seem to affect; it may have been only embarrassment. Miss Perreau comes through, however, with pigtails flying. She deserves a special word of commendation for playing a precocious youngster who is neither too cute nor too condescending, but is definitely too good for *Three For Bedroom C.*
Cast: Gloria Swanson, James Warren, Janine Perreau.—Universal.

MARA MARU

It took only three writers to spin this tall tale about deep-sea diving and diamonds buried in the ocean deep, but it would have taken at least seven Shakespeares to salvage it. The story has something to do with a diver named Gregory, otherwise known as Errol Flynn, and—according to the script—"a doorstep named Stella," played by Ruth Roman. The scene is Manila. Ruth's husband, who is also Errol's business partner, is murdered under mysterious circumstances just when he appears to have stumbled onto a really good thing. After a series of maneuvers by big-timer Raymond Burr, whose background is never explained, Errol is inveigled into captaining the yacht "Mara Maru" on a treasure-hunting expedition. Ruth comes along for the ride and for her share of the take. Violence ensues, coupled with some romance and a few pious platitudes, but little of it is exciting and none is plausible. Each episode seems to have been created on the spot, but fast, in hopes of keeping the picture going, which it does for 98 minutes. At one point Burr, as the menace, promises to get rid of Flynn as soon as he gets "bored to death." Most audiences will probably feel that way long before Burr does.
Cast: Errol Flynn, Ruth Roman, Raymond Burr.—Warners.

SHE'S WORKING HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE

Admirers of James Thurber's and Elliott Nugent's delightful stage and screen comedy *The Male Animal,* probably shuddered when they read it was due to be made into a movie musical. They can rest easier now. *She's Working Her Way Through College* hardly sounds or looks like *The Male Animal* (not with beautifully buxom Virginia Mayo in the leading part); it is, however, agreeable, amusing and even, at times, quite adult entertainment. And what is left of the original plot is so serviceable that the picture makes a lot more sense than most of its genre. In its present form it mostly concerns a burlesque queen with playwriting ambitions who decides to go to college to help achieve them. She picks Midwest State because Ronald Reagan, drama professor there, used to teach her in high school. Although both she and he

hide the facts of her former life, she is soon reigning queen of the campus. How she becomes involved with the public life of Reagan and his wife and the private affairs of football star Gene Nelson makes up most of the musical. In the end, naturally, her past catches up with her, in a hilariously satisfying climax. Most satisfactorily of all, no loose ends are left to the story. The sub-plot, which concerns the professor, his wife and a classmate of his who was once a romantic rival and whose mind is still on the scrimmage line, carries most of the dramatic weight. But it is so well integrated into the screenplay and so humanly written and played that it never seems out of place in what is primarily a good-humored spoof. Virginia Mayo has never had a vehicle that better displays her considerable show-girl talents, nor Gene Nelson a better chance to prove his ability to rival both Gene Kelly (as a dancer) and Burt Lancaster (as an acrobat). Reagan and Phyllis Thaxter make a really charming married couple, while Roland Winters as Midwest's leading alumnus—and menace—portrays a hypocrite perfectly. The script and direction are thoroughly professional, and if the tunes are not memorable, they are always pleasant, like the picture. Almost anybody will give *She's Working Her Way Through College* Grade A as summer fare.
Cast: Virginia Mayo, Ronald Reagan, Gene Nelson, Phyllis Thaxter.—Warners.

THE FIGHTER

To say that a movie is "reminiscent" of one or more other pictures is usually to damn it indirectly as a pallid copy. *The Fighter*, a strange blending of some of the ingredients of *Viva Zapata!* with bits and pieces of *Champion* and *Body and Soul*, is an exception, for the end-result of the peculiar recipe is a satisfying adventure film on a comparatively lofty historical theme (the script is based on Jack London's story, "The Mexican"). Richard Conte flees across the Rio Grande to Texas in 1910, lone survivor of an earlier-day Lidice in which Mexican Government troops burned his village to the ground and massacred his fellow fishermen, family and fiancée. He joins up with an exile group in El Paso that is supporting the activities of Mexico's great guerrilla leaders like Durango (Lee J. Cobb). One of the backers of the little band, American intellectual Vanessa Brown, takes to the young refugee immediately, but he has something on his mind that is greater than romance: revenge. So he makes use of his natural talent for prize-fighting to raise money for the guerrillas, and the camera follows him as his star rises in the ring and he returns to his native land on a dangerous mission—rescuing Durango from a prison cell. Back in the U. S., he fights a final match to obtain money for revolutionary rifles, and goes home again. All the elements in this film are beautifully fused under Herbert Kline's direction: the screenplay by Kline and Aben Kandel; Alex Gottlieb's over-all production (including his own help on the adaptation and fine camera work, as usual by James Wong Howe), as well as topnotch performances, by Conte in particular. The fact that a comparatively low-budget movie can feature such work proves again that sparing the expense doesn't necessarily spoil the picture. *The Fighter* has a big punch.
Cast: Richard Conte, Vanessa Brown, Lee J. Cobb.—United Artists.



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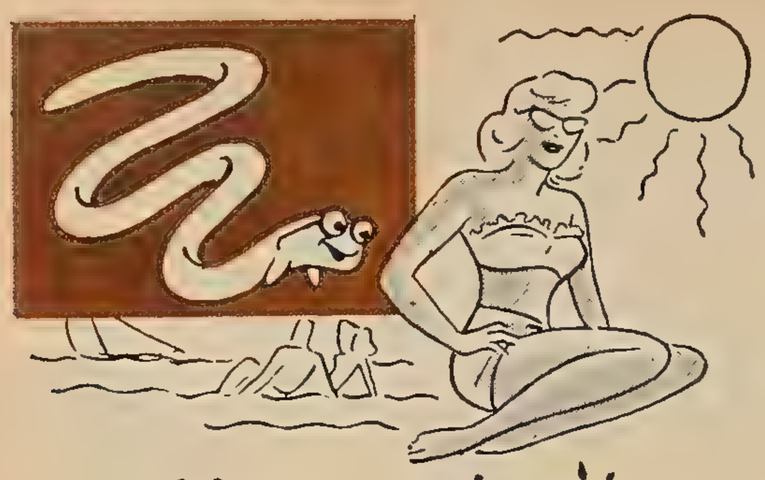
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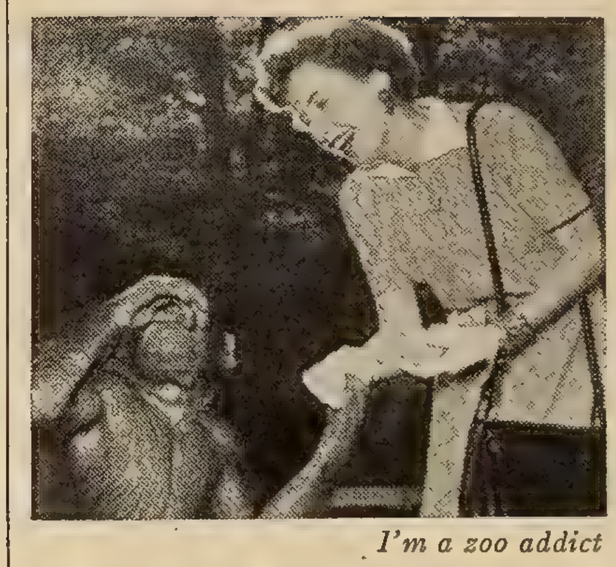
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by BARBARA STANWYCK; star columnist for July



I'm a zoo addict



Give me a cardigan set



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I like my work

I LOVE THE OCEAN, but I'm not a good enough swimmer for the deep blue, so I use a pool. Jive music and, forgive me, jitterbug dancing suits me most. I know it dates me to say this but I've been dated before. When the "New Look" came in I stayed "old look" and was probably passé. But in time the fad died and the crowd dropped back to where I was trotting along in my stubborn fashion. I'm still stubborn. They tell me waistlines are dropping. Not mine. I love the French. My idea of heaven would be to work in New York and weekend in Paris. But by no means does this infer their infallibility in styles—new look, dropped waist, and especially this business of wearing ankle straps with tailored suits—abominable! The edge of a tailored skirt and the line of an ankle strap divides your leg so that the longest length of it visible without interruption is about five inches. What is there attractive about segments of a leg?

I believe in *subtle* make-up. After I apply lipstick—and blue eye shadow if it is evening—I am finished.

If I am going out, my hair (three permanents a year) will have been washed and my nails will have been manicured. Very likely I will be wearing one of my jeweled evening sweaters, which I buy whenever and wherever I see one I like. I won't be conscious of the silvery sheen to my hair because I not only have long accepted it but I like it; personally, it is my heritage (my brother Byron's hair turned pure white when he was 25), and professionally, since it photographs blonde with good highlights in it, it is an asset to me.

I GENERALLY CARRY A SHOULDER BAG when I go out, and in it are always the same articles: A Sulka alligator wallet given to me by Mary and Jack Benny which has my signature inscribed on it in gold, a small mirror, a superstay portrait pink lipstick and handy lipstick brush (which is actually a No. 7 water color brush set in a gold handle), a gold cigarette case containing cigarettes, a gold Zippo lighter, and that's just about all. No odds and ends and no clutter. In a way I suppose my bag represents me. I have lived long enough to know what is essential to me—I repeat, to me. This might not do for another woman.

In my possessions I don't always lean to the practical; if they affect me favorably in any way I am for them. There is nothing practical about rubies and pearls (unless you count them as investments), and I used to have rubies before I sold them all in preference for cultured pearls. Pearls, the glow of them, do something to me. I have other jewelry but the pearls are what I warm to



most. Again, there is nothing practical about paintings, but I did my walls over in white so that the few fine canvases I've accumulated wouldn't have to fight against heavy backgrounds.

My favorite flowers are gardenias, red roses, lilacs, tuberoses, and white carnations. I dislike orchids or any of the unfragrant exotics, and I hate lilies—calla, Easter, or of the valley. They are too closely related to death.

THE PERFECT WORLD FOR ME, when I get around to setting it up, would be almost evenly divided between working, reading, dancing, and swimming. I love the actual acting part of my work and the studying involved; I couldn't learn my part just by itself—I must know the whole play or picture, what everybody else has to say and what motivates them. I love reading books, any kind of book, but, I will admit, much more so if I can personalize it by seeing myself acting one of the characters. I am sure we all do this occasionally. I do it automatically. When I have taken the trouble to count the number of books I read a month, it has come to about thirty. I think it stays close to this average. But I have no library as such. When I am through with a book it finds its way into the hands of others who want to read. (Editor's note: Miss Stanwyck sends them to the veterans' hospitals.)

Incidentally, let's jump to the subject of men's wear for a moment. From my old New York days I think I still have a love for a neat blue suit—the old Sunday suit that every man owned if he had nothing else nice to wear. But I see nothing neat about California men. The sportswear, the Hawaiian shirt, the sloppy bags, the loafers . . . it's way overdone. You get to feel that something is missing and then you realize it's their whiskers. They are shaven. They shouldn't be . . . they should complete the picture if they are trying to look like beachcombers.

I DON'T THINK there are handier things in wearing apparel these days than the housecoats the shops are selling—especially the ones with the dolman sleeves and the flaring back you can belt in. They can call them housecoats, but they are street coats for me as well. Speaking of new things, I love plastic and I have replaced all the silver I've collected—candlesticks, ash trays, (*Continued on next page*)

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Take my word for it

continued

cigarette boxes—in plastic. What crystal has come into my possession I've replaced with Steubenware. I am sure I'm not a good example for anyone else; I am possessed by a dislike for old things and don't enjoy having them around. This, I know, is not typical, and perhaps I should read up on Herr Freud to see what this may mean psychologically and try to apply it to myself.

I WONDER what the connection is between certain likes and habits I have? I can't stand clutter, either actual or mental, if it's on my desk or in my mind. I don't like little thoughts, the inconsequential things that can fill up your mind and come out in idle chatter or gossip. I eat and dress and sleep simply. Meat and fire make a meal, and fuss about sauces is so much folderol. A tailored suit makes wearing apparel, and just a bed is necessary for sleep—undress and get in as is. How much more time there is to live if we can cut down to the essential things and cut out the non-essential!

Maybe this is why I like animals and am such a zoo addict. Maybe, too, this is why I seldom get headaches . . . although when I do they are beauts. Maybe this, too, is why I overcame my fear of airplanes and now fly instead of moving into a train room for three days. (Though I do wish the ladies' room in a plane wasn't so tiny!) And maybe, too, this is why I think TV is here to stay. To me it is the simplest form of presenting entertainment . . . a theatre in which millions of people can have front row seats.

I feel most comfortable wearing a cardigan sweater set. I don't know anything neater or more satisfying in wearing apparel, nor more complimentary to the average woman. I remember years ago seeing pictures of English women at home dressed in such soft, cashmere combinations and thinking I must get something like that. Now, suddenly, they are popular all over the country.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for me to answer every fan letter sent to me, but I write fan letters myself and don't get any answers either. I believe in telling people I like them or their work when I do. I am about to write my fifth fan letter to the same man . . . the man who directed my favorite picture containing my favorite closeup. The picture is *The Third Man* and I have seen it five times (that's why I'm due to write my fifth letter). My favorite closeup is the one where the camera follows the cat who runs to a man's feet, and then rises to show the man's face. It is Orson Welles. And while that closeup has the greatest impact of any single closeup I have ever seen, the man I send my fan letters to is the English director of the picture, Carol Reed.

SOMEONE RECENTLY ASKED ME if I have a guilty conscience when I wear my mink because of all the publicity it received in the Washington investigations. Believe me, I have no guilty conscience. I worked darn hard for my mink; from the day I decided I wanted one it took me three years to lay aside the money necessary free and clear of my other financial obligations. And perhaps I ought to add here that someone should tell Washington it is becoming awfully hard to believe in it.

THE HANDIEST TWO THINGS I OWN are a wrist watch of no particular make and a never-failing Kimberly ball-point pen. Whenever I am invited to a cocktail party I look at the watch and it tells me I haven't got time to attend. I guess I don't like cocktail parties. People act as if simply determined they are going to have a good time—and don't. With the pen I write my regrets.

Things I haven't much use for are eggs and telegrams. Eggs I eat once a week, scrambled and in a hurry. Telegrams I am afraid of. I love packages that don't reveal their contents. I wish I could talk a Latin language. I love to hear them, and I think every woman sounds wonderful talking French or Italian. I am actually studying French.

SOMETIMES I GET A YEN to tell children bedtime stories but I don't know any who want to hear them—not these days. My favorite little girl now is probably Nancy Sinatra, who is 11, and no one can tell me she hasn't been here before! She couldn't be that smart in 11 years. She gets straight A's in school, plays a lovely piano, knows French and has a wisdom that is absolutely frightening. She also has a younger brother, Frankie, Jr., who spreads his arms and makes like an airplane when he goes to get me a glass of water. And I get lots of water this way, trying to see if he will forget being a plane. He never does.

I think Frankie would like the old romantic pictures that Hollywood is making so seldom now and which I miss so much: *Beau Geste, Lives Of A Bengal Lancer, Casablanca, Algiers* . . . I believe in realism, I've done my own best work in realistic stories, but there's something to losing yourself in screen glory that is unlike the everyday world. And, of course, with censorship to contend with, American realism has a tough time rising to the brilliance of foreign realism which seems circumscribed by nothing more handicapping than imagination.

Well . . . I have to wash my white cotton gloves now. I bought a pair of plastic hand-molds my size, I slip the gloves on, wash them good, and let them dry and bleach in the sun. I love to do it.

Barbara Stanwyck

Editor's Note: You may want to correspond with Barbara Stanwyck personally. Simply write to her, c/o Modern Screen, *1046 North Carol Drive, Hollywood 46, California. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope to insure a reply.*

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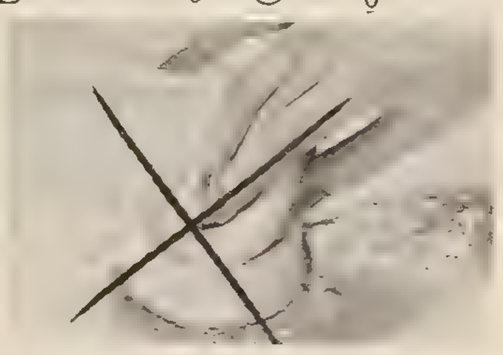
No more of these old make-up troubles _ _



no wet sponge



no greasy fingertips



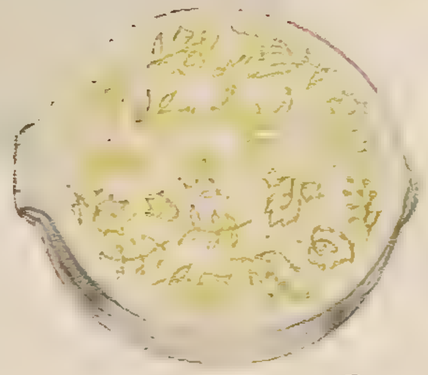
no spilly powder



Angel Face

by POND'S

smooths on with a puff and stays!



In this Mirror Case—
your easiest way to Summer Glamour!

Velvety foundation and powder in-one! Such easy summer flattery! Never drying . . . never greasy. And Pond's Angel Face *stays on* much longer than plain powder—because it's foundation and powder in-one! Just a touch of the Angel Face puff smooths you . . . de-shines you . . . gives you the freshest, prettiest complexion under the summer sun!

The new ivory-and-golden Mirror Case holds everything you need for that luscious, sun-kissed look! Mirror, puff, and a season's supply of Bronze Angel Face! It's perfect for travel—Angel Face can't spill. For summer—rich, glowing Bronze Angel. Five other heavenly year-round shades, too. In the adorable new Angel Face Mirror Case, just $1*.



Also in the sweet blue-and-gold boxes—89¢, 59¢.* *plus tax

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keeps you twice as nice!

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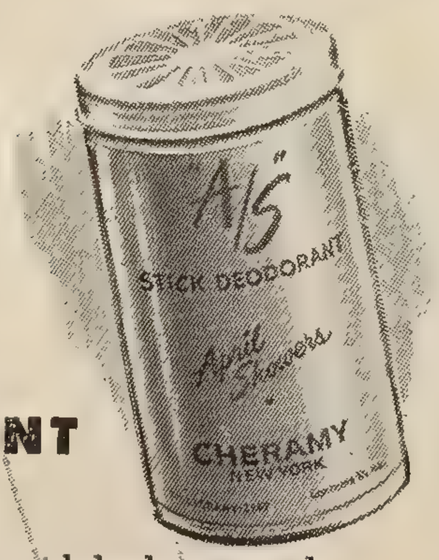
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Now! To famous April Showers Talc, the world's most effective deodorant ingredient has been added! You'll be delighted with this lastingly effective deodorant talc that smooths your skin—and, at the same time, safeguards your freshness. Keeps you fragrant as April Showers—*all over*.

Family size—50¢.

"A/S"

STICK DEODORANT



A favorite with both men and women—this new type deodorant in "solid" stick form glides pleasantly over your skin. It's always safe—always sure—protects you *surely, lastingly*. Wonderful to take with you when traveling . . . not a chance of dripping, staining! 75¢.

Prices plus tax

by CHERAMY PERFUMER



continued from page 4

in another picture with Donald O'Connor because Donald stole the show in *Singin' In The Rain?*
—T. R., Columbia, S. C.

A. Kelly has requested O'Connor to co-star with him in *Brigadoon.*

Q. What caused the break between Phil Harris and Jack Benny after a 15-year friendship? —S. W., Fresno. Cal.

A. *Harris' refusal to appear as a guest on the Jack Benny television program.*

Q. How much of a settlement will Lana receive from Bob Topping?
—A. J., Pt. Arthur, Texas

A. *Probably very little, maybe nothing.*

Q. Is it true that as a wedding present Betty Hutton got her husband a job as a full-fledged director at Paramount? —C. Y., Peoria, Ill.

A. *No. Charles O'Curran is still a dance director.*

Q. Who are the biggest box-office draws on the Paramount lot?
—N. N., Los Angeles, Cal.

A. *Martin and Lewis as of this writing.*

Q. They say that Humphrey Bogart will earn so much money from *African Queen* that he plans to retire. Is this true? —G. R., Rochester, N. Y.

A. *Bogart may earn as much as $750,000. He has no intention of retiring.*

Q. I keep reading that Michael Wilding is all different ages. How old is he really? —D. U., Toronto, Can.

A. *He'll be 42 soon.*

Q. Who is the most temperamental actor in Hollywood?
—C. K., Ft. Pierce, Fla.

A. *Stewart Granger.*

Q. Why isn't Cary Grant's wife liked by the press? Is it true that Cary refuses to sign for a picture unless his Betsy is given a part, too?
—N. W., Boston, Mass.

A. *Mrs. Grant is not too co-operative with newsmen. Her husband does not make his employment contingent upon his wife's.*

Q. Isn't Franchot Tone on the verge of a nervous breakdown because of Barbara Payton?
—A. H., Minneapolis, Minn.

A. *No, he's just unhappy.*

Q. Did Joan Bennett really support Walter Wanger from 1947 to 1952? Did she buy him a home to live in?
—H. D., Denver, Col.

A. *Miss Bennett owned a home into which Wanger moved after they were married. Miss Bennett never supported him.*

Q. I've heard that Clark Gable is a grandfather. Is that the truth?
C. U., Houston, Texas

A. *Gable's second wife became a grandmother while she was married to Clark. This made Gable a step-grandfather. He himself, however, has never been a father.*

Q. Is Jimmy Stewart the same stammering, All-American boy off-screen as he is on? —L. G., Princeton, N. J.

A. *The very same.*

Q. Isn't it true that Red Skelton is suffering from a very bad heart condition which Hollywood is attempting to keep hushed up? —J. F., Moline, Ill.

A. *No. Red's just suffering from overwork.*

Q. Wasn't Joan Crawford once in love with Dale Robertson? Didn't these two meet regularly at Joan's house?
—M. N., Indianapolis, Ind.

A. *Joan Crawford tried to get Robertson a role in* Flamingo Road. *She had him out to her house for dinner only once.*

Q. Will Clark Gable marry Virginia Grey after he gets his divorce?
—R. K., Dallas, Tex.

A. *Probably not.*

Q. Now that she's a success on television, is Lucille Ball finished with motion pictures?
—D. G., Springfield, Ill.

A. *It's impossible to do a weekly TV show and star in movies, too.*

Q. Why does Tony Curtis let his hair flop down all over his forehead?
—E. W., Lincoln, Neb.

A. *He thinks it's cute.*

Q. Is it true that Debra Paget has never had a date with a grown-up man? —O. R., Cheyenne, Wy.

A. *Yes.*

Q. Isn't there a feud between Gene Kelly and June Allyson?
—E. R., Buffalo, N. Y.

A. *No. They just don't mix socially.*

Q. What's happened to Dennis Morgan? Is his screen career all washed up? —N. Y., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A. *He'll make one movie a year at Warners.*

At last, glamorous swim suits that give you social security!



Only Sea Nymph glamour suits have the "tapered torso" that keeps your suit UP at the top and DOWN at the bottom. Cut in a secret way that makes it stay PUT. Exclusive perma-banding at vital points, gives extra stay-up, stay-down insurance, too! Want beauty on the beach . . . social security on the sand? QUICK . . . INTO A SEA NYMPH! Suits shown in faille, $8.99. Slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada. Sizes 32-38. Also Junior sizes 9-15.

At your favorite store or write Jane Ross.
JORDAN MANUFACTURING CORP.,
1410 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

One

of these women has discovered a wonderful complexion secret...



She's washing her face . . . Like many women, she's simply washing with soap and water in the ordinary way—carelessly. If that's what you're doing —*stop!* You could be doing so much better.



She's getting a lovelier complexion . . . By washing properly with Palmolive Soap, she's giving herself gentle beauty care proved by 36 skin specialists to bring softer, smoother, younger looking skin.

Palmolive Brings Out Beauty While It Cleans Your Skin!



Yes, Palmolive's Beauty Plan Is Far Better For Your Skin Than "Just Average Care" With Any Leading Toilet Soap!

Are you one of those women who could be getting far lovelier skin with just a mere change in *the way you wash your face?*

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan you'll actually see Palmolive begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin. Within 14 days you'll have a complexion that's softer, smoother, younger looking. 36 leading skin specialists in 1285 tests proved that the Palmolive Beauty Plan brings most women lovelier complexions.

Next time you wash your face, try this way: Gently massage Palmolive's mild, pure lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Do this 3 times a day. Palmolive's rich, fragrant lather gives you everything you need for gentle beauty care.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY RESULTS!

*So **Mild** . . So **Pure** . . So Right For <u>All</u> of You*



Palmolive Soap Makes Every Bath a Beauty Bath

Be it ever so glamorous—no place is home to Rita Hayworth, unless there's a man around to make it cozy.

BY MARVA PETERSON

RITA'S RARIN' TO GO!



■ When she came back to Hollywood there was much speculation about what man would take over Rita's life, and when he'd start. Nightclub owners got their best table linen ready, gossip columnists sharpened their pencils and everybody waited for the fun to begin. But Rita fooled them all. She hardly went anywhere, and the only people she played with were her two daughters.

She still doesn't go anywhere, still plays with the girls, but it looks as if Rita's about ready to come out of her shell, because by the time you read this her divorce from Aly Khan may be final and Rita, who is one of the most glamorous women in Hollywood, won't let that glamor go to waste. Meanwhile, she's biding her time and settling into a home truly fit for a princess with room enough for her entire court.

Her house, high on Alpine Drive in Beverly Hills, isn't the same one she left three years ago, but it bears her label. She's taken her personal belongings out of storage, unpacked her favorite books and treasured collection of French, Spanish, English and Italian recordings; she's uncrated her silver, her valuable oil paintings and installed them all in her newly-acquired, pale green Spanish mansion.

Situated on a bluff overlooking (*Continued on next page*)

FOR FULL COLOR PICTURES OF RITA HAYWORTH'S NEW HOLLYWOOD HOME, TURN THE PAGE. →

continued from preceding page

Rita's new home (shown here) is tucked in a romantic glen. Here she has surrounded herself with colorful murals, soft lights, and music

a heavily wooded ravine, the mansion has a remote and elegant beauty. There are no close neighbors, no sound of auto traffic. The rest of the world seems very far away until you step onto the terrace and look down on the heart of Beverly Hills.

A short distance from the house is a swimming pool surrounded by a lovely garden that glows softly at night with a myriad of hidden lights.

And yet for all its seclusion, Rita's house is only a few minutes' drive to Columbia Studios. "I'm a working girl again," she says, "and I like to be near my work."

Rita's discovery of this hideaway is typical of her impulsive nature. One minute she was living quite comfortably in a swank bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel and the next she was burning to get out. She was sun-bathing in her private little patio at (*Continued on page 78*)





◀ Rita's traditional furniture fits gracefully into her big modern living room with its unique ceiling beams, all-over carpeting, and matching drapery.



After a hard day at the studio, Rita often dines on a card table in the sun room. Here's where she keeps her most treasured books, mementos and prints.

A "quiet evening" at home starts off when Rita brings out her dance drum, and begins beating out a tempo for her daughters to dance to. Next, she reaches for her castanets, and soon all three are whirling to the infectious click-click rhythm. The circus mural of glass tiles on the far left wall fits in perfectly with mother and daughters' gay, uninhibited dancing sessions. Rebecca is taking dancing lessons now.



The pale yellow walls of Rita's bedroom create a warm, sunny feeling even when the draperies are pulled. Next to the bed (but not shown in this picture) stands her portable victrola, and favorite records.



Like its owner, Rebecca's room is in a transitional stage. Lately, she's been forsaking her doll collection in favor of cowboy records and abstract paintings, samples of which she hangs on the wall.

HOUSE OF THE MONTH


WA

SHELLEY: IT TOOK A REAL MAN TO TEACH HER WHO THE BOSS WAS—AND TO MAKE HER LIKE IT.

by Aline Mosby

■ At the Academy Awards last March, a young lady of apparent culture and refinement sat demurely in the audience, a picture of subdued charm in a pale blue gown.

She was a candidate for the highest honor Hollywood can bestow—the coveted Oscar.

When Vivien Leigh's name was called as the winner, the audience eyed the girl in blue and held its collective breath. But there were no tantrums, no temperament, no tears.

Instead, the new Shelley Winters serenely left the Pantages theater and graciously shrugged, "It's wonderful she won. I'm glad the suspense is over. I have nothing more to say."

Shelley had nothing more to say?

This is the new Shelley Winters who currently is the talk over 5 o'clock olives among the Cadillac set in glitter-glitter land. And behind the movie queen that night of the Academy Awards strode the reason for the metamorphosis of the blonde bombshell—29-year-old Vittorio Gassman who is tall, dark and handsome, just like in the movies.

Harried directors tried it . . . important studio executives tried it . . . scolding gossip columnists tried it. But where all else failed, Vittorio Gassman has tamed Shelley Winters.

Shelley, as lovers of the cinema know, used to bustle about in baseball caps, shorts and no make-up. The tales of how she pulled fireworks both off and on her movie sets are legendary in the magic city. In those hectic days, Shel went with Farl, as they say in Hollywood. That means Farley Granger.

Then the girl from Brooklyn decided to Tour Europe. Besides Culture and Broadening Travel, Miss Winters found love. At a theater in Rome last September, she met Gassman, one of the five top movie and stage (*Continued on page 82*)

the Inside Report

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST PASSIONATE LOVES

Their real stories have never been told! On these and the following pages are the true accounts of Hollywood's most controversial love affairs—Shelley and Vittorio, Ava and Frankie, Liz and Mike, Judy and Sid Luft.

AVA: IT TOOK PSYCHOANALYSIS TO BRING HER THE PEACE OF MIND THAT MAY SAVE HER MARRIAGE.

by Steve Cronin



Ava risked her career to marry Frank, after much bad publicity.

■ The passion of Frank Sinatra and Ava Gardner, born in a confusion of bad publicity and intrigue, may seem headed for certain disaster.

Look at the odds against them. For nearly two years Sinatra courted Ava in the goldfish bowl of glaring publicity.

His excitable nature turned on newspaper reporters assigned to cover the romance in Hollywood, Mexico City and Madrid. His resultant bad press underlines the theory that when the press is against you, you can't survive unscathed.

The public failed to flock to Frankie's first post-Ava movie *Meet* (*Continued on page 64*)



LIZ: MIKE KNEW THE CURE FOR A YOUNG DIVORCEE'S BLUES—CONSIDERATION AND QUIET CHARM.

by Sheilah Graham

■ The time has come to bury the lies about Elizabeth Taylor and her love for Michael Wilding.

Ever since she flew to London to marry him, Elizabeth has been subjected to a near blizzard of untruthful stories.

She has been pictured as the bride of an octogenarian—a somewhat decrepit albeit charming gentleman of the old British school who never wanders too far from his bottle and wheel chair. Or, in other flights of fancy, Mr. Wilding has been pictured as a somewhat rakish gent bent on pursuing Grandma Marlene Dietrich across several continents.

There was even the hint, while reports were still coming through about the wedding, that Liz was expecting a baby. How this could be reconciled with the suggestion that this marriage was a passionless union, the result of Elizabeth's boredom with Hollywood wolves, I'll never know.

I'll get to some of the other lies later, but now we'll tell the actual facts.

There is no doubt that Elizabeth Taylor and her mother had bitter words at the time of her breakup with Nicky Hilton and the new romance with Stanley Donen. Elizabeth was momentarily thrown for a complete loss over the tragic blow to her heart. She left her family's Beverly Hills home without warning in the middle of the night and went to stay with her good friend, Helen Rose, the studio dress designer who, incidentally, created both her wedding ensembles. A few days later she went to the hospital, and when she came out, she refused to see her mother.

But now, for the past several months, Elizabeth has been closer to her mother than ever, and it has not interfered in the slightest with the depth of her love for Mike Wilding, her honeymoon, or her career.

"While she was in England with Michael," Mrs. Taylor told me, "Elizabeth called me at least once a week, and they both sent me telegrams almost every other day to tell me how happy they were."

These transatlantic communiques were partially business, of course. To indicate how long Elizabeth has been in love with Mike, last summer when she was in England for *Ivanhoe,* she and Mike planned their wedding for when she would be free from Nicky. At that time, Elizabeth was prepared even to give up her Hollywood career and take a little hat shop in London to give her something to do without taking her away from Mike for months at a time. To prove the point, Elizabeth later would not sign a new contract unless Mike signed one too at Metro. And she didn't have much trouble putting over her point, because Mike Wilding happens to be one of the best actors in England.

This brings up another erroneous belief to the effect that young (and, at 41, isn't he according to American standards?) Mr. Wilding is broke. He isn't. Unless you call earning from $40,000 to $60,000 a year in England being broke. True, he had to make a handsome settlement on his ex-wife but he was able to keep his beautiful apartment on Bruton Street in London, along with his Rolls Royce convertible which few American millionaires feel they can afford.

In addition, Mike, who was once a professional painter, had a collection of paintings (*Continued on page 104*)

JUDY: THE MAN NO ONE APPROVED OF BROUGHT HER A MATURE LOVE AND HELPED HER CLIMB BACK TO SUCCESS.

by Arthur L. Charles

■ When Judy Garland came back to Hollywood three months ago, reporters who met her train in Pasadena were surprised to learn that she had made the triumphant homeward trek without the man she loves.

"Where is Sid Luft?" everyone asked.

Judy ignored the question. Anxiously she looked about the station platform for her daughter, Liza. Catching sight of her, Judy stretched out her arms and Liza raced into them.

The reporters waited a respectable two minutes while Judy smothered the child. Then they moved in with a barrage of questions.

Was it true that Judy had earned $750,000 in her 20-week stint at New York's Palace? She didn't know the exact figure, but that was about right. (*Continued on page 98*)



Judy and Sid vacationed in Florida in March.

Call him cocky, call him

NO TIME



Gordon's love songs hold a real meaning for Sheila. Every high and low in their life has hinged on his singing career since they married when he was a page boy in Radio City.



Singing is Gordon's life—whether he's doing it for love or money. Here the MacRaes, including the pooch, lend an ear to "probably the best darned young baritone in captivity," as Gordon dubs himself.



Gordon still wolf-whistles when Sheila appears in a bathing suit. "Why, it's only my wife!" he'll say, acting surprised. But he's as sentimental about her as he was 11 years ago.

■ A stocky, square jawed young guy with friendly, hazel eyes and a spacious grin breezed into a Hollywood NBC rehearsal studio a few weeks ago and up to an attractive, smiling girl standing by the mike.

"Hello, Margaret," he greeted her. "It's swell to see you."

"Hello, Gordon," she answered. "It's wonderful to be here."

He took her by both hands then leaned over and planted an enthusiastic kiss on her cheek.

Secret Service men stiffened. Chaperones gasped. Even the radio technicians, used to all kinds of sights in Hollywood, almost dropped their earphones. But all this consternation was lost on Gordon MacRae, who was the kisser, and on the kissed, too, who was Margaret Truman, daughter of the President of the United States. Nobody guessed that they were old friends who had met before in Washington and that Gordon was warmly glad to see (*Continued on page 91*)

brash, you can't hurt MacRae who's going places too fast to worry about what people think.

FOR MODESTY

by Kirtley Baskette

She loves him, she loves him not! Jane

"DARLING, YOU'RE NUTS!"



Wyman's crazy romance has Hollywood guessing

BY RUTH WATERBURY

■ This is a very special kind of love story, a Hollywood love story. It concerns a very beautiful, very intelligent and very real girl named Jane Wyman and a very handsome, equally intelligent and fine guy named Travis Kleefeld.

This story has Hollywood completely bewildered. And this is the first time that the facts of it have been told.

Janie and Trav met during Christmas week—but Hollywood never knew how serious it was with them until mid-March, when Louella Parsons gave to the world the exclusive announcement that they were engaged to be married.

Hollywood was overjoyed. This wacky town is basically romantic, even though it begrudges certain people happiness. For instance, nobody knocked anybody out to see that Marlon Brando won this year's Oscar. But from the moment that Sarah Jane Fulks, self-titled Jane Durrell, came bouncing into the film colony in the late thirties, everybody has wanted her to get everything her generous heart desired. She's been such a fine loyal friend to so many people. She's become a superb actress and is such a wonderful mother to her kids. And ever since she and Ronnie Reagan parted, five years ago, Hollywood has worried about her.

Thus it was great news that she was thinking of marrying again. But a little more than three weeks after her announcement came a shocker. Jane Wyman, again via Louella, told the world she had canceled her engagement to Travis. But they were, she said, still the best of friends.

For once, that most polite of Hollywood's fictions, is completely true. Janie and Trav are such understanding friends that they see one another constantly, are each other's favorite companion—or as Jane says, "We became engaged to take the special Hollywood pressures off us, and then we broke our engagement for the very same reason." Actually they are waiting to act wisely rather than impulsively, waiting to know one another, as well as be fascinated by one another, waiting for several very special factors in both their lives to be worked out.

Many a girl has done what Janie almost did this March: seen a guy, fallen pretty hard, told herself she was completely in love. And any fellow, like Trav, would naturally tumble for a human dynamo like Jane, who also possesses beauty, fame and terrific charm. But to have the sheer social courage to call "whoa" on yourself, as Jane did, in order to be sure that this was the love that leads to marriage takes character. It also takes trust and love to do as Trav did and to say, "Darling, you're nuts, but if that's the way you want it, that's the way it is."

Actually—and amusingly—they didn't fall in love with one another at first sight. (They didn't even like each other very much.) They met at a dinner party in the home of mutual friends, where they sat next to each other at a table.

"I seem to have been in a dignified mood," Janie says, now, grinning. "Don't ask me why; I don't know. Maybe I was having a hangover from the *Blue Veil* or something. Anyhow, after dinner when Trav asked me if I'd dance I gave him the 'no thank you,' bit.

"However, as the evening wore on, and I noticed how everybody in the room was responding to his good nature, I warmed up a little, and just before the party broke up, when we were all out in the kitchen eating chili and beans, I began to think this was someone I might be interested in knowing. He must have got my message, because just at that moment, Trav looked over (*Continued on page 103*)



Three weeks after Jane and Travis Kleefeld announced their engagement, they called it off. Yet the Hollywood cliche "best of friends" applies.

There's the case
of the calendar nude
—and the riddle
of my plunging
necklines. These are the
things that set the
critics on my trail and
raise the question . . .



Gold sculptured swim suit by Rose Marie Reid

Am I too DARING?

by Marilyn Monroe

■ Am I too daring?

I ask this question in all sincerity because, in recent months, a number of influential women have told me that perhaps I am. I have been accused of having horrible taste in clothes, told that I am flaunting the gentler traditions of womanhood, and that I have made a common display of my figure on every social occasion.

In my own heart, I cannot believe that these accusations are true, and when they first began to appear in several of the Hollywood columns, they hurt me deeply. I felt that perhaps I had unintentionally offended someone. Then I ran through every possible reason why I should be attacked on these grounds, and I worried.

Quite understandably, when a girl is just starting her career in Hollywood, she can't help but worry when she wakes up one morning and reads that perhaps she is seriously jeopardizing her motion picture career by the way she dresses. That's potent criticism, and it pays to consider it carefully.

In my case, I had a special reason to worry—one which, at the time, made it impossible for me to answer back. Frankly, I was concerned about how Hollywood was going to accept the news that only a few weeks before, on January first, 1952, to be exact, a nude calendar for which I posed in 1949 had turned up on garage and barber shop walls all over America. Only a few people knew it was me, but I realized it would be just a matter of time until someone on the newspapers tracked down the story.

I have never been ashamed that (*Continued on page 101*)





HE'S REALLY LIVING!

Wine, women and Tchaikowsky

—mix 'em all together and

they spell Cochran, a guy who knows

how to live alone and love it!

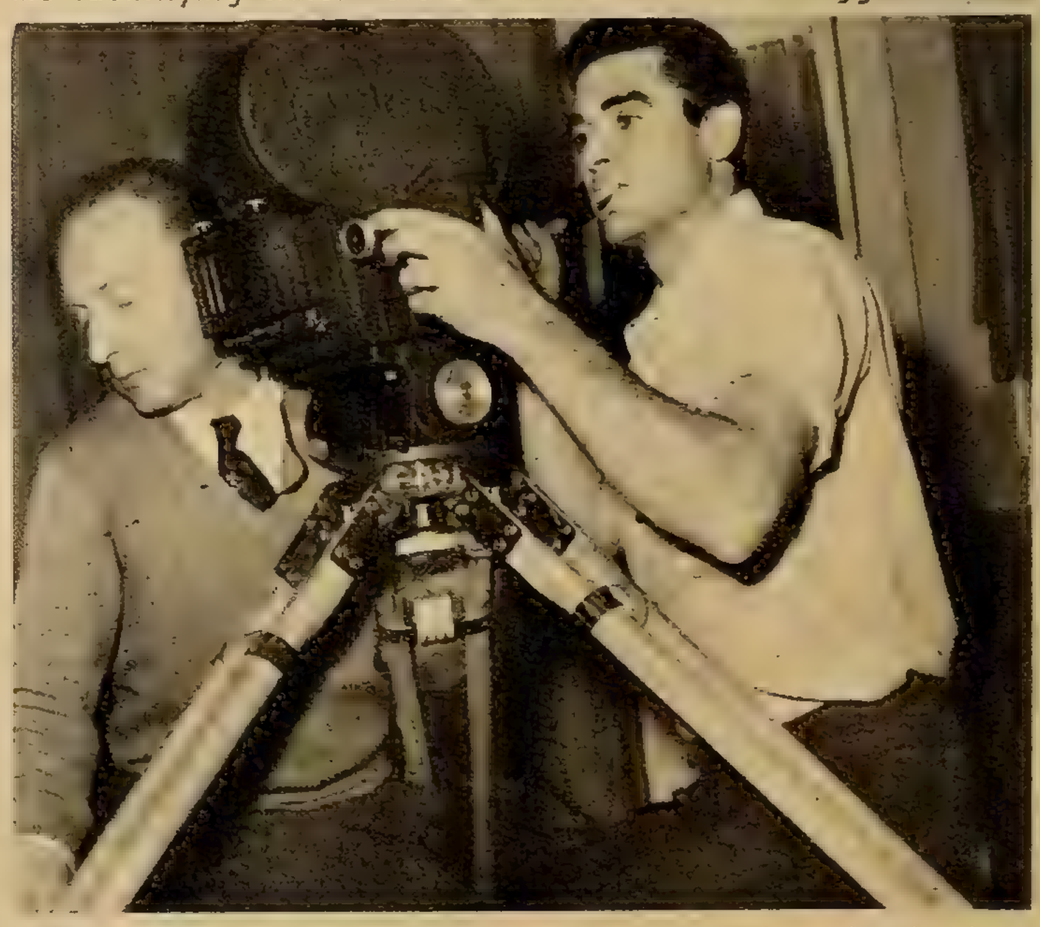
BY IMOGENE COLLINS



An avid home movie fan, Steve is producing a dramatic chase film entitled *Embarkadero*. Here, he and cameraman Jack Hagney shoot a scene between Eddie Norris and Bill Kalviano.



Getting ready for a close-up sequence, Jack trains the up-to-date 16-millimeter sound camera on Eddie, while Bill holds the identifying slate. Steve and soundman Al Riggs look on.



Steve's such a busy guy he never gets time for his other hobbies, writing and painting. He's also a "Sunday afternoon sailor"—one day a week is all he can spare for his 24-foot ketch.

Story conference on set (Steve's living room): Monte Pittman, Jack, Barbara Logan, Eddie, Steve, and Bill, all deep in discussion.

■ Steve Cochran is a character. "But I'm not a Bohemian," he announces. "A Bohemian uses bacon for bookmarks." Despite his denial, it's probable that Steve Cochran *would* use bacon for a bookmark, if he couldn't find a bookmark. He would also do a lot of other things that ordinary, nose-to-the-grindstone actors would not ever do. Who else in Hollywood would keep a parrot named Clarence, and a dog named Tchaikowsky who plays the piano? Who else would admit with a devilish grin that women are his favorite hobby but that marriage makes him miserable?

Here is a man who even gets Hollywood excited, because he is like no man Hollywood ever saw before. He is lazy, but always interested; he is casual but suggests controlled power; he plays at love, but his heart is with the sea; he lives in a house that looks as if it were built by a madman.

The house climbs a hill in Benedict Canyon, and the living room clutches the top of it. Walk through the door and you come face to face with a bar, and if you keep your head up you're liable to be conked on it by a four-by-four beam that is slung low (*Continued on page 100*)



Author Monte Pittman serves up the salaries in Steve's kitchen—two hamburgers and a cup of coffee per person! Nobody complains.

Dear Esther...



What do people write to movie stars? Here's your chance to read Esther Williams' mail before she does and see what reporter Jim Henaghan wrote to this aqua-queen

Dear Esther:

I address this letter to you with some hesitation. I think mainly because I intend having it published and read by a couple of million people before you see it. That, I suppose, could be called opening somebody else's mail—a nasty habit, according to the mailman on my street.

There must have been another way to do this but it has not occurred to me. The point is, you see, that I have a few matters to take up with you—and some things to write about you that require a broader medium than stationery—so the "open letter" serves my purpose admirably.

Now before you get nervous and begin howling for the postal inspectors, let me assure you that this is not the usual type of open letter, the kind generally used in magazines to caution a star that she is wayward, backward or headed for trouble. I have not heard that you and Ben have decided to call your marriage a silly infatuation, so I have no instructions to give you about your family life. I have not heard that you refused to go back-stroking with some rabid fan in the Wichita, Kansas high school pool, so I do not intend to warn you that such conduct can cost you the support of thousands of waterlogged admirers.

The simple truth is that I have been trying to get to talk to you in person for the past three weeks and have found it impossible. Oh, I have been given splendid cooperation at your studio. As a matter of fact, I have had the place in an uproar. And if anyone had been listening in on the conversations (*Continued on page 68*)



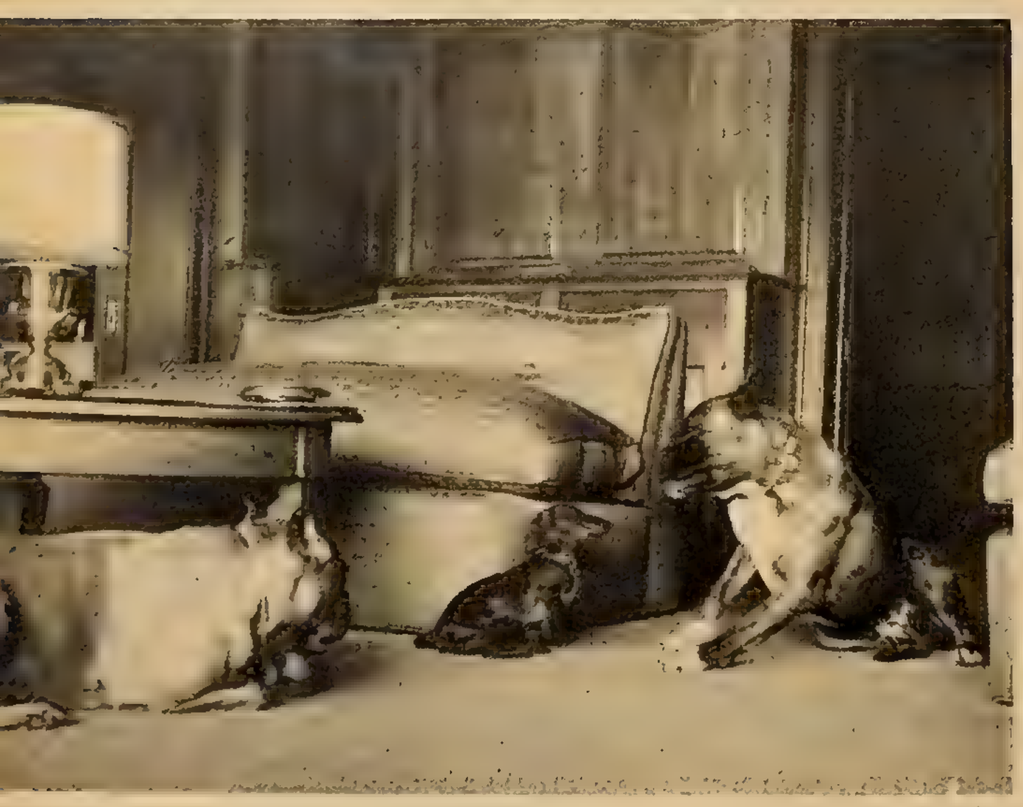
Ever since the day
a big boxer named
Jezebel arrived, Alan
Ladd's let his house
go straight to the dogs!

alan ladd's

BY JIM BURTON



Boxer Jezebel moved into the Ladds' present home as a member of the family. Alan said then, "Dogs will always be a part of our life and our home."



Jezebel, dachshund Fritzie II, and another boxer, Brindie, jealously guard their positions as the three housedogs. Other pups are on the ranch.

■ The business about dogs was decided right off by the Alan Ladds; and it didn't take more than ten seconds. It was the day the Ladds moved into their present home. More than a year of planning and building had gone into the house and grounds, for this was the place Alan and Sue knew they were going to live in for the rest of their lives. And as they turned in from the street and onto the black top driveway, they liked what they saw. The whole family was along—Carol Lee, Laddie, Alana and little David and Jezebel, a large boxer dog.

The Ladds got out of the car, inhaled the fine clean air of their hilltop and admired the flowers in the beds that flanked the house. Then, in a body, they marched to the front door and Alan inserted his key beneath the fancy brass door knob. The kids pushed open the door and scampered inside. Alan and Sue took a little longer, because this was their dream, and they stood just inside the entrance letting the magnificence of the house seep in. The living room was to the right, like something out of a picture book. The dining room, with its long table was to the left and beyond that the playroom. Before them, facing on the garden and pool was a sitting room, carpeted in a soft grey and furnished with fat, puffy sofas and a pair of splendid black coffee tables.

Everybody took it big but Jezebel. She walked slowly around the room for a moment, sniffing at the strange things there, and then, on a doggish whim or in an instant of uncertainty, she tried a small section of the living room rug for absorbent qualities.

The howl from Sue Ladd's lips could have been heard a block away. Jezebel leaped ten feet and took off with Sue after her. The occasion, in a fraction of a second, changed from a glad entry into a new life into a dog hunt, with everyone but Alan joining in, and Jezebel scurrying about like a cornered pony in a tea shop. As she passed him for the third time, Alan grabbed Sue.

"Now, hold on a minute, honey," he said. "Do you like that dog?"

"Of course I do," wailed Sue, "but did you see what she just did to my new rug?"

"Sure I did," said Alan, "but there's one thing we have to make up our minds about right now. Dogs will always be a part of our life and our home. Now this (*Continued on page 80*)

a big baby!



Joan Crawford

stepped out of nowhere, right into a dream— and she's been living there so long it's hard to remember where that dream world ends and reality begins . . .

BY CAROLINE BROOKS

Joan Crawford invented herself. She made herself up right out of whole cloth and now she is torn between being pleased with the result and feeling inadequate.

She didn't make up her background, nor does she try to conceal it. The early days in Kansas City when she lived in the back room of a laundry, the schooldays which were all work for tuition and no time for study, the rough New York chorus girl days, the time at Stevens' College when she was rejected by a sorority because the other girls found out she was working her way through as a waitress. . .

She felt the need of a personality change. Although she cried when her real name, Lucille Le Sueur, was changed to Joan Crawford she immediately began to become Joan Crawford the film star. As such she has a tremendous feeling of responsibility toward the public who've made her what she is. But what, indeed, is she?

She's a woman who needs constant and daily praise to build up her faltering ego. When Franchot Tone was married to her, he once remarked, "Joan is hurt if I don't tell her how gorgeous she looks every time she walks down the stairs for dinner. Well, she *does* look gorgeous. But so does a sunset and you can't keep saying every night, 'How gorgeous is the sunset.'"

An ex-executive of the Capitol Theater in New York tells this story. It happened when Joan was at the height of her career.

She was in New York at the same time that a new movie of hers was playing at the Capitol. Her fans waited in line for hours fighting and scratching to be the first to get in when the doors opened at 10:30 A.M. "It's a different kind of audience from any you have ever seen," the executive told Joan.

Naturally Joan had to see and hear this but, he warned her, "It's as much as my job is worth and as much as your life is worth if those mad, crazy kids get a whiff of you."

Joan promised she would come (*Continued on page 94*)

JOAN WORKS AT KEEPING THE CRAWFORD MYTH ALIVE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY, EVERY DAY.



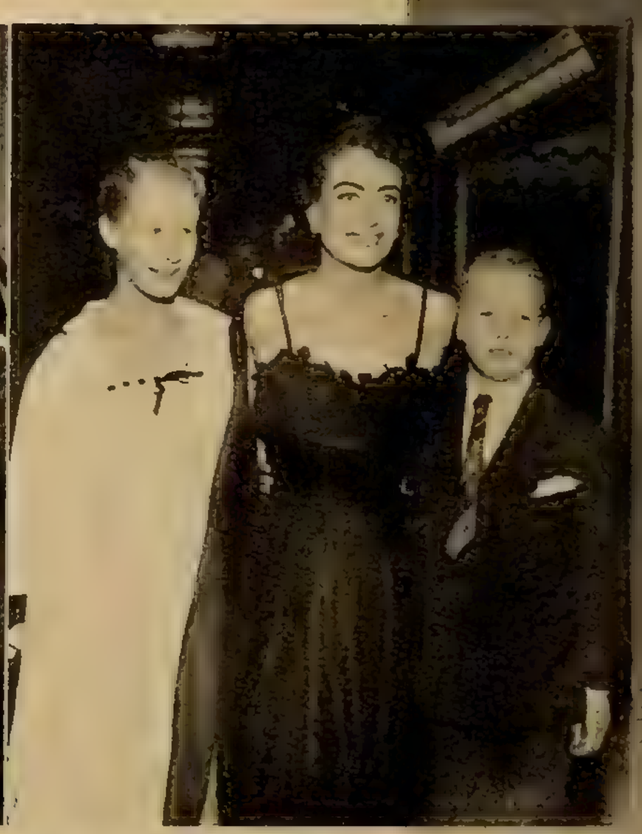
Joan knows what her public wants, confers with cameraman (*above*) to make sure that they get it.



Joan's aware that publicity keeps a myth alive. When she tore her hem in a New York night club, she knew how to turn it into a news item.



In front of the camera, Joan displays a high powered brand of sex appeal that has fans believing she's like that in person.



Joan's a Crawford perfectionist in all things, but it's nowhere more apparent than in the way she's bringing up her children.


the
JOAN CRAWFORD
myth



SHE'S A GLAMOR GIRL TURNED COWGIRL—AND SHE PREFERS HOMELIFE TO NIGHTLIFE ANYTIME . . .

FOR THE LOVE OF MIKE

by Virginia Mayo

■ Sooner or later in every interview, Mike and I are asked why we don't go out oftener than we do. That's a natural enough question, I suppose. We almost never go to parties, nightclubs, or any of the places that make up the "nightlife" of Hollywood.

Why not? The question never fails to fluster me. I hate to run the risk of sounding prudish or disapproving when actually I am neither of these things.

My husband, however, is rarely bothered by questions like that. He has a direct Irish way of putting things that makes our attitude sound as unpretentious as it really is.

"Virginia and I," he says, "don't go for big affairs. In fact, we have more fun doing nothing together than many married couples at a ball."

That's true. Especially the part about the togetherness of our life. During the five years of our marriage, Mike and I have seldom been apart. We have lived simply, and I doubt if anyone would consider our daily existence glamorous and exciting.

It's amazing how much a woman can come to depend upon the mere presence of the man she loves. I know that I am never really serene or happy unless Mike is there. Even on the nights when the baseball games come on television and his whole attention is absorbed in the play, I feel completely at peace. All I need to do is look up from the book I'm reading and see Mike enjoying the game, then I am happy, too.

We used to go out more than we do. We still go to nightclubs when any of our favorite entertainers come to town. But both Mike and I spent too (*Continued on page 95*)



The O'Sheas are stay-at-homes. They're enthusiastic television fans.

the story behind today's headlines:

THE FIGHT FOR INGRID BERGMAN'S DAUGHTER

■ The anticipated battle for Ingrid Bergman's daughter has begun. Ingrid, who is expecting twins this month, desperately wants her 13-year-old daughter to spend the summer with her in Italy. She has petitioned the Superior Court of California to appoint a travelling companion (not Dr. Lindstrom) for her child. She objects to Dr. Lindstrom because she feels that his presence would lend an air of "exceptionality, tension and quarrel" to the visit. Dr. Lindstrom is opposed to the meeting's taking place in Italy, stating that he doesn't want his daughter to be outside the jurisdiction of the United States courts. Last summer, Dr. Lindstrom took his daughter to Ingrid in London. There are two versions of what happened during that visit (see Ingrid's affidavit and Dr. Lindstrom's refutation). Suspicion and distrust on both sides accompany Ingrid's present request to see her daughter. The final word, however, rests with the California Superior Court, Case D397287 MODERN SCREEN takes no sides in this custody dispute. It simply presents the legal documents in the case and suggests that the readers judge the issue themselves.

Ingrid Bergman Rossellini, formerly known as Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom, deposes and says:

The following is a chronology of the facts surrounding my inability to visit with my daughter Pia.

In 1949, I went to Italy as an actress in the photoplay *Stromboli*.

While in Italy I advised my former husband, Doctor Peter Lindstrom, that the dissolution of our marriage was necessary. The photoplay was not concluded until late September 1949 and it was, therefore, impossible for me to have my daughter with me during the summer vacation of 1949.

After the photoplay was completed, a great deal of unfortunate publicity was given the situation surrounding my separation and subsequent divorce from Dr. Lindstrom and my marriage to my present husband, Mr. Roberto Rossellini. Litigation was then instituted between Dr. Lindstrom and myself in the California Courts and after many months of negotiations between our respective attorneys in California a property settlement agreement was finally executed on April 19, 1950.

I made numerous requests to have my daughter Pia visit me in Europe during the summer vacation period of 1950. My many re-

1. I am the plaintiff in this action. I make this affidavit in opposition to the application of defendant for an order granting permission to defendant to have our minor child PIA LINDSTROM visit with defendant in Rome, Italy, as set forth in the Notice of Motion therefor, dated April 9, 1952, and in the affidavit of defendant which was filed in support thereof.

2. In particular I make this affidavit for the purpose of answering and refuting the false, misleading and distorted statements which are contained in the affidavit of my former wife, defendant herein. It is with great reluctance that I find myself compelled to state the facts hereinafter set forth, first and primarily because I would have preferred to spare my child Pia any further publicity and embarrassment which must result from the airing of these issues, and secondly because the rectification of some of the half-truths contained in the defendant's affidavit requires me to set forth facts which up to now I had felt it unnecessary to disclose.

3. For over three years while defendant and her spokesmen have utilized every avenue of publicity in an attempt to vindicate her actions before the world, I have remained silent and have answered "No comment!" to every attempt to elicit my reactions and that of Pia

INGRID BERGMAN'S SIDE OF THE STORY

quests were denied by Dr. Lindstrom because he would not permit our daughter to come to Europe unless and until I had signed certain papers and the California Court made a decree concerning her custody. This attitude of Dr. Lindstrom's was apparently prompted by his belief that if there were no such decree I would steal the child and never return her to the United States.

It was not until September 30, 1950 that an interlocutory decree of divorce was granted which I permitted Dr. Lindstrom to obtain without contest on my part. During the negotiations that led to that solution, I was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of that summer. Subsequently, however, in a direct telephone conversation with me Dr. Lindstrom indicated that this was not his intention but that he would do his best to bring the child over for Christmas 1950. This visit, too, never materialized.

The pertinent provisions of above mentioned interlocutory decree respecting the custody of Pia are as follows:

"3. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that the present best interest of the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, requires that she reside and receive her education in the State of California.

"4. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED that *plaintiff and defendant shall have the joint legal custody of said minor child* but it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the plaintiff Peter A. Lindstrom shall have her physical custody, care, protection; control and education.

"5. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that, subject to the provisions of Paragraph 6 as in this Judgment provided, *defendant shall have the right to have the said minor child with her during one-half of the said minor child's school vacation periods,* and plaintiff shall have the right to have said minor child with him during the remaining one-half of such school vacation periods.

"6. IT IS FURTHER ORDERED, ADJUDGED AND DECREED, that if *either plaintiff or defendant desires to take the minor child of the parties hereto, Pia Lindstrom, from the United States,* the party desiring to do so shall first make an application therefor to the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles upon (5) days' written notice to the other party, and first securing an order of the above-entitled court permitting such removal."

In connection with the proposed visitation during the summer of 1951, Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would not bring Pia to Italy, assigning as the reason therefor the fact that he did not intend our daughter to come under the "influence" of my husband Roberto Rossellini, to whom I am still happily married and who is the father of my son Robertino Rossellini. In my desperate anxiety to see my daughter Pia after almost three years of separation from her, I agreed that this visit with my daughter Pia could take place in one of three European countries suggested by Dr. Lindstrom, England, Denmark or Sweden.

Subsequently, I agreed with Dr. Lindstrom by long distance telephone that the visitation would be in London, England. Some time later I received a cablegram from Dr. Lindstrom, which was sent from New York, at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking him and Pia (*Continued on page 86*)

DOCTOR LINDSTROM'S SIDE OF THE STORY

to the conduct of defendant which gave rise to this action for divorce against her. Despite the circumstances of the case, I have never felt that she should be deprived on that account of the privilege of seeing the child. As respects the rights of visitation by defendant with the child, I realize that the sole consideration should be what is for the best interests of the child. Based on that sole consideration, I am convinced that it would not be for the best interests of Pia for the motion of defendant to be granted.

4. For the convenience of the Court, I shall answer the statements of defendant as contained in her affidavit of March 4, 1952 in the order in which they are therein set forth. The references to page and lines will refer to the pages and lines of defendant's said affidavit.

5. Defendant states (page 1, lines 6 to 11) that it was impossible for her to have Pia with her during the summer vacation of 1949, because she was making the photoplay *Stromboli.*

ANSWER: Actually, before defendant went to Italy in the spring of 1949 to make this picture, I had arranged with her that I would come to Italy with Pia that summer, as soon as the child's summer vacation started, and the three of us (defendant, Pia and I) would spend at least a month together vacationing in Europe. Whatever opportunity there would have been for such vacation was shattered when I received a letter which defendant wrote to me within two weeks after her arrival in Italy that spring, which letter reads as follows:

"Amalfi
3 April 1949

"Petter lilla (Petter dear)—

It will be very difficult for you to read this letter and it is difficult for me to write it. But I believe it is the only way. I would like to explain everything from the beginning, but you know enough, and I would like to ask forgiveness, but that seems ridiculous. It is not all together my fault and how can you forgive that I want to stay with Roberto. I know he has also written you and told you all that there is to tell. It was not my intention to fall in love and go to Italy forever. After all our plans and dreams, you know that is true. But how can I help it or change it? You saw in Hollywood how my enthusiasm for Roberto grew and grew and you know how much alike we are, with the same desire for the same kind of work and the same understanding of life. I thought maybe I could conquer the feeling I had for him when I saw him in his own milieu, so different from mine. But it turned out just the opposite. The people, the life, the country is not strange, it is what I always wanted. I had not the courage to talk more about him at home than I did with you as it all seemed so incredible, like an adventure, and at the time I didn't realize the depth of his feelings. Min Petter (my Petter), I know how this letter falls like a bomb on our house, our Pelle (Pelle being the name which defendant and I had planned to give to our next child), our future, our past so filled with sacrifice and help on your part. And now you stand alone in the ruins and I am unable to help you.

"Stackars lilla pappa men also stackars lilla
Mama
(Poor little papa but also poor little mama)."

Defendant did not even *mention* Pia in this letter!

Far from not having an opportunity to have Pia with her during the summer of 1949, the fact is that I went to Italy in May of 1949 and entreated with defendant to talk to Pia, whom I offered to bring over to any place in Europe except Italy so as to make defendant understand that she had to explain to the child herself the reasons why defendant was not coming home. Defendant at that time agreed to meet the child and myself later in the summer, but a few weeks later defendant repudiated her promise (*Continued on page 88*)





Betty wasn't much older than her two daughters, Candy and Lindsay, when she started singing in her mother's speakeasy.

MISS SHOW BUSINESS

by Jane Wilkie

She isn't happy unless she's the tops —and Hutton's up there now with all the greats who ever lived for the sound of applause.



On stage, Betty's a dynamo, always has the audience yelling for more. Here she makes a costume change while the Skylarks back her up with a vocal at the Palace theater.



Husband Charles O'Curran and Blossom Seely, a top old-time stage star, and one of Betty's ardent fans, congratulate her after her smash success at the Palace opening night.

■ It was 1933. The house lights in the Detroit theater were dim, and the spotlight circled the group on stage. The master of ceremonies was holding his hand over the head of a small dark-haired girl who had just finished a tap dance in the nightly amateur contest. The applause was thundering. Then he moved his hand over the head of the skinny blonde kid who had sung "Somebody Loves Me," and the response was equally deafening. The master of ceremonies shrugged and smiled. "Ladies and gentlemen, it looks like a tie." He returned a dollar bill to his pocket, pulled out two 50-cent pieces and presented one to each child. The freckled blonde stood immobile, biting her lip in fury. Then she walked deliberately over to the other girl and gave her the half dollar.

"I wasn't being sweet, I wasn't being generous," says Betty Hutton now. "I just didn't want any part of second money."

This is perhaps the whole secret of Betty's drive and determination to be the world's greatest entertainer. She isn't happy unless she comes off with top honors, and in the past few years she has seldom finished anywhere but first.

Last April she was once again a winner when she was presented with a plaque by Major General William Kean in recognition of her work in entertaining troops on the Korean front. It was the first such award to be given and orders for its presentation came from Secretary of the Army Frank Pace, Jr. The other who went (*Continued on page 61*)

the road I travelled

I THINK I WAS BORN BELIEVING IN PEOPLE. AND THROUGH THEM, I LEARNED TO BELIEVE IN GOD, TOO.

by Donald O'Connor



■ A child has to make up his own ideas to begin with. Probably, because of my unconventional upbringing in the theater, my first spiritual conception of life was completely out of the normal groove—I worshipped people. All people and especially those who made up the audiences I first met as an infant when my mother and father would carry me on stage at the end of their performance.

There would be a round of laughter and applause, and apart from the "ham" in me liking it, something deeper was stirred. I know this because up to about the age of seven or eight, and even afterwards, I had a sort of supernatural awe of our audiences. . .

As my family toured the country sickness would strike us, and even death, but nothing like that ever seemed to happen to the people. There they would be every night, no matter what theater, no matter what town, looking up at us, laughing and responding exactly the same as always. It never struck me that they were made up of different individuals. And since I also sensed that our own fate depended directly on their feelings toward us, and we deferred to them in all things, adjusting our lives, you might say, in a constant effort to please them, they actually took on the stature of deities to me.

This was my belief before I even knew that I was a Catholic, and I haven't outgrown it yet altogether, even though in time I turned formally to my own religion. There is a power in people . . . a power for good. This ties in with my present professional thinking, of course. My time is spent thinking of what to do for them, but behind it is the knowledge that they have done everything for me. (*Continued on page 97*)

Jane Powell's a big-city glamor girl now—but her heart's still back in Portland, Oregon, her home town. Here, for the first time in any magazine, is an authentic account, with pictures, of a little known phase in her fabulous career.



MY HOME TOWN

by Jane Powell

■ Just about this time of year, Portland, Oregon, my home town, will be abloom with color and excitement and flowers. Visitors will come from all over America to see the famous annual Rose Festival. How I wish I could be there! I would like to stand on the sidelines with my husband Geary and watch the parade. Then I might recapture the wonderful thrill I had nine years ago when I was riding down the street myself on one of the biggest and prettiest of the floats.

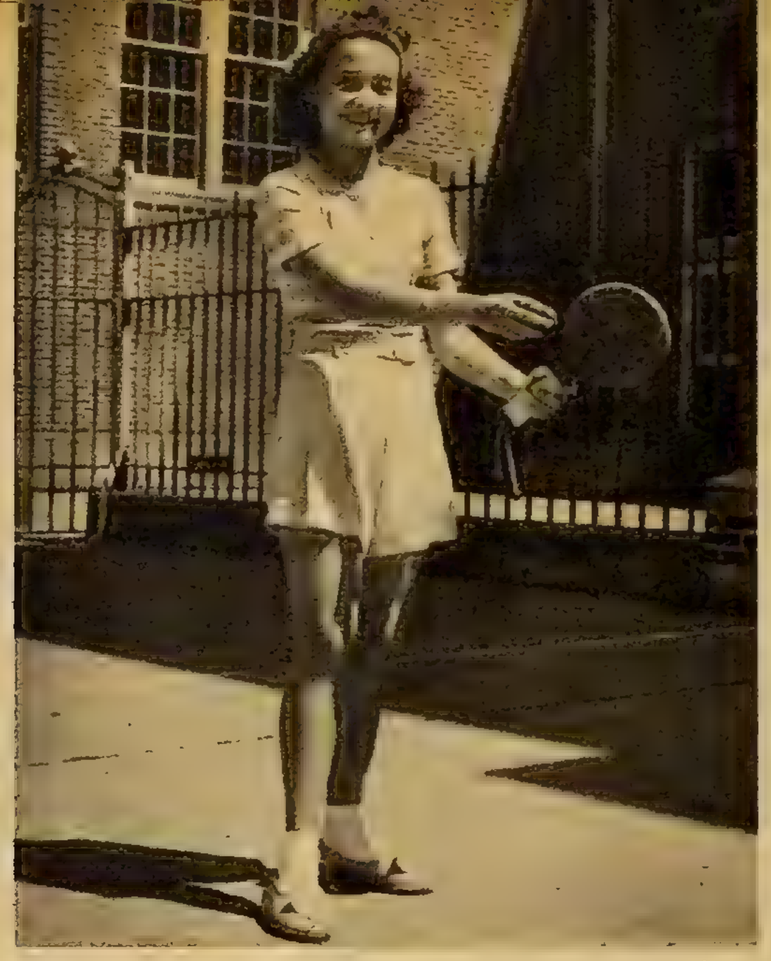
Every now and then, I am overcome with nostalgia for my home town. I don't think I'll ever lose the special feeling I have for the place where I was born and where I lived the first 14 years of my life.

This spring, when I received an invitation to the pageant from the Portland Rose Festival committee, I showed the letter to Geary, who stared moodily into space after he read it.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"I just realized that I don't (*Continued on following page*)

A little Oregon schoolgirl named Suzanne Burce blossomed into screen star Jane Powell. These pictures, many of which have never been published before, trace her life story.



Paddle board was Jane's favorite game when she was a student at Portland's Beaumont school, and later at Fernwood and Irvington.



Her parents managed this apartment house on 24th and Broadway when Jane was in grade school. They lived in the front left.



Later in 1943 Jane signed a movie contract, went to Hollywood for *Song Of The Open Road*. Marshall Thompson was an early beau.



Jane quickly became one of the most popular girls in Hollywood's younger set. Here she's with Roddy McDowall, Scotty Beckett.



And then . . . she met a young man named Geary Steffen, whose quiet courtship won her heart—and hand. They married in Nov. 1949.

know much about your life as a girl in Portland," he laughed. "Maybe you had another fellow."

"Of course, I did," I replied. "Lots of them."

That night, for the first time since we were married Geary and I had a long talk about my childhood. I don't know why we haven't discussed it before. I guess we've been too busy living our life together to do much reminiscing about the past.

It's not easy for me to explain how I feel about Portland. It's a big city, one of the biggest in the Pacific Northwest. Proud Oregonians will rush to tell you about its booming industry, its majestic scenic beauties, and its rapid population growth. But I don't think of Portland that way. To me, it will always be the warm and neighborly place that ten years ago took a little girl named Suzanne Burce to its heart and helped her become what she is today.

I believe I owe more to my home town than any other performer in Hollywood. Some actresses got their first encouragement in their home towns. Others were given their first professional experience there. But no one I have met in Hollywood ever received the whole-hearted support I did from the people of Portland.

I might not be in Hollywood today if it weren't for C. W. Myers, the late president of Portland's local station, KOIN. Mr. Myers arranged for me to appear on "Hollywood Showcase" during the summer of 1943, when I was on a vacation in Southern California with my parents. At that time, I didn't have the vaguest dream about a Hollywood career. In fact, my big ambition was to get back to Portland for the fall term at Grant High School. I never made it, I signed to make my first movie, instead. With *Song Of The Open Road*, the whole pattern of my life was changed.

Unfortunately, that is the point where



Jane was overjoyed when her parents bought a house on Going street. Even drying dishes was fun, when it was done in their own home.



All through grade school, Jane's best friend was Nancy Dickson Huntzinger, who's now a switchboard operator in Portland. They still correspond.



When Jane became Oregon's Victory Girl, one of her biggest thrills was meeting Lana Turner during the 1943 bond drive.



Today, Jane, Geary and their year-old son, Geary III, live in this charming tree-shaded home on a secluded street in suburban L. A.



Jane Powell, the sophisticated movie star to whom night clubs, parties and costume balls are every day activities, has come a long way from the schoolgirl she once was.

most stories about me have begun. To be sure, appearing on "Hollywood Showcase" was one of the greatest moments of my life. But there were many things, important to me, that went before. Mother has told me that my first public appearance in Portland was at the annual recital of the Agnes Peters Dancing School, presented in the auditorium of Grant High School. I was only four-and-a-half at the time, and according to Mother, I wore a kitten costume she made and sang a number called, "Sitting On The Backyard Fence." I remember the lyrics better than the occasion, I'm afraid, but (*Continued on following page*)

MORE →



Low cut evening gowns, and high tone supper clubs are things that little Suzanne Burce could dream about—but to Jane Powell, they're real.



No more clowning on the sand. A dignified Jane and Geary are served lunch in style at their beach club on one of their rare vacation days.



"In Hollywood, I've found a career, a loving husband, and a son," says Jane. "But I will always remember my wonderful old home town!"

it was at this recital that Carl Werner saw me. Later, as my agent and adviser, he played an important role in my career in Portland.

I don't think I was precocious about dancing and singing. I remember little about my lessons. I took them with several other little girls, and was always glad to get away from studying to play.

My first year in school didn't leave any deep impression on me, either. I know that I went to Irvington School, and that it was a long walk to get there. Mother used to worry about me because I always stopped to play hide 'n' seek in some houses that were being built in the neighborhood. I quit this game after a board fell on my foot.

The next year, I transfered to Fernwood, a school 12 blocks from the Broadway apartment house my folks managed. I remember my second grade class very well because there I met my first boyfriend, Larry Larsen. It wasn't exactly a romance, but we had a mutual bond. I bit my nails and Larry sucked his thumb. Our teacher, Miss Shaw, used to pay us a dime for each week that we controlled our nervous habits in class. All the time that I went to Fernwood, which was through the sixth grade, I came home every day for lunch, and I had to run both ways in order to get back before the bell.

My best friend at Fernwood was Larry's sister Norma with whom I played every afternoon after school. I didn't have a room of my own, but slept on a couch in the living room under a window, and I used to hand my doll things out to Norma through the window. Mother didn't approve of this, but it saved a lot of time.

My grade school days were perfectly normal. I was an average student, thought more about playing than anything else. Mother let me quit my dancing lessons when I lost interest in the third grade. I didn't begin singing lessons until I was almost 11 years old, and I nearly stopped them because I dreaded practicing so much.

I took my first singing lessons from Mrs. Olson, who had an office in an old brick building across from the Lipman and Wolfe Department Store. Mother let me ride the bus back and forth by myself, and these twice weekly trips, my first solo expeditions into downtown Portland, made me feel important. More clearly than the lessons themselves, I remember the creaky old elevator in the building which stopped erratically whenever it took a notion. I was so afraid that I'd get stuck between floors that I usually walked up the four flights to Mrs. Olson's office.

While I was in the sixth grade, we moved to another neighborhood but I still went to Fernwood, even though it meant walking even farther to school. Norma Larsen was still my best friend, too, and she often went downtown with me on the bus.

I remember the first shopping expedition we made together, one Saturday when our mothers allowed each of us to buy a dress by ourselves at Sears Roebuck. The dresses we selected were pretty enough, but my mother was furious because our dresses were exactly alike. (*Continued on page 82*)

(*Continued from page 55*) before her had done a magnificent and highly appreciated job, but when Betty went, she blew into Korea like the scream of a siren, bombarded them with songs until they were in a happy daze, and then left like an explosion. The reverberations of her superb performance reached Washington, D. C., with such a resounding thud that the brass hats were moved to give some concrete evidence of their appreciation.

That Betty made such a hit is no accident. When she is on stage, whether it be the dais of one of the world's plushier theaters, or a platform of crude boards erected on a windswept and frozen plain, she works on her audience with the precision and determination of a skilled surgeon. She knows her audience, feels it like the throb of her own heart, and if there is one person present who has not yet been won over to her she will go on working and sweating until that one laggard has succumbed to the Hutton hoop and holler and is blistering his hands in appreciation of her talent.

To Betty, an audience is like a conquest in love. She is never truly happy, in her own sense of the word, unless she is on stage and sensing the great warmth that pours over the footlights. She has never let an audience go until she has known that she has won, known that they love her.

The audience is seldom aware of her intensity. They know only that they are being entertained as they have never been entertained before. They are unaware of her exhaustion. Few know that in the wings of the stage, waiting for Betty, are always a straight chair, two glasses of water and a large towel. Betty will come off dripping wet, fighting for breath, and sink into the chair. Those who watch her post-performance for the first time, want to call a doctor. Her face shows the strain, her breathing comes in quick little gasps, and it is always a couple of minutes before she has the proper control to drink the water, then take the towel and mop herself from head to foot.

Why does she put herself through such a tortuous ordeal? Because she loves it, because it is her whole life.

PEOPLE are slow to fathom the myriad talents that make a great performer. They take it for granted that Betty Hutton earns her living merely by singing songs, sometimes by a few accompanying acrobatics. They are pleased by her energy, by her vitality. In May, Betty finished up a four week stint at the Palace Theater in New York. She did two shows a day and in each she was 'on' for two solid hours, singing her heart out, seemingly never touching her feet to the stage. Audiences felt drained just watching her, and when they were sure she must be too tired to move another step, she brought her act to a close by swinging out over the audience on a trapeze. The Palace engagement was her first real starring show on Broadway, and it was then that people began to know there is more to Hutton's act than singing a song and "a few acrobatics."

There is a great deal more. Betty knows show business from top to bottom and inside out. She knows lighting, costuming, orchestration, stage decoration, every facet of it, and she knows when to come on stage and how, what to do while she's on, and how and when to leave. She knows contracts and their legal points as well as a corporation lawyer, and Abe Lastfogel, who has been her agent since she was a $75-a-week singer, brags that Betty is the smartest client he's ever had.

When she was only three she sang in the blind pig operated by her mother in Lansing. She sang primarily for the money, but she also sang with the determination that one day she would be a headliner. When she was barely old enough to remember lyrics, she began picking up hints from the customers.

"Hey, kid, can you do a soft shoe routine?"

"Here's my hat—wear it on the side of your head. Like that—that's got it."

From speakeasies she went to street singing. She'd sing anywhere there was a crowd and take the nickels and dimes home to Mom. Her sister Marion called a halt when it came to warbling on the streets—she felt it was too improper. But Betty didn't care. They needed the money, and she needed the experience. She used to plague her mother to take her into beer gardens, dance halls, any place she "could get training." She knew, even then, that this was to be her life and she had to prepare herself for it.

Mabel Hutton moved with her daughters to Detroit at the time amateur contests were sweeping the theaters of the country, and Betty promptly entered every one held in the area. It was there she learned about booby traps. Many of the theater managers considered it hilarious if the contestants were showered with water or pelted with tomatoes, and proceeded to install Rube Goldberg gadgets destined to upset the performers. The first time Betty met up with one of these assaults she held back the stinging tears and went on with her act as though nothing had happened. But they never caught her again. After that she 'cased the joint' a week before the contest and learned how to outmaneuver the contraptions. Her agility at ducking got even bigger laughs than the direct hits scored on other contestants.

With Vincent Lopez and his band she learned more. She had sung sweet songs in a sweet manner until the night she heard Lopez decided to fire her, and then for the first time she went into the gymnastic gyrations that have since become famous as the Hutton trademark. She assaulted her audience and they loved it, and Betty learned the value of surprise. She began wearing what is still her basic costume—a large bouffant skirt, a high-necked bodice with a prim Peter Pan collar and large flowing sleeves. She'd sit quietly in front of the band, with folded hands and a quiet smile. The people who noticed her would think how like a blonde angel she looked. When her cue would come she'd float to the microphone and sing the verse of her song in soft and wistful tones. Then, suddenly, Betty would let loose on the chorus with a screaming attack that rocked the audience back on their heels.

But it wasn't enough for Betty. Although she had gone every day for a year to watch vaudevillians at local theaters, studying their techniques in getting on and off stage, she felt she must know more. When later she worked at the Casa Manana, the headliners were such people as Lou Holtz and Helen Morgan. Holtz, a dynamic showman himself, taught her how to swing on stage via the curtain, and Helen Morgan helped her with her hands. Betty had never known what to do with her hands, felt they were awkward, and admired the daintiness of Helen Morgan. Even later, when she went to Hollywood, Betty kept learning. Blossom Seeley taught her how to 'work small,' during the filming of *Somebody Loves Me,* how to take smaller steps, work her whole body more tightly, and in recent years Betty has adopted much of this technique which is more suitable to her current style.

NOTHING Betty Hutton does on stage is an accident. Her smallest gesture is studied. For her recent show at the Palace she supervised the draping of the stage, the orchestral arrangements, and in short, produced the whole show. Her costumes were basically the same as those in Korea, although much more elegant for New York. She made her costume changes on stage, with two members of the Skylarks holding a cleverly designed wraparound skirt in front of her, curtain style. In Korea she had done the same thing, only with a much simpler skirt. She had worn her own ski clothes there, knowing the boys wanted her to be attractive and not hung with a dreary fatigue outfit. She stripped down to a leotard for them, despite the sub-zero weather, and sang so loud they forgot their surroundings.

She knows the importance of clothes, and changes them deftly to suit her style. She has abandoned the adolescent curls and now wears her hair in a braided chignon through which she weaves yarn or flowers. She decries the habit of girl singers wearing sexy clothes. "It isn't right for show business," she says. "You come out looking sexy and right away you've lost every woman in the audience. Win the women first, then you've got the men."

If Hutton has a good audience she gives them a great show, but if she has a tough audience she pulls out her bag of tricks, determined to get them in her lap if it is the last thing she does. She swings on the curtains, topples the microphone, runs through the audience, takes pratfalls, makes somersaults, tears up the music, runs through the entire orchestra kissing the musicians (nimbly avoiding the instruments, which could easily trip her into a bad fall), and if all else fails she will grab the band leader and throw him across the stage. Once she shot off the boards and landed on top of the drummer in the pit. She is just as violent with others as she is with herself. Bob Hope's teeth caps once went flying across the stage as a result of a Hutton backslap, Eddie Bracken was tossed over a bar in a movie scene, and actor Frank Faylen was knocked out cold with a right to the jaw when a director demanded realism. Danny Kaye and Betty once did a show together in which she was required to give him a series of hearty shoves. "I could

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have killed that girl then," he says. "She had so much energy that I finished up like a limp rag."

Despite her RPM record, Betty has never sustained the slightest injury during her brisk workouts, a fact which adds up to a small miracle because she is continually risking her life and limb. She must necessarily keep herself in excellent physical condition and it has become almost a fetish with her. She conscientiously eats a strictly balanced diet and when working, is in bed every night at eight o'clock. The times she allows herself the luxury of being a night owl at clubs or restaurants are so rare that she talks about them for weeks afterward.

One of Betty's favorite evenings, a few years ago, was being hostess at dinner to Fannie Brice and Sophie Tucker. There is nothing she would rather talk about than show business, and she let her dinner go almost untouched while listening raptly as Brice and Tucker spun their yarns of bygone days. It is safe to say that while Betty was listening, she was also sponging ideas from the two veterans, for she is too anxious to learn, even today, to let any bit of information drop out of sight and mind.

Despite her unfinished formal schooling and her preoccupation since with the entertainment world, Betty meets people well, and has remarked that the greater human beings are always the simplest people, the easiest to talk to. When in Korea she was charmed by General Ridgway, and Mrs. Ridgway gave a tea for her. Eight years ago, on a vacation at Camelback Inn, she was introduced to the president of Encylopedia Britannica, who was there with his family. When he asked her to join them for dinner Betty had understandable qualms about talking with such a brilliant man, but it turned out that he cornered her in conversation for hours on end that evening. She couldn't comprehend why he should want to talk to her, even though he spent the rest of his stay at the inn telling other guests about Betty's fabulous life and razor-sharp intellect.

Toward the end of the war she met General Eisenhower in Washington at a Birthday Ball.

"I'm so happy to meet you, at last," he said.

Betty was astounded. "Why?" she said.

He told her then that he had been so fond of *Miracle Of Morgan's Creek* that whenever things were going badly and he was depressed he saw the picture, and that after at least a half dozen times he still felt it was the only thing that could give him a lift, make him feel that things weren't so bad after all. That sank into Betty's heart with a gratifying warmth. What other business in the world gives so much to so many, and has a chance to lift the spirits of even such wise and esteemed men as Dwight Eisenhower?

SHOW time hasn't always been a happy time for Betty. There was the summer she was 14 and went to Louisville, Kentucky, with a newly formed band. The orchestra leader took the week's pay for the band and left town, stranding Betty and the boys with insufficient funds for their next meal, let alone train fare home. If it hadn't been for the wealthy tobacco family who had been frequent customers of Louisville's Chez Paris and had fallen in love with Betty, there is no telling what may have happened. The Hill family took her home with them to their big house and cared for her until Mabel Hutton was sent the train fare to come and claim her deserted daughter.

There was the benefit show at the Los Angeles Shrine Auditorium, a mammoth place whose farthest seats almost prevent

sight of the stage. Betty's act is a visual one, and she knew it was going to be tough. "Nobody's going to be enchanted by my gorgeous voice," she said. "They've got to *see* me." That was the night she had to empty her bag of tricks, ended by throwing the band leader around like a rag doll and then almost collapsed from exhaustion in the wings.

There was the show at the Hollywood Bowl at the beginning of the war. The Bowl is a junior Shrine Auditorium when it comes to size, and Betty knew she'd have to depend entirely on its magnificent acoustics. Even these failed, for just as she went on a score or two of army planes flew low overhead, drowning out the slightest hint of even Hutton's voice. By the time the last plane had droned out of sight the first one was back, roaring through the sky. Betty made a few well chosen cracks into the microphone but they were lost in the uproar, and there isn't enough money in the world to get Hutton back into the Hollywood Bowl.

It was one of the few times she had to release her audience without giving them the full treatment.

Three years ago she was booked for seven shows a day at San Francisco's Golden Gate. Her voice was not in condition for such a strenuous workout and after two days and 14 shows her vocal cords weakened to the point that she could scarcely sing. At the beginning of her next show she sang one song and knew then it was impossible to go on. She stepped to the front of the stage. "Ladies and gentlemen, I'm sorry, but my voice is gone and I can't sing another note. If you'll be patient I'll have them play my recordings backstage and I'll mouth the lyrics. I'll give you the works with it," she grinned, "but I won't really be singing. Any of you who want your money back can get it at the box office." Not one person left, and all sat spellbound through the rest of the show.

KOREA was tough, too, but in a different way. She and the Skylarks did two shows a day, flying from place to place, never singing for less than 10,000 men and never more than two miles away from the shooting. Twice she sang in the front lines and was amazed that, somehow, she wasn't scared. Knowing that Betty would appear in scant clothing despite the bitter cold, the boys rigged up electric heaters and some even found a way to blow warm air over the stage during the act. The troupers washed their hair in soldier's helmets and fined each other a dollar for griping. Betty took more pictures of the boys than they took of her.

There have been many happy times. Playing for an enthusiastic British audience, at the Palladium in London. They loved her and came back night after night to shout the same requests up to the blonde tornado on stage. When she returned to Hollywood she was full of gratitude for the English and couldn't stop talking about it. One day when she was spilling over at lunch, Eddie Cantor came by and sat down to listen. She explained to him that she had thought they would be a tough audience, but that she had found them the best. Cantor picked up a fork and ran its handle along the tablecloth. "They would love you," he said, "because you are showmanship. It's something they understand. To them you're like Gracie Fields."

Cantor has said that Betty Hutton is the only girl of her time who is equipped for what she is doing. "She has all the tricks of the old timers," he says. "When we came up it was an art, but she came up the rough way, clinging to the edges of a



Tony Curtis and Janet Leigh give gladly to the "conquer cancer" fund. Have you contributed?

dying vaudeville and learning what she could."

WHEN Betty is not working she putters around the house and garden and plays with her children, but if there is a prolonged dry spell without actual work she becomes restless and moody. Even though she goes to bed early she is plagued by insomnia—from restlessness if she isn't working, from excitement if she is. Her mind goes too fast for idleness and there isn't a lazy bone in her body. She can't stand to be in bed after seven-thirty A.M. and when on tour gets up and wanders around, hoping some of the others will soon be awake. She and Charles O'Curran had been planning a wedding for some weeks, waiting for a convenient time, but there never seemed to be such a time. Betty was always busy. So after returning from Korea on a Friday, she married O'Curran on the following Monday, despite the fact she had to immediately go to work planning her appearance at the Palace. Even though she rehearsed every day with a bad abscess in the back of her throat, a result of the exposure to the Korean winter, she made further plans to make *Topsy And Eva* for Paramount when she returned from New York, then to do a return engagement at London's Palladium after the movie was finished.

If Betty isn't actually working, she is plotting work. She had always wanted to work for Cecil B. DeMille, and was delighted when she was given the role of the elephant girl in *The Greatest Show On Earth*. She remained delighted until she learned that the role of Holly was a better one, and then she spent a round 1,000 dollars for a floral piece to be sent to Mr. DeMille. It was a circus scene made of flowers and the figure of Holly, the aerialist, was made entirely of orchids. When DeMille took the expensive hint Betty was delighted and everybody else thought he was out of his mind. This included veteran circus people, who know that 'fliers' begin training at the age of three in order to condition their muscles for the profession. At the time, Betty was 30.

Undaunted, she went to work with Antoinette Concello, one of the world's most famous fliers. For long weeks they worked on a trapeze rigged 24 feet above a studio sound stage. It was rough, tough, bruising work. Betty learned how to hold on with hands, feet, fingers and toes, how to swing through the air and connect, with a searing wrench, with another flier. She learned how to fall into a net, a feat which requires great skill or otherwise delivers a broken neck. And she learned ankle drops, day after day falling backward off the trapeze, catching her whole weight by the back of her ankles.

Betty's first real test came when she went to Philadelphia to make her first try under the big tent of Barnum and Bailey. Her maid Mary went along, and Antoinette Concello and Mr. DeMille, and there were also 10,000 people there—and the circus folk. As Betty entered the big tent the circus people were standing quiet as statues, with folded arms and dubious expressions. Betty looked up, to find her trapeze, but couldn't see it.

"You're not looking high enough," said Antoinette. "This is the circus—not a sound stage."

Betty looked up and up and up and finally saw it, hanging 60 feet above the ground. "Dear God," she prayed.

Antoinette went up with her, and as the two of them stood on the tiny square board beneath their feet, the only reality in the world of air about them, Betty Hutton felt real fright. She looked at Antoinette. "I can't," she said for the first time in her life. "I can't do it."

"If you don't," said the circus-wise Antoinette, "I'll push you. So help me, I'll push you off."

Betty looked down. There was a maze of faces and bright lights. There was dear old Mary. And DeMille, looking up with a smile. "Dear God," Betty prayed again, took a firm grip on the bar and was off through space, the air singing in her ears. She went through her act, made a perfect drop into the net, and for a stunned moment there was a silence, so profound you could sense its pulse. Then a thunder of applause echoed through the big tent, and the circus people, who knew they had just seen the miracle of their world, were clapping as though they could never stop.

That is Betty Hutton. She went on to steal the show from *The Greatest Show On Earth*, and although after each trapeze act she quaked at the thought of what she had dared, she later decided to fly once more at the Palace. And once the decision was made, she began chafing because the theater's stage was not high enough to allow for something more spectacular.

Spectacle is her meat. When she went on a wartime bond tour to Chicago, she and the others were piled into slow moving cars that eventually were to reach the reviewing stand which seated the city's mayor. Betty sat and chafed at the ridiculous pace of ten miles an hour until she could stand it no longer. She leaped out of the car onto the back of a motorcycle officer and gave him directions to forget the parade, full speed ahead. When they skidded to a stop before the reviewing stand Betty vaulted into it and planted a kiss on the forehead of the astonished mayor. She was first again, and the papers were full of it the following day.

That was show business, and Betty knew it. She will never give it up. "When I get too old for the cameras I'll hit the night-club circuit. I'll spice up the lyrics and I'll be another Sophie Tucker.

"I'm no movie actress," she says with blazing and prideful eyes. "Me—I'm a *performer!*"

She is beyond all doubt Miss Show Business of this century, and it is improbable that any future century will bring forth another such entertainer—a girl who acts like a pile driver broken loose from its moorings, yet who can bring laughter or breathless tenderness to a song. **END**

hollywood's most passionate loves (ava gardner)

(*Continued from page 33*) *Danny Wilson.* Apparently as a result, Universal-International cancelled another picture he was to make for them. He lost a second part at 20th Century-Fox. On top of that, CBS dropped his television show.

Later, Sinatra went back to New York to accept another television show and vaudeville appearances. And, behind him, to encourage his climb back to public favor, was Ava.

This is the girl who surprised everyone by weathering his irritable temper and his fights with the press, by withstanding sharp criticism against herself, and by encouraging him when his career took a temporary nosedive.

Ava, her close friends believe, is the strong partner in this marriage. If it survives, it will be largely because she had the courage to be psychoanalyzed.

On a psychiatrist's couch, Ava sorted out her emotions and learned to understand people, and, most of all, herself. Without that understanding, the marriage might not have been possible.

While Frank still may be torn apart inside by tensions, his beautiful wife appears serene with a deep inner content.

It's strange to think that any movie star could be so troubled as to seek psychiatric advice. Movie stars are supposed to be poised, confident, desired, loved, rich, famous and therefore happy.

Not many are. Most, in fact, have more trouble finding emotional security and a stable, secure marriage than any other group of people in the world.

Ava was driven by unhappiness to an analyst because she was too afraid to face her daily life. She had been unable to find happiness in her marriages—to Mickey Rooney and Artie Shaw—or her fabulous movie career.

It might be presumptuous to speculate on the basic reasons for her unhappiness, because they are probably known only to Ava and her analyst. It is true, however, that at an early age she developed deep feelings of insecurity and inferiority that made her unable to find her place in the world.

Ava was one of six children. Her father was a tobacco grower near Smithfield, North Carolina. She helped pick tobacco and cotton in the fields. Usually Ava ran around in her bare feet. She still does.

For whatever the reasons, Ava became sensitive about her humble beginnings. Later she became unhappy when she found she wasn't ready to step up into a higher level of society.

She had lived her early years in an isolated community. Meeting strangers frightened her. When she was sent to a school in Newport News, Virginia, Ava was awe-stricken. She had never seen such a big city.

On the first day of school, Ava got up like the other pupils to give her name. When she said, "My name is Avah Gahdner," the whole class laughed. Ava says she now understands they were laughing at her North Carolina accent, not at her, but at the time she was crushed.

Ava was terrified on her first date. She couldn't think of anything to talk about. So on the way home, she read all the road signs aloud. That boy didn't ask her out again.

Once Ava was playing on a woman's basketball team at school and was sent into the out-of-town game as a substitute. She found herself with the ball and with the eyes of the crowd upon her. She made a score—but in the opposition team's basket. Her humiliation was so severe that years later, when she returned to that town to enter college, she was embarrassed. She was sure everyone in town would remember her mistake.

"When you are driven by fear," she said recently, "every molehill becomes a mountain."

She never finished college. At 18, as movie fans well know, she won a bid to enter the magic city of Hollywood after her brother sent her photograph to an executive at MGM.

But the little girl from North Carolina didn't fall happily into the glittering life of ease, parties and swimming pools.

When she went out on dates and to parties she was shy and often uncomfortable.

"I was so afraid they'd laugh at my Southern accent that I began to talk in a whisper," she once said. "I felt I didn't have the right clothes, either. Everything I wore seemed to look wrong. My dresses weren't like what the other girls had on.

"I didn't know how to read a menu, or how to order a meal. I didn't know which fork to use. At my first big dinner party I watched my hostess like a hawk to see which piece of silverware she'd pick up next. When the butler brought the finger bowl I didn't know what it was for. I was in a panic.

"I often left parties early, not because I was bored, but because I felt lost. I was afraid to talk or ask questions for fear of exposing my ignorance.

Ava married twice in her early twenties, perhaps to find some security. But she was not happy. She still felt inferior.

On the set of *The Hucksters,* her first

(*Continued on page 67*)



Kathleen Hughes, in
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MARILYN BONNEY

At present, Marilyn is head of the drama department at Catholic Girls High School in Los Angeles, but she'd rather act than teach, and recently appeared in Emmet Lavery's production of *Song At The Scaffold*. A native Californian, born in 1931, she traveled on the road with her theatrical parents, but always came back to L. A. for schooling. She went to Mar-Ken High and won a Dore Schary scholarship to the Immaculate Heart College. A year's study followed her graduation, Marilyn also found time to sing in Ken Murray's Blackouts and the Crosby camp show.



ALYCE CRONIN

Auburn-haired Alyce Cronin was on a piano concert tour in Pennsylvania when she was notified she was a winner in a contest she'd forgotten all about entering. She says at the time she had almost abandoned the idea of a dramatic career. After studying music and drama at Jeanne d'Arc Academy and Boston College, Alyce, in 1948, did a series of hotel appearances playing the piano. Then following a brief fling at the New York stage, Alyce went back to her music. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, Alyce is five feet, three inches tall and weighs 108. Her birthday is June 26, 1929.



JANET CAMERFORD

Janet began her acting career when she was two weeks old! Born on June 23, 1931, in Los Angeles, she was in front of a camera making a movie called *Wicked* 14 days later! When she was three, she won first place in a Better Babys contest, and all through her school years she did fashion modeling, appeared in movies and on radio, and acted in little theater plays. Somehow she managed to squeeze some schoolwork in between her professional appointments, and when she graduated from Alexander Hamilton in L.A. she won the senior drama award.



MARY ANN EDWARDS

Twenty-year-old Mary Ann is a junior at the University of Texas where she's majoring in drama, and picking up beauty titles like: Queen of Williamson County Sheriff Posse Rodeo, Blue Bonnet Belle and Moonlight Girl of Phi Sigma Kappa. Five-feet-five and 110 pounds, she's a Texas cover girl, and fashion model. Along with beauty go brains enough to have made her valedictorian of the 1949 class at Georgetown High. An expert horseback rider, baton twirler (she won a Texas majorette contest), she also played the lead in a production of *My Sister Eileen*.



for more winners, turn the page →



FLORENCE HARPER

Florence Harper visited almost every state in the U. S. as a child. The wanderlust hadn't left her in 1949 when she became a flight stewardess for California Central Airlines. While with the airline, Florence eloped to Las Vegas with Howard Harper, who works in the distribution end of MGM's film business. Pacific Air Lift, operated by Overseas National Airways, solicited Florence's services and she is today their Chief Stewardess on flights that take her as far as Tokyo. Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, September 14, 1926, she has brown hair and blue eyes.



JOAN PASTIN

With a career in modeling, fashion and TV behind her, Joan Pastin had often heard the familiar words, "You ought to be in pictures." Before the contest, brown-haired, Pennsylvania-born Joan had studied at Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. At 14, she was a teenage fashion model and also a photographic model for leading Pittsburgh newspapers.

Channel WDTV began to feature Joan on a program where she gave fashion hints, and later she became fashion coordinator for WDTV, handling problems of makeup and clothes for telecasts.



LINDA PEPPEL

From the time she started high school in her hometown of Benton Harbor, Michigan, Linda has been winning beauty titles. In 1950, when she graduated, she went to Chicago and enrolled at a model agency planning to make modelling her career. Artistically inclined, she studied ballet and voice for several years but never tried to foist these talents on the public. Linda writes poetry and short stories in her spare time and has fun designing her own clothes, which hang trimly on her slender (110 pounds), tall (five-feet-five) frame. She's blue-eyed, with blonde hair.



DAWN ONEY

Considered one of the most beautiful size-12 models in America, Dawn just had to be a winner! Dawn read of the contest in Minneapolis, submitted a photo, and moved with her husband and six-month-old child to California. When the judges finally caught up with her Dawn had forgotten the contest completely. An accomplished dancer and figure skater—with a figure for it (she's five-feet-six, weighs 118) Dawn was in demand with photographers from the time she graduated high school. Her blue eyes and honey-blonde hair are familiar to readers everywhere.



JUDY RABEN

This 19-year-old beauty mans an information booth at Roosevelt Raceway, right near her hometown of Baldwin, New York. Judy graduated from Baldwin High School in 1950, and attended Adelphi College in Garden City, New York, for a year. When she's not dispensing information at the Raceway, Judy's busy studying typing and short hand for a secretarial career. Swimming, dancing and horseback riding take up whatever time she has left after writing to her fiance, a service man stationed in Japan. Judy, who's five feet, six and a half inches tall, weighs 120 pounds.



MARVLEEN PRENTICE

Stenographers everywhere with movie-ambitions can take heart from the case of Marvleen Prentice. Marvleen has never had any acting experience at all, and since her grade and high school education in her home city of Birmingham, Alabama, she has worked as a stenographer for various business firms in the same town since 1948. Although she was born in Huntsville, she calls Birmingham "home". She has lived there since she was two years old. Golf is the favorite hobby of this brown-haired, hazel-eyed Southern belle. Marvleen entered the contest as a whim.

(*Continued from page 64*) big starring role, she was paralyzed at the thought of acting with Clark Gable. For her first scene she was supposed to walk through a revolving door toward him. Her legs felt frozen with fear. When she finally got through that door, she fluffed her lines over and over. The director at last called a recess and she crept into a corner in panic.

Ava decided she did not know true happiness, and sought help through psychoanalysis. Facing the fact that she was dissatisfied with her life, she started on the road to emotional security. She frankly admitted that she was unable to cope with the situations which produced certain fears. She wanted to find out why she was afraid.

Analysis was her search into herself. It took nearly two years, and it wasn't easy. It was painful for Ava to relate her problems and fears. But all the money and time in the world could not pay for what it brought her—peace of mind.

Analysis taught her that she couldn't run away from her fears—that laughing and trying to be gay doesn't help.

"I learned that people accept you for what you are, no more, no less," she says. "To put on an air of phony sophistication doesn't do you any good."

To advance her education, Ava went to UCLA to study such subjects as economics and literature. "It's wonderful to meet people," she says, "when you have something to talk about—and when you have freedom from anxiety and can express yourself."

Five years ago, Ava would have been sick with fear at the thought of flying to Spain to star in *Pandora And The Flying Dutchman*. But now, she happily discovered that she made friends all over Europe with persons who liked her, and liked being with her.

Ava also had discovered through analysis that her two marriages failed because she was emotionally immature. She decided she never would marry again until she felt adult and satisfied with herself.

When Ava met Frank, she at last felt all that. Before Frank, Ava had met many men she could have married . . . men who were "right for her." But she wasn't ready. She wasn't "right" yet for herself.

Ava felt grown-up, relaxed and free from anxiety during the first months of her passionate romance with the slender crooner. They settled into a relaxed, warm relationship. And Ava knew—realistically and without frantic "in love" emotion—that she now had the capacity for a marriage that would last.

Ava, her friends say, had many a talk with Frank about controlling his temper. She vigorously denied that Frank behaved disgracefully towards the press, and claimed she was "fed up with all the lies that have been written about us."

A friend explains, "She's trying to help his confidence by sticking up for him."

Ava recently met me in her dressing room at MGM. She wore only a sweater and skirt, but she looked glamorous, anyway. She appeared radiantly happy as she talked of her marriage.

"It's great," she said. "It's the only way to live. I never did like being single.

"Frank and I have problems to work out together, of course. Every married couple does. But we intend to work at them. Marriage takes a lot of adjustments and compromises. Life is one big adjustment, and marriage is the biggest of all.

"We want children," she smiled. "I used to want six, but I'm too old now. I'm 29 so I'd better settle for two or three.

"I'm very happy now, because I feel I am mature enough for marriage. I never was before." END

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Little John

Produced by Perce Pearce • Directed by Ken Annakin
Screenplay by Lawrence E. Watkin • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

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dear esther . . .

(*Continued from page 45*) they would have thought we were all involved in some plot to get at the studio safe, because at the end we spoke only in clipped sentences and monosyllables.

My first approach was to call the MGM publicity department and suggest coolly that I might be willing to come and have a chat with Esther Williams if somebody would buy my lunch. This was received with a hearty cackle. I then telephoned and agreed to lunch elsewhere if it could be arranged for me to spend an hour or so with you discussing life and chlorine and life among the mermaids and life. We settled for the life and I promised to prepare a list of suitable questions and stand by my phone for an appointment.

After a day or two of getting my questions together I had just one. "What's new?" And everytime I practiced it I slipped into a knowing leer. However, I lied and said I had a substantial basis for an interview ready and would appreciate a little action from the studio end.

I GOT my call on a rainy day. Frankly I am not too fond of water and if I could bathe in moth balls I would prefer to do so. But I shut all the windows of my car and drove carefully to MGM to see you. I was shuttled to a place called the Saucer Tank where you were doing the underwater ballet for *One Piece Bathing Suit*, and a young man trotted me up a flight of steps to a brightly lighted scaffolding atop a pool of more water than I have ever seen before.

"And where," I asked, "is Miss Williams?" The leer was already pulling at the corners of my mouth.

The young man pointed into the water and I saw you down there waiting for the cameras to start rolling. They do it with mirrors, I thought, because you were apparently tying your shoe laces.

"I'll tell you what," I said to my guide. "I'll flip you to see if she comes up here or I go down there."

"We can't permit you to get into the pool," the young man said.

"That," I told him, "is George with me."

After what seemed a half-hour or so, during which I observed you through a watery film, you appeared to have taken your daily bending exercises, put on new lipstick and changed your hair-do. Well, frankly, Esther, just standing beside so much water made me feel like a regular frogman and I felt the need to get out and run a few laps on some dry turf, so I suggested to the guide that I go home and sit by my telephone and await the astonishing news that you had come up for air or food. He agreed almost too readily.

For the next few days we were in constant contact. And this is where our clipped conversations came in. My phone would ring, I'd answer it and somebody would whisper: "She's out!" I would hum a husky "Roger," hang up and sprint for my car which I kept parked at the curb with the motor running.

Usually, I would just get into gear when my wife would appear in the driveway and sing: "She's in again!" And I would return indoors for the next flash. After a couple of days of my wife dashing outside and crying: "She's in again!" and me coming back into the house our neighbors began to look at me oddly.

Oh, I saw you quite a few times. I would dash to the studio, climb the stairs to the top of the saucer tank and have the young man point gleefully into the depths of the water. He appeared to enjoy it. And pretty soon the workers on the set looked at me as though they thought I was a lunatic with a passion for taking peeks at girls under water.

I gave up in a huff. "Unless this girl gets a snorkel," I told the studio publicity people, "I have a feeling we may never meet again."

Someone suggested that I get in touch with your husband, Ben Gage. "Esther has to finish these scenes by the end of the month," they said, "and it is beginning to look as though she won't surface for more than a few minutes at a time until she does. Why don't you talk to Ben—he knows all about her."

"Unless," I snorted, "he has gills I doubt that very much. It is impossible for a land creature to have much more than a water wings acquaintance with this lady."

"But they have two children," a publicity man pointed out.

I had no answer to that, so I went to your home to see Ben. He wasn't even taking a bath when I got there.

To be perfectly honest with you, Esther, I love your home. I like the canyon in which you live and the clean brown earth on which the house is built, and the trees that cover the land. And I like Ben. He looks manly and competent and dry. He greeted me at the door and escorted me into your lovely living room and showed me your fine early American antiques. He apologized for your not being there.

One day Spencer Tracy was doing a big scene in the picture, *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Tracy thought he was cutting a pretty smooth figure as the well-groomed Dr. Jekyll, successful young medico. "Even Lana Turner," said Tracy, "gave me a second look, and I was feeling cocky enough to challenge Clark Gable with one hand tied behind me."

But watching Tracy do the scene was a prominent English author. The visitor kept staring at Spence until Tracy began feeling uneasy. Then the author turned to someone standing nearby and asked, in a very loud voice,

"What is he now—Dr. Jekyll or Mr. Hyde?"

F. Louis Friedman

"How long since you've seen her?" I sneered.

"Why just this morning," he said. "We had a swim together before she left for work."

"Now cut that kind of talk out!" I said heatedly, looking up at his face which was three feet above mine. And then I don't know why, but I added, "Sir."

We sat down on a large sofa and got set for a chat. But just as I got out the "What's new?" the phone rang. Ben picked it up and began an earnest conversation.

"What do you mean the sink's clogged up?" he said.

I looked into the kitchen and there was nobody telephoning from the sink.

"Get a plumber out right away," he continued. "And have the coffee man leave an extra 50 pounds this morning. We'll need it for the week-end."

I thought "This man is a java addict," but I held my tongue.

"How many dishes did we break last night?" Ben asked the telephone receiver. "Sixty! Holy cow, we've got to be more careful."

"You not only have to be more careful, bud," I said to myself, "but I bet you never ever get invited back *there* again!"

The perfectly ridiculous conversation continued for a few more minutes and then Ben hung up.

"Must have been quite a party," I chortled. "*Sixty* dishes broken. I once broke a Wedgwood cup at the Bill Holdens' and Mrs. Holden darn near called the police."

"What party you talking about?" Ben asked coolly.

"*Well!*" I said, "if you'd rather not talk about it let's drop it and have a cup of coffee."

"Never touch the stuff," said Ben.

This man, I thought, is going to be difficult.

"Oh, I know what you mean," said Ben laughing. "The phone call. That was our restaurant. Esther and I own a restaurant called The Trails. I was just talking to the manager. Place keeps me hopping night and day."

I GRINNED stupidly, but I said to myself—because he was bigger than me even sitting down; "Then why don't you tell people you're talking to a restaurant when you're talking to a restaurant, ya big—! You go around giving wrong impressions!"

"What's new?" I said out loud.

"Well," said Ben.

The phone rang again.

"Oh, hi!" said Ben into the phone. "Yup . . . yup . . . yup . . . no kidding . . . how come? . . . what'd he say? . . ."

"Now this," I said to myself, "is the kind of a telephone conversation a man can understand."

"Then I tell you what you better do," said Ben. "Call Washington and tell them we've got 50 axles and drums ready now, but we've got to have confirmation on the rest before we can tool out any more. And you better look into that drill It's spitting oil! And spell that guy on the fogismutt tonight so he can jerrican the kranhope in the morning. If we're not careful, we'll wind up with more catteramicks than shustenbobbles and the whole thing will crustate on the winches."

He waved his cold cigar at me indicating he would like to have some fire on the end of it. "For two cents," I said to myself, "I'll light this joker's nose. Somebody has paid him to confuse me."

Ben hung up in a moment and stared into my smiling, glassy eyes. My features were twisted into the shape of a question mark.

"Oh, that," he said. "Esther and I operate a defense plant. Keeps me hopping from morning to night."

I had an urge to ask him what department of the government was buying shustenbobbles these days but I restrained myself. He was almost lying down on the sofa now but he was still bigger than me.

"What's new?" I asked listlessly.

"Oh, yeah," said Ben. "Well . . ."

That's right. The phone rang again.

"Hi," said Ben into the instrument. "Is that a fact? . . . how many? . . . where does he want them? . . . You sure? . . . You got the measurements? . . ."

"He must take me for an awful fool," I said to myself. "I just won't listen. He's probably got a chicken farm that keeps him hopping night and day."

"Tell you what," Ben mumbled into the phone. "Concentrate on the sashes. Get a sash on right and you got half the problem solved. Then make sure the net is fine enough and the whole thing is taken care of. And make sure they're nice and clean when you put them on. What are the measurements? Seven feet by three-and-a-half, eh. Sounds okay to me. Go ahead."

He hung up and turned back to me.

"Now don't tell me," I said. "You're making costumes for Dagmar."

"What's the matter with you today?" Ben said. "Esther and I have a new business. We make aluminum screen doors and windows. We're just getting ready for a field test."

"You think I didn't know?" I sneered. "I was just kidding. I always kid like that."

WELL, Esther, Ben and I never did get around to talking much about What's new?—we just sort of relaxed and talked about you. We talked about how you cook most of the meals and how people came from miles around to borrow a bowl of your salad. And we looked at your kids, Benjy and Kimmy. Not a sign of a gill on either one of them yet. And Ben told me how you get up every morning and take a swim and a bath before going off to spend the day in that saucer tank. And he told me that you never appear in public in a pool, because there would always be some character who would drown himself trying to race you or stay under the drink longer than you could. But he told me that you *do* make personal appearances in pools for service men, particularly at hospitals. And about the time you raced some of the paraplegic fellows and wouldn't use your legs—and how some of them beat you, which was as nice a gesture as I've ever heard of.

Then he told me about how you bought your home in two days because Kimmy was coming and you needed room fast. And about how you both loved it so much you never wanted to leave it, which was why you were generally late for all the parties you are invited to. He showed me the orchids you grow in your back yard and he tried to give me one. He said that you had picked some that morning and taken them to the studio to present to Queen Julianna of the Netherlands.

BIG him and little me walked around the grounds and smelled the wonderful fragrance of your canyon. He showed me your piano and explained to me that neither one of you could play it, but you kept it there because your babies' pediatrician loved to play and liked to sit down and knock off a polka or two when he called to see the kids. That's kind of thoughtful.

And after awhile he gave me a couple of spoonfuls of that 50 pounds of coffee and we sat for quite a while in your living room talking about you and the lads and your work. Ben told me he was through with radio as a career, for, as he put it, he had a restaurant, a defense plant and an aluminum screen factory which kept him hopping—I think he said, night and day. He told me that sometimes it was kind of hard to keep a home on a stable basis living in Hollywood, but that you both worked hard at it and it seemed to be working out all right. And he mentioned some of the wild times you had, like having waffles and sausages in the yard on Sunday mornings with the whole family gathered around a big table in the shade of your favorite pepper tree. Some fun, eh.

The whole thing turned out very well, I thought. I mean my talk with Ben. He apologized for your not being there and said you hadn't had a day off in as long as he could remember—and that he missed you.

Well, Esther, that is about all. I didn't get to ask you What's new?—but I found out a few things about you anyway. I hope sometime soon we can get together and have a good laugh about me and you and the saucer tank. In the meanwhile, I wish you lots of luck and happiness, because I think you are living right. As a matter of fact, when I finish this letter in a minute, I'm going into the kitchen and drink a toast to you and Ben and Benjy and Kimmy. I'm going to drink a great big glass of water to you all.

Your constant admirer,
afoot or afloat,
Jim Henaghan

END

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COOL SUMMER FARE

ARLENE DAHL PRESENTS A PACK UP AND GO WARDROBE

Radiant in chambray and surrounded by frills, Arlene poses in MAJESTIC's bias-skirted dress. The bodice and yoke are of chambray stripping on a nylon net base—all washable. Mauve, lilac, navy, tan or grey. Sizes 10-18. About $15. Arlene holds EYE-FUL's permanent-finish organdy petticoat with little bolster ruffles under the eyelet-embroidered flounce. White, embroidered in red only. Sizes 24-30. About $15. Arlene personally designed the pink nitie (*on the screen*); bedjacket (*on the bed*); "Dahl Cap" (*in the train case left*)—all made by Saab. (*On the screen—left to right*) GLENTEX scarf, VANITY FAIR slip, EYE-FUL petticoat, CARTER shortie gown. (*On the bed*) CARTER duster robe. (*On the suitcase—left to right*) GLENTEX scarf, PLAYTEX "White Magic" girdle, LILY OF FRANCE Cormiere girdle, MUNSINGWEAR "Nipper-waist Skirt," Berkeley Handbag. (*Hanging on the suitcase lid*) STRUTWEAR "Cooljama". Arlene will soon be seen in Paramount's *"Caribbean Gold."*

Opposite page:
Luggage—American Tourister; Shoes and bedroom slippers—A. S. Beck; Hosiery—Lanvin; Pearls—LaTausca.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL

modern screen's

hollywood approved fashions



hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS



ALL!

Opposite page (left to right) PLAYTEX—Fab-Lined "White Magic" panty-girdle, without a single seam, stitch or bone, the smooth-as-skin invisible undergarment for sports or dress wear.* STRUTWEAR's just right for summer sleepwear two-piece "Cooljama" of rayon tricot (bare midriff plaid halter top—plain shorts).* STRUTWEAR's velvet-dull Reverse-Knit hosiery. For a glamor manicure—"Strike Me Pink!" Spillpruf nail polish (and, of course, matching StayFast lipstick) by CUTEX.

Above right photo (left to right) BESTFORM's junior panty-girdle of lace elastic, satin front panel, detachable garters—bra of rayon satin, bandeau style, side elastic inserts.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD "Sweetheart" stockings with golden arrows—above the knee. STARDUST's sanforized fine cotton petticoat flounced with eyelet embroidery and bra of pre-shrunk cotton.* LILY OF FRANCE Cormiere nylon elastic girdle, and Lilees nylon marquisette bra, both trimmed with satin ribbon.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD's "Bow-Catchers" stockings—satin bows on instep.

Lower right photo (left to right) LOVABLE's Ringlet—strapless bra of sheer embroidered nylon with acetate satin under-cups to give flattering support. Holds its beautiful shape through countless washings.* PETER PAN's Merry-Go-Round bra has circular sections joined with fagoting to provide natural-rounded contour.* Petticoats by EYE-FUL—the washable rayon taffeta (*left*) has a side zipper and knee-deep, scalloped flounce lined with Crinolast. The cotton petticoat has an eyelet-embroidered organdy flounce and ruffle.*

*For sizes, prices and colors see page 79.



Bedroom slippers by A. S. Beck. $1.99 to $2.99.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

hollywood approved fashions

WINNERS ALL!

LUXITE's Charm Set (*left*) pantie and pettiskirt of nylon tricot with nylon net and Val lace.* LUXITE's "Live-Knit" nylon hosiery. VALENTINES' shoes. PERMA•LIFT by A. Stein (*right*)—light-as-a-feather junior two-way stretch of nylon lace Lastex. Bra of embroidered nylon marquisette has wire separators, taffeta sides.* HOLEPROOF's proportioned nylons. *In her hand* MAX FACTOR'S "World of Beauty" hand lotion. *On the stand* HOLEPROOF's "Spare-Pak," self-sealing reusable plastic envelope for your purse.

VANITY FAIR's nylon tricot slip (*left*)—hem and yoke of nylon net corded with tricot.* VALENTINES' shoes. MAIDENFORM's Long-Line strapless "Half-Way" bra (*center*) for the lowest necklines.* I & M's organdy petticoat is permanently finished, washable.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD's "Hideaway" stockings —model (*right*) wears "Mamba." MUNSINGWEAR's tricot "Nipper-waist Skirt" (*right*)—nylon elastic power net yoke; featherboned, nylon marquisette front panel—hook and eye side closing.*

Bedroom slippers by A. S. Beck, $1.99 to $2.49.







CARTER'S Duster robe (*left*) of nylon tricot can be worn for sleeping.*
In the trunk, a CARTER shortie nightgown of nylon tricot with nylon net ruffles.* HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL'S Whirlpool bra (*center*) gives extra support to broad diaphragms.* FLEXEE'S "Flatterin'-Hi," wisp-light boneless nylon power net girdle (*right*) with reinforced Lastique panel. Wired bra of nylon lace has adjustable marquisette upper-cups.* WILLYS OF HOLLYWOOD'S "Fringe on Top" stockings.

*For sizes, prices and colors see Page 79.

HOLLYWOOD APPROVED FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.

FIGURE FLATTERY

Above right—you can splash with dash in this "Mad About Plaid" one-piece swim suit from Maurice Handler of California posed by Susan Alexander, Hollywood starlet. Fashioned of plaid woven Lastex, the suit is styled with a back-zipper closing—bra and trouser cuff trim. Sizes 9 to 15. White, pink, red or maize—all with black. About $15. TARTAN SUNTAN LOTION for a golden tan. SUNGLASSES BY GRANTLY. *Right*—"Samba" a cotton printed piqué one-piece swim suit with a dancing pattern and a swaying ruffle trim worn by Judy Kelly, Hollywood starlet and TV actress. With elasticized back, the gaiety of the print of this suit continues in its youthful design. Sizes: Small, medium or large. Red or navy on white. About $9. A MAURICE HANDLER ORIGINAL. SUNGLASSES—AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY. SUNTAN LOTION BY TARTAN.

Photographed at the Beverly Hills Hotel, Beverly Hills, California.

MODERN SCREEN HOLLYWOOD FASHIONS CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE STORES LISTED ON PAGE 79; IN PERSON OR BY MAIL.



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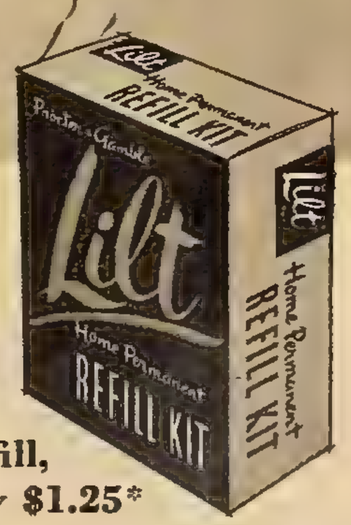
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Makes hair look...feel...behave far more like Naturally Curly Hair!

rita's rarin' to go!

(*Continued from page 31*) the hotel when she suddenly decided that hotel living was not for her. She jumped up from her chaise longue and began to call for her secretary Maggie Parker.

Maggie came running.

"We've just got to get out of here," Rita began. "It's very lovely and all of that but . . ."

"But what?" Maggie asked.

"But I don't feel at home. I can't raid the ice box. I can't walk around in jeans. People keep staring at me. And it's not right for the children, especially Becky. She's lived in too many hotels already."

IN a week's time, Maggie had scouted all the available large homes in or near Hollywood. She narrowed her choice down to one and then called Rita.

"I went up on a Sunday," Rita recalls, "and I saw this house at the top of Alpine Drive. It looked exactly right from the outside, but I wondered if the inside would have enough space for my staff." Rita always needs quarters for a cook, for Suzanne, the personal maid who came back with her from France, and for Domingo, the Philippine butler who's run all of her homes and a good share of her life for the past eight years. Rita also needs space and privacy for herself and her two daughters and nurse.

The guest bedroom and bath on the first floor, Rita decided, would be perfect for two-year-old Yasmine and her nurse, Anne. These rooms are removed from the rest of the household, and near the kitchen which is important because Yasmine is still on an infant's sleeping and feeding schedule.

Upstairs the master bedroom looks out onto hills and trees and sky. "Right off," Rita says, "it seemed the kind of room that would make me feel happy in the morning and relaxed at night. In fact, as soon as I saw it, I was ready to write out a check." But common sense held Rita back, and she continued her inspection.

Next to the master bedroom is a mirrored dressing room. No matter what you've heard, Rita Hayworth is not overly pre-occupied with clothes and high fashion. However, her position calls for a large wardrobe, and when she saw the roomy closet space, she knew that the new batch of custom-made clothes she'd ordered from Joseph Halpert in New York would hang very well there.

When Rita was shown a gay, young room with rose bedecked wallpaper, four poster bed, and organdy-skirted vanity table, she immediately pictured her seven-year-old Rebecca in it.

Before she decided to take the house, though, Rita turned to Maggie and said, "Be sure to have Domingo put his okay on all this." And she waved her hand in the general direction of the dining room, butler's pantry, and kitchen.

Domingo knows more about Rita Hayworth than anyone living. He knows her moods, her tastes, her preferences in food and men. He is also a natural diplomat.

A few weeks ago, for example, a local Romeo phoned, trying to date his employer. Rita has no use for this particular wolf, and Domingo knows it, but this is what he said over the phone. "Oh, yes, Mr. H., Miss Hayworth very anxious to see you but she gone out of town for few days. Know you will understand, of course."

Rita was in the living room, sitting on the floor in front of the fireplace, listening to records.

Domingo always makes it a point to have a favorite Hayworth record on the machine when she steps in the front door. He also lavishes great care on the flower arrangements throughout the house.

Rita loves to drive, but she doesn't own a car, so Domingo lets her borrow his Buick whenever she's in the mood.

A nice guy this Domingo, a jack-of-all-trades whom Rita treats as another brother. She does have two brothers—Vernon and Ed—who usually visit her on Sundays. This, by the way, gives the lie to the rumor that ever since her marriage to Aly Khan, Rita has neglected her family. Rita has always been loyal to her clan.

On a typical Sunday, the Cansinos gather early at Rita's place. Her father Eduardo and her stepmother, are usually the first to arrive. They come for coffee and a perusal of the morning papers. Then Vernon, Ed, their wives, and Ed's two children drive up.

Next comes Aunt Rosser, a dowager great aunt who prefers to stay for the weekend. On especially fine Sundays, Padre Cansino, Rita's 80-year-old grandfather, comes, too—so it's quite a gathering.

THE Cansinos are all individualists, each doing what he likes best—reading, painting, music, and dancing. Last Christmas, brother Ed gave Rita an easel and a set of paints. At the same time, Charley Feldman, one of Hollywood's top talent agents and a very romantic figure, gifted her with an oil painting by Marc Chagall.

Combining these two gifts, Rita borrowed one of Domingo's white coats and began painting copies of Chagall grapes like mad.

Her pre-occupation with art, in fact, has spread to Becky and other members of the household so that the mansion is becoming a refuge for growing artists.

"It's a good thing," Rita says, "having the family enjoy hobbies together. It makes for family solidarity, and that's really important to children. I know."

Once Domingo had okayed the kitchen facilities, Rita moved her children and staff into the Alpine House and promptly announced that the same routine would be practiced as in her previous residences. One of these is that on Sundays, no meals at the Hayworth house are eaten at tables. Sunday is the cook's day off which means that Domingo fixes a large salad and leaves it in the refrigerator with a platter of cold cuts and assorted cheeses.

Anytime a family member gets hungry, he digs into the refrigerator.

Occasionally, for dinner on Sunday nights, Rita will drift into the kitchen and concoct a favorite traditional Spanish dish like *arroz con pollo* (chicken and rice). She herself has a stevedore's appetite, also a cast iron stomach. She can and does eat anything. She will fill up on a heavy meal at eight. By midnight, she is hungry again and tiptoes down to the kitchen where she prepares herself two sandwiches and a glass of milk.

On workingdays, Rita is up at six A. M. long before the children. She eats a hearty breakfast in bed of fruit, bacon, eggs, coffee, and toast.

She is dressed by seven at which time Maggie or Domingo drive her to the studio. She works hard all day and returns home some time after six. No matter what sort of day she's had at the studio, the minute she hits the front door she radiates nothing but joy. She throws off the old leather jacket she usually wears to the studio, picks up little Yas and tosses her into the air. Then she kisses Becky and rumples her short curly hair.

While Rita eats dinner on a card table in the sun room, her two little daughters chatter madly. Rebecca often likes to read aloud to her mother.

Both of Rita's daughters are naturally musical, and before Rita finishes dinner, Yas usually turns on the radio, and Becky starts the record player going. There are record players all over the house. Becky, in fact, sleeps with one at her bedside.

Once the music starts, Rita finishes her meal quickly. Sometimes she'll get her dance drums and beat out a tempo while the little girls dance. Becky is studying ballet with her grandfather and reveals traces of a disciplined technique but little Yas is completely uninhibited.

Presently, Rita herself will reach for her castanets, and mother and daughters will have a musical ball. Eventually, Rita will return to her Conga drum and beating out a rhythm, will lead her dark-eyed offspring to bed.

Then she curls up on a sofa and studies her lines for the next day or she goes upstairs, showers, and dresses for her date.

Rita's dates have been far and few between. Not that she hasn't been besieged by dozens of admirers. Poor Domingo is running out of diplomatic alibis. It's just that she doesn't want to risk the chance of cultivating a new love until she's finished with the old.

All sorts of stories have sprung up, of course, about what goes on behind the walls of Rita's Alpine Drive mansion. One columnist says that Aly Khan has been going in and out of the residence for months, secretly. Another says that Gilbert Roland and Rita dine there quietly each evening away from curious eyes. A third intimates that Charley Feldman is the only suitor who is welcome at all hours.

None of this is true.

Right now, Rita Hayworth's house is for women. But it needs a man's touch and Rita knows it. And someday soon that man will come along. **END**



Back home after three years, Rita Hayworth recently moved into this pale green hideaway surrounded by dense foliage. Actually, it's only a few minutes' drive from Columbia Studios.

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Page 72—PLAYTEX: S.M.L. Panty brief, $4.95; Fab-Lined Panty girdle with Adjust-All garters, $6.95; Girdle with Adjust-All garters, $6.95. "White Magic" or pink STRUTWEAR: "Cooljama" 32-38. About $3. Geranium, Hyacinth or Sea green.

Page 73—BESTFORM: Girdle S.M.L. $5. White only; Bra A, B or C cup. $1.50. White or pink. STARDUST: Petticoat S.M.L. $1.98. Bra A, B or C cup, $1.00. White only. LILY OF FRANCE: Girdle 25-30. About $13; Bra A or B cup. About $4. White or black with contrast ribbon. LOVABLE: A or B cup nylon with acetate satin or broadcloth, $1.50; all-over embroidered nylon sheer, $2. PETER PAN: A, B or C cup. $2.50. White rayon satin only. EYE-FUL: Taffeta petticoat 24-30. About $6. Pastel and dark colors; Cotton petticoat S.M.L. About $4. White only.

Page 74—LUXITE: Pantie 4-7. About $4. Alabaster white, Alpine pink, Venitian blue, Boulevard black, Vendome navy, Milan straw, French mocha—Pettiskirt S.M.L. About $7. (In these same colors); Pantie 8-9. About $4.50. White, pink or black—Pettiskirt extra length. About $7.95. (In these three colors.) A. STEIN: Perma. lift Girdle S.M.L., 14 in. length only. About $7. White or black; Bra A, B or C cup. About $5. White only. VANITY FAIR: About $6. Average length 32-42. Dawn pink, dream mist, heaven blue, navy or star white; Tall length 34-42. Dawn pink, navy or star white; Sizes 9-15. Heaven blue, navy or midnight black. MAIDEN FORM: B or C cup. About $5. White nylon taffeta only. MUNSINGWEAR: 24-30. $20. White or black. I & M: S.M.L. About $5.

Page 75—CARTER: Robe 9-15. About $16.95. Red poppy or turquoise with white piping; Nightgown 9-15. About $9. Celestial blue and Jonquil yellow. HOLLYWOOD-MAXWELL: A, B or C cup. About $2.50. White broadcloth; white cotton acetate satin, about $3. FLEXEES: Girdle 25-32. About $13. White or navy; Bra B cup only. About $4. White or navy.



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A. STEIN (Perma•lift girdle and Bra) Page 74

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BESTFORM FOUNDATIONS (Girdle & Bra) Page 73

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EYE-FUL (Petticoats) Pages 71, 73

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Omaha, Neb., Herzberg's
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Newark, N. J., Kresge
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Philadelphia, Pa., John Wanamaker
Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh, Pa., I. Magnin Stores

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New York, N. Y., Lord & Taylor
New York, N. Y., Saks Fifth Avenue
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Philadelphia, Pa., Halle Bros.
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San Francisco, Calif., I. Magnin
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Los Angeles, Calif., J. J. Haggarty
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Oklahoma City, Okla., Kerr's
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Pittsburgh, Pa., Gimbel Bros.
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MUNSINGWEAR (Nipper-waist-Skirt) Page 71, 74

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Washington, D. C., Woodward & Lothrop

PLAYTEX ("White Magic" girdle) Page 71, 72

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Little Rock, Ark., Gus Blass Co.
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Write to Strutwear, Inc., Minneapolis, Minn., for information of stores carrying "Cooljama."

STRUTWEAR (Hosiery) Pages 71, 72

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St. Louis, Mo., Stix-Baer-Fuller

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WM. CARTER (Duster robe & gown) Pages 71, 75

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Philadelphia, Pa., Wanamaker's
Seattle, Wash., Frederick & Nelson
St. Louis, Mo., Stix-Baer-Fuller

alan ladd's a big baby!

(*Continued from page 46*) place has to be either a show place *or* a home. What's it going to be?"

Sue stopped breathing hard—she knew Alan was right. Now was the time to make the decision.

"A home," she said.

And that's the way it has been ever since.

It would be impossible to visit and talk with Alan Ladd for any length of time without getting on the subject of dogs, because while you are sitting in his house or garden they are all over and around you. And yet Alan is not in the accepted sense a "dog-lover." As defined once by James Thurber, a dog-lover is a man who loves someone else's dog, and while Alan is fond of all canines, he showers his affection only on his own. The last count at the Ladds' showed there were three animals residing in his Hollywood home, Jezebel, a younger boxer named Brindie and a small dachshund named Fritzie, II. There are generally anywhere from five to 20 more dogs at the Ladd ranch, depending on the date of the last whelping, but they are there only on a temporary basis, awaiting new and permanent homes. The pets are the three house dogs.

THE Alan Ladds first became prominent in the Hollywood doggie set when they acquired Jezebel, who was a present from Paramount executive Y. Frank Freeman. Jezzie was a simple puppy, lovable, cooperative and not too frisky. Except at night. The first night she spent with the Ladds she was put tenderly to bed in a bathroom on a 30 dollar blanket because it was too cold for her to sleep outside.

Alan had just dropped off to sleep when he was startled into full wakefulness.

"What was that?" he whispered to Sue.

"What was what?" asked Sue.

"I just heard somebody cry for help," said Alan.

They both listened and the cry came again.

It was presently obvious that the noise was coming from the bathroom, so Sue and Alan got up and opened the door. Jezebel sat there wagging her tail apparently in the best of health and spirits.

"She must have had a bad dream," said Alan. So they got back into bed.

Jezebel had bad dreams all night—and Alan went to work the next day with his eyes half closed. He decided to ask wiser heads for advice and went home that night filled with dog lore.

"It's a simple matter," he told his wife. "All you have to do to keep the pup from crying is put an alarm clock beside him."

"What for?" Sue asked.

"What difference does it make?" Alan said. "I got this from a guy who's had maybe 20 dogs. He ought to know."

Jezebel and the alarm clock went to bed nicely and Sue and Alan settled down for a sound night's sleep. But Jezebel had another night of howling and the next day Alan was as tired as a man can be. He met a man that day who told him that all the pup needed to calm him down was the blanket he was born on. Alan was willing to do anything, so after an hour of telephoning, he located the blanket and drove 30 miles out into the country to get it. And when they got into bed that night, Sue and Alan dropped right off to sleep.

The howling started five minutes after the sandman had been by. Alan leaped out of bed, raced to the bathroom, picked up the pup, tore back to the bedroom—and threw the dog into the bed.

"She wins," he said to Sue. Jezebel has slept in that bed every night since without a whimper. The climax came one night a year or so later, when Jezzie weighed better than 100 pounds. Alan was awakened by a howl and a loud thump. He turned on the light and saw Jezebel, comfortable and calm, her head on Sue's pillow—and Sue on the floor where she had been pushed by her pet. The next day they got a bigger bed.

If you have the space for it, it is no more possible to own one dog than it is to have one flea. They get in your blood or you begin to feel sorry for the first dog because she's lonely or you'd like to have pups. The Ladds bought another boxer to play with Jezebel—and she promptly showed her true nature by delivering a litter of pups, something like ten. Then, hearing that Sue and Alan loved boxers, people began giving them their unwanted animals.

Jerry Lewis, for instance, had a dog called Irma, given to him by Victor Mature. One day Irma found out she could jump fences, so whenever she felt cramped for space she would take to the air and rip off into the neighborhood where she would accomplish all sorts of damages until caught. When Jerry finally got an eight foot high fence all around his place and Irma took it like a kangaroo stepping over a cigar box, the comic decided to dispose of her.

"Let's give Irma to the Ladds," said Jerry to his wife one night. "They love dogs."

Irma joined the pack at the Ladd farm and along with her girl friends and cousins proceeded to produce more Boxers. It was like a rabbit farm.

One Christmas, the Ladds decided to give their friends boxers as gifts. This was quite a thing as the strain was now considered the finest in the district. Sue took the pups and tied ribbons about their necks, with cute cards attached, and sent them around to select friends by special messenger. And everyone was very grateful.

A couple of months later, however, Sue came home pale and trembling.

"I just saw one of the pups we gave away," she told Alan. "And it has a nose like a collie. Do you think . . . ?"

In a few days they were sure. They visited most of the other recipients of the pets and discovered that the animals were growing into anything but pure-bred boxers. The Ladds were mortified, particularly because of the to-do that had been made upon the delivery of the pups—and the fancy pedigree papers that had been sent to each new owner. But they faced the problem squarely. They called each of the people and explained that there had been an error in the naming of the father—and offered to take back the off-breed children and replace them. It is a tribute to Hollywood that not a single star or big shot who got the pups would even consider a switch. They were all in love with their collie-boxers.

IT is the habit of Sue and Alan Ladd to keep track of the pups they give away. This writer has one of them, a mad, conscienceless beast appropriately named Moose, who, although he is addicted to destroying furniture, eating prize roses and licking the faces of total strangers, is priceless. When the phone rings and it is the Ladds calling, the conversation always begins with: "How's Moose?"

The ranch is a great place for these animals to run loose and many Ladd boxer owners bring their pets there for a visit to ma and pa and the cousins. Estelle Taylor dropped in one day with her dog for a visit. He was turned loose in the yard and after taking one look at the pack heading for him for a tussle, took off into the tall brush surrounding the ranch. Estelle called him in vain, then, quite distraught started after him. Alan, being the host, had to go along. This began about three o'clock in the afternoon. Alan and Estelle would get within about five feet of the beast when he would suddenly remember what had nearly happened to him in the ranch yard—and he'd run again. At four the next morning, with Estelle in bad shape because she was sure she'd lost her pet forever, Alan finally caught the thing—and stumbled five miles back to the ranch house where he promptly collapsed.

A week later they were passing Estelle's house on their way to dinner. They decided to drop in and see if the dog had gotten over its experience. Estelle keeps the dog in her garage when she is not home, so getting no answer to the doorbell, Alan and Sue picked up the garage door to take a look at the pet. Smelling freedom, the animal skipped out into the yard. Alan caught it and shoved it back in the garage, but before he could bring the door down fully the dog slipped out again. Again there was a several-hour ordeal. Every time Alan put the dog back in the garage, it would squeeze out before he could get the door shut. Finally, he was shoving the beast under the door while lying on his stomach in a new suit—and Sue was trying to shut the door fast. This resulted in several near broken bones for Alan, but they never did get the dog back in the garage. At close to midnight, Alan gave up, left the garage door open and went home. Estelle told him the next day that when she got home the boxer was sound asleep in his bed—in the garage with the door wide open.

BUT of all the dogs the Alan Ladds have owned, a tiny dachshund, Fritzie, was by far the favorite. Fritzie was an animal with personality. She was no bigger than a minute, but she held her own with Jezebel and Brindie with nothing more than an arrogant swagger and a thin growl when it was needed. From the day she first entered the Ladd home, as a six-week-old pup, she slept in the big bed with Alan, Sue and Jezebel down at the foot. She was so tiny she used to get lost in the covers, but when it came time to get up she'd appear from some hidden fold of blankets or from under a pillow and greet the day with a satisfied yawn.

Fritzie was the life of any party. She was difficult to get to know, but once she'd accepted you she'd show her tricks and conversational accomplishments at the drop of a hat. She was the first to greet visitors and would rouse herself from any nap to see a pal to the door. She had real manners, Fritzie did.

Jezebel had several citations for bravery, for instance the time they were digging for the foundations of the Ladd home and little Alana got in front of a machine that was digging out the side of a hill. She was in a position where the operator couldn't see her—and he was directing the huge claw of the implement directly at the child. Alan and Jezebel saw Alana at the same instant. Alan started for the kid on a dead run, but Jezzie passed him like a shot. He hit Alana so hard she was knocked ten feet, but she was safe. Jezebel was a heroine, but Fritzie was still the queen around the house.

In the scheme of things, Fritzie was just a dachshund who went through life making a study of the human animal. She entered the Ladd home on a trial basis, fully intending, as all dogs do, to run away at the first opportunity if things didn't stack up to expectations. She couldn't speak Ladd language, so, thus handicapped, she stuck around a little longer than she might have

in order to give this family a fair chance to make an impression. At first, she found the other dogs, Jezebel and Brindie, rather a bore and certainly ungainly and monstrous in their manners.

As she grew older it became no problem for her to rule the roost with her superior intellect—and even in the matter of dog quarrels she managed to impose her will on the boxers by a few well-spoken threats (she *did* speak boxer language) or the exhibition of a small fang or a disgusted flip of the tail as she waltzed from the fray, refusing to discuss the matter any longer. She contributed nothing to the home—except love, a thing she couldn't help. And she asked nothing—except love.

And when she died, she left elegantly, expecting nothing more than tears and a last scent of her master.

It was pretty dramatic, the way Fritzie died. Every day, as long as she could remember, a bus had driven by the Ladd home, or rather the home Fritzie shared with the Ladds. A man stood up in front of this bus and as it halted before the Ladd house, announced to his passengers, all sightseers, that this was the residence of the famous movie star. Fritzie found this bit of nonsense an amusing part of her day, so she never failed to be on hand to inspect the passengers and she would trot around and display her best points until the bus drove away. *She* knew who they came to see.

One day the bus was a few minutes late. Fritzie had trotted off down the driveway to the road and, not seeing the bus, had ventured out into the road to see if it was coming. A car came careening around the corner and before Fritzie could avoid it, she was struck and thrown into the middle of the street mortally wounded. The car drove on.

A few minutes later the sightseeing bus came along, with the man standing up in the front explaining to his fares which star's home they were approaching. But he didn't finish his spiel. He saw the small brown object in the road.

He had never been in a movie star's home before, but the man picked Fritzie up in his arms and walked up the path through the garden to the front door. Alan Ladd answered the bell and took the tiny burden from the man's hands. It was obvious that Fritzie was beyond help, so Alan took her into the living room and held her close in his arms while Jezebel and Brindie sat in a far corner and watched in dread.

And then, with a last scent of her master and a final surge of love in her little heart, Fritzie acknowledged that things seemed to have turned out all right after all, and she quietly went to sleep. And long after she was gone Alan's tears fell on her small face.

There was sadness in Fritzie's house for quite a while after that. But one day Sue came home with a bundle, shortly after Alan had gone to bed. She walked into the room and tossed the bundle onto the bed, where it began to scamper about like a mouse.

"What's that?" asked Alan, fully awakened.

"It's for you," said Sue. "It's name is Fritzie."

The dachshund stopped squirming and looked into Alan's face—and they grinned at each other. And when the light was put out, Fritzie, the second, got under a pillow and went to sleep, no doubt thinking there'd need to be a few changes made around here. **END**

(*Alan Ladd can be seen next in Paramount's* Shane.—*Ed.*)

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my home town

(*Continued from page 60*) After my first six months of vocal study, my singing teacher told mother that she thought my voice had promise and that I should be forced to practice. Mother didn't believe in that method. But one Saturday morning a few weeks later, she and I went to an audition at the Hollywood Theater, which was running an amateur contest sponsored by 7-Up. When I sang for Del Milne, the theater manager, he encouraged me to enter, and no one was more surprised than I when, the following week, I won the contest, and later, the grand elimination prize.

During the weeks that followed, Mr. Milne arranged for me to sing at a number of benefit shows in Portland, including a Lions' Club benefit for the blind to which Mr. Milne invited a number of the local radio station executives. Among that group was Mr. Joseph Sampietro, musical director of KOIN, with whose orchestra I sang many times during the next two years. A few days later, I was asked to audition by one of the other stations, but, when I sang, they told me I should go home and practice some more.

Then, one day in March, 1941, Mother took a girl friend and me downtown to see a matinee. We were preoccupied with window-shopping when I noticed Mother talking to a man on the street. It turned out to be Carl Werner, who had handled the publicity for the Agnes Peters recital. Apparently, Mr. Werner had asked Mother what I had been doing with my dancing, for she called me over to meet him. When he learned that I was singing, he suggested that I audition at KOIN for the Oregon War Bond Committee which was about to select an Oregon Victory Girl. I was thrilled when they chose me after I sang for them. But Mother insisted that I finish grammar school first.

"Mother, please let me try it," I pleaded.

"You can't just try it," Mother told me. "You'll have to give it your very best, and you can't do that until you finish your semester in grammar school."

"Oh, all right," I agreed, reluctantly.

I could hardly wait until school finished that summer. But some of my impatience was abated by the thrill of getting my uniforms fitted, by the new songs I was learning, and by the tremendous opportunities which I knew lay ahead of me.

That summer I was almost literally adopted by the men who made up the Oregon War Bond Committee, whom I came to call my "uncles" as the bond drive progressed. They included Carl Werner, C. W. Myers, Mayor Earl Riley, Harvey Wells (Dean of the Oregon State Legislature), Larry Hilaire, Al Fink, William Mears, and other prominent Portland business men. They did everything possible to launch my career. Before school started in September, I was singing every week on KOIN's "Victory Harvest" program.

In the midst of all this activity, I started back for my last year at Beaumont School. By November, I began to realize what Mother meant when she said that I could not merely "try" if I accepted the job as Oregon's Victory Girl. It was too big for that. Very soon, I found myself taking on a second weekly radio show on KOIN, "The Million Dollar Club," which honored the people who had sold more than $1,000,000 worth of war bonds. That November, I christened a Liberty ship at the Kaiser shipyards, sang at the USO regularly, made appearances at the shipyards and war plants around Portland. During that fall term at Beaumont, I missed 30 out of 90 days in class.

I don't believe any 13 year old has ever been as busy, or loved every minute of it more than I did.

During the following spring, the war bond program gained momentum, and I gained momentum with it, traveling with the "Victory Harvest" program to a different Oregon city each week. In all, we covered 34 out of Oregon's 36 counties. My traveling companion on the trips away from Portland was Carol Worth, Miss Oregon of 1943, whom I understand is now married and living in Long Beach, California. Sometimes, we entertained at war plants, playing a show for each of the shifts. The effort certainly paid off. Oregon was among the top five states in war bond sales.

It isn't easy for me to single out the greatest thrills of my life as Oregon's Victory Girl. There were so many. But I'll never forget singing before the Joint Session of the Oregon State Legislature on Washington's Birthday. Or the day, shortly before I was 14, that I was made a member of the "Million Dollar Club." Or the time Carl Greve, a Portland jeweler who sponsored my first commercial radio program, presented me with a diamond ring—my first real diamond ring.

These are but a few of the experiences which tie my heart to Portland. I can still remember the special kidding I used to take from Chet Duncan of KOIN as he dropped the microphone down to my singing level. And my mother's regular warning to stay dry and warm if I was to sing out of doors. And the many afternoons that Nancy Dickson and I spent roller skating on the tennis courts of the Beaumont School grounds, or the nights that we mystified each other telling our fortunes on her ouija board. I hope Nancy has found as much happiness as I have.

When I was signed for movies after my appearance on "Hollywood Showcase," I started the ninth grade on the Universal lot, and finished the rest of my high school work in studio schools.

Of course, the biggest thrill of my whole life was the world premiere of my first picture, *Song Of The Open Road, which* was held in Portland during the Rose Festival of 1944. What a home-coming! On the day I arrived, rain was pouring down, yet thousands of people lined the streets to wave hello at me. Later, there was a big reception at the public auditorium and, that night, the premiere. I was 15, and absolutely speechless with happiness, especially when, the next day, Mayor Riley named the summer concert center, where I had sung the year before, as the Jane Powell Concert Center.

Unfortunately, I haven't been able to make another prolonged visit to Portland. I went back for a benefit concert for the Symphony Orchestra a few years ago. But because of my schedule in Hollywood, I didn't get a chance to stay long. It's like so many things which are a fond but not an immediate part of our lives . . . we keep putting them off, while our anticipation grows and grows.

Now that our baby is getting old enough to travel, Geary and I hope that it won't be long before we can take a relaxed trip back to my home town. He was ready to go as soon as I told him about the wonderful skiing on Mt. Hood, whose majestic peak looms like a fairy castle against the eastern skyline of Portland. Because of my motion picture schedule, it won't be this summer. But it will be soon. I miss my old home town. **END**

(*Jane Powell can be seen in MGM's* Small Town Girl—*Ed.*)

hollywood's most passionate loves (shelley winters)

(*Continued from page 33*) idols of Italy. They had a passionate trans-oceanic courtship and finally decided to culminate it in marriage.

Shelley now wears skirts and lipstick. She smiles sweetly at her directors and is the model of decorum. She even has decided to live in Italy six months out of the year, and she doesn't tablehop any more.

Gassman says he can offer no recipe for the change in Shelley because, as he says, "She is the same as when I first met her, and I did not know her before, so how could I know how I changed her," which makes sense.

Therefore to discover the secret of this passion of the plaster city we have to flashback to this exclusive behind-the-scenes story of their romance.

The Italian Lothario was born in Genoa, Italy, Sept. 1, 1922. His father is a well-to-do construction engineer. Vittorio played basketball and studied to be a lawyer at the University of Rome.

Then he switched to acting. He studied at the Academy of Dramatic Arts for two years and turned professional. Since then he has starred in 92 plays in nine years, and is regarded as one of the top stage actors in Italy. His name has been up in lights in Italy for a long time for such stage successes as *A Streetcar Named Desire, All My Sons, Romeo and Juliet* and *As You Like It.*

He also has been a leading idol of Italy's silver screen since 1946. He has appeared in 19 movies, including one that was popular in this country, *Bitter Rice.* He was the villain who attacked the leggy and luscious Silvano Mangano.

Another picture, in which he co-starred with Hollywood's Geraldine Brooks, *Streets of Sorrow,* will be released in the United States soon.

Thus Shelley was impressed with the handsome profile when her escort, Frank Latimore, an American actor living in Rome, introduced her to Vittorio in the lobby of the Spanish Ballet theater.

"The first time we met didn't count," Gassman said recently in his first interview after arriving in Hollywood.

"It was a very conventional meeting. And I told a lie. I said that I liked her in *A Place In The Sun,* when I hadn't even seen it."

The next day, Latimore tossed a party for Shelley and invited Gassman. The day after that, Vittorio decided to telephone her for a date.

Shelley, being Shelley, hadn't waited for such convention.

"I called her but she wasn't in," he recalled.

"Then when I got home I found she had already called me."

He looked a little puzzled.

"I liked her because she ate a lot," he beamed. "She had no preoccupation with diet.

"I didn't know very much about her. Most of her pictures hadn't played in Italy yet. I just knew that she was a movie star, because I'd read about her in movie magazines."

On this momentous occasion, Shelley and Vittorio had a heated discussion about

acting. Shelley believes in the "naturalistic" school of histrionics. Gassman, whose first love is the theater, goes in more for "stylized, formal acting," as he calls it.

How they carried on this intellectual debate is somewhat of a mystery, since Shelley couldn't speak Italian and Vittorio knew very little English. They insist that they "got along and understood each other."

Shelley stayed over in Rome four more days while Vittorio helped her see the city. When she left for Paris, he followed her there and they toured the red-checkered-tablecloth restaurants . . . the tiny shops, and all those other love locales.

"She called her agent to postpone her next picture, but he wouldn't let her stay any longer, so she went back to Hollywood," Vittorio sighed.

"There was a lot of money spent calling between Paris and Hollywood.

"I returned to Rome and we wrote each other many letters in which we got to know each other better. Then she cabled me that she was lonely. I was, too."

Vittorio had five days before shooting started on his next movie in Rome. So he flew to Hollywood to be with Shelley for five days, a bitter financial blow to the overseas telephone company.

At the end of the five days, Vittorio called his director in Italy who, to put it mildly, was somewhat astonished to hear his star was sauntering around California instead of preparing to report to work the next morning. Vittorio won a few days' more vacation and went to Arizona with Shelley to gaze in rapture from the sidelines while she did location work on a movie.

Gassman finally went home to Rome and began patronizing the overseas telephone company again to talk to the vivacious blonde in Hollywood. When her movie was finished, Shelley zipped off to Italy. As an example of her devotion and of the new Shelley Winters, she knitted a scarf with her own hands and presented it to Vittorio as she stepped off the plane. The news photographers happened to be on hand to record this bit of domesticity.

AFTER Gassman ended his picture, the pair announced their engagement in the accepted mode of the cinema city. They called a press conference. Then they sped to New York and Hollywood where romance flourished under the light of photographers' flashbulbs. When Shelley stepped off the plane in Hollywood, she smiled wanly, said she had nothing to talk about and drifted home.

In typical stop-dash Shelley Winters style, Shell & Vittorio hopped down to Juarez, Mexico, and were married two hours after he obtained his divorce.

Before dawn broke over Schwab's drugstore, Hollywood buzzed with talk about the new Shelley.

"She certainly is more subdued," one of her close friends said. "Why, she doesn't even table-hop in restaurants any more!"

Another pal observed, "She's more interested in looking at you when she talks. She used to gaze to the four corners of the room to see what everybody else was doing. She dresses in more feminine clothes, too, and she wears lipstick in public.

Shelley herself admits she's changed. Her explanation of the new Shelley Winters is simple, honest and mature.

"I'm very much in love with someone extraordinary who loves me back," she said. "That is security."

Shelley sighed happily. "We talk for days at a time. We never run out of things to talk about. And we haven't had a fight since we met.

"I wasn't so frantic about winning that Oscar for my role in *A Place In The Sun* as I would have been a year ago.

"Naturally I wanted to win, but a year ago I would have been desperate.

"I used to be involved with the craziness of this town," she confessed. "Last year I did six movies, more than any other star. They should have given me an Oscar for doing the most, anyway.

"I worked so hard I had to spend three week-ends in a hospital so I could rest where people couldn't get at me. I used to throw up all the time, I was so nervous.

"I can eat more now. I learned one important thing in Europe—we don't take time to do anything in this country. In Italy they take three hours for lunch.

"Nobody takes much time to live over here," Shelley said. "Through Vittorio I met European artists and writers and I realized that the world is a big place. Hollywood has taken on its proper perspective for me."

Shelley further floored Hollywood by announcing to her studio that she and Vittorio would live in movietown and work in pictures for only six months of the year. The other six they'll spend in Italy where they plan to appear in the theater together and where Vittorio will continue his picture career. Shelley's U-I contract doesn't allow her to appear in Italian movies.

"If the studio doesn't like the arrangement," shrugged Shelley, "all they can do is take me off salary for six months. That's all suspension is, you know. And I get 12 weeks of lay-off every year, anyway, when I'm not paid.

"I'm not so frightened about money any more. I used to be scared silly if they'd just mention suspension. I'd think about that money I'd miss. But I have somebody to take care of me now."

Shelley's trip to Europe probably had

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a large part in her switch from the temperamental, insecure girl to a more mature woman in love. To the girl who had known only New York and Hollywood, her trip brought her a new sense of values, and a realization that "there are so many wonderful places in the world to see and so many things to do."

Vittorio, being European, fits into this new mood. He is cultured, well-traveled and far more mature emotionally and intellectually than his 29 years. Shelley had known one previous failure at marriage (and so had Gassman).

"I like Shelley because she is a very alive and nice human being," he says. "She has not been spoiled by her success, and not stopped by it, either. She has many more ambitions.

"She is attractive to me physically, of course, which is important but not sufficient.

"She is enthusiastic about life and curious about it. I have much less curiosity, as you say, so I appreciate it in other people. I am not curious," he shrugged. "I am interested in just two or three things in life . . . the theater, literature. I have good friends.

"Here life is quicker. In Europe you take longer to eat, more time to talk. This makes friendships. In Europe we have more friends, and more enemies, too.

"I didn't know much about Shelley when I met her. I didn't believe the stories that were written about her. I am not interested in her past, but in her future.

"We have interesting times together, and many fascinating things to talk about. We are interested in the same things.

"Shelley desires spiritual and emotional security. This is her first problem, she has told me. She wants a happy marriage and I hope ours will be one. I hope our marriage will give her that security.

"I was told that before she met me she was much more easily nervous and unquiet. I didn't know her before, of course, so I don't realize any difference. I have no two portraits of her to compare, so to speak."

One factor that Shelley and Vittorio believe will cement their union into a lasting one is that both believe in the European formula for marriage: the husband is the boss.

As has been often said by psychiatrists and other experts, American women suffer from a dilemna. They fought for their independence, for the right to vote and to work side by side with men in the business world. But in so doing, the ex-

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QUESTIONNAIRE: Which stories and features did you enjoy most in this issue? WRITE THE NUMBERS 1, 2 and 3 AT THE FAR LEFT of your first, second and third choices. Then let us know what stars you'd like to read about in future issues.

- ☐ The Inside Story
- ☐ Louella Parsons' Good News
- ☐ Mike Connolly's Hollywood Report
- ☐ Take My Word For It by Barbara Stanwyck
- ☐ Rita's Rarin' To Go (Rita Hayworth)
- ☐ Hollywood's Most Passionate Loves (Shelley Winters, Ava Gardner, Judy Garland, Liz Taylor)
- ☐ No Time For Modesty (Gordon MacRae)
- ☐ "Darling, You're Nuts!" (Jane Wyman)
- ☐ Am I Too Daring? by Marilyn Monroe
- ☐ He's Really Living (Steve Cochran)
- ☐ Dear Esther . . . (Esther Williams)
- ☐ Alan Ladd's A Big Baby!
- ☐ The Joan Crawford Myth
- ☐ For The Love Of Mike (Virginia Mayo)
- ☐ The Fight For Ingrid Bergman's Daughter
- ☐ Miss Show Business (Betty Hutton)
- ☐ The Road I Travelled (Donald O'Connor)
- ☐ My Home Town . . . by Jane Powell
- ☐ Modern Screen Fashions
- ☐ Movie Reviews by Jon Kilbourn

Which of the stories did you like least?

_____

_____

What 3 MALE stars would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3, in order of preference.....

_____

_____

_____

What 3 FEMALE stars would you like to read about in future issues?

_____

_____

_____

What MALE star do you like least?

_____

What FEMALE star do you like least?

_____

What 3 television stars (MALE or FEMALE) would you like to read about in future issues? List them 1, 2, 3.

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perts say, they became the most unhappy women in the world.

European women are more the devoted slaves who do their master's bidding. Most don't enjoy the privileges or independence of the American girl. But, most experts agree, they're happier in their subordinate role of dutiful and feminine wives and mothers.

Both Shelley and Vittorio think the European system is better. At least Shelley does now, anyway.

When Vittorio was subjected to a press conference in New York, one newshound shot the question, "Who's going to be the boss in the family?"

"What a question to ask an Italian man!" Gassman snorted.

Shelley later chattered to me. "Do you think I could get Vittorio into an American barbershop? In Italy they cut hair in those funny waves.

"I'm already decorating our apartment in Italy and we're going to live in a modest apartment in Hollywood. I'm busy learning how to cook and washing dishes. I love Italian food."

"I don't," said Vittorio. "I like French food."

At last report, Shelley was learning how to cook French food, and Vittorio still wore his hair Italian-style.

"The man must be the boss in the family," says Gassman. "Not in the sense of being a dictator, nor in taking advantage of a woman, but more as a duty than a right. A really feminine woman likes that and wants it from a man.

"Of course," he weakened, "it should be the woman who makes the decisions in the details of life, around the house. That seems to be the right division of authority to me.

"Man actually is more intelligent than woman. He has more reason. Women are more shrewd and practical, however. Shelley is a better business manager than I am. She can get along in any situation.

"Women are very often more courageous than men, too. They can stand more physical pain. If the man had to bear children, I am sure humanity would be ended.

"But, getting back to Shelley, I seldom went out with actresses in Italy. They all tend to be very sophisticated and snobbish. They're impossible to talk to. But Shelley takes to everybody. That is a very sweet quality. I'm not used to that. In Europe, actresses are more critical, more severe.

"Shelley is very natural. She laughs when something amuses her. She is very emotional, too. She took me to see all the plays in New York, she was so anxious that I get to know the American theater. We went to see Judy Garland at the Palace in New York. Shelley was so excited she yelled.

"I am pretty sure," said Vittorio, "that I chose well when I chose Shelley."

Some cynics on the Hollywood scene, however, take a dim view of Shelley's discovery of Love, Life and Culture.

Miss Winters has announced that from now on she's interested only in interviews with the press about her roles and her art on the silver screen.

This does not sit too well with the press that helped to elevate her to stardom. The stars who stay on top, like Alan Ladd, give out interviews any time on any subject, and they're glad they're asked to do it.

Shelley also has served notice she is interested from now on in the drah-ma, not in those wise-cracking roles she has ground out down the years.

Skeptics also yawn at her latest mood and predict a short end to the Shell-Gas combo, as they call it. One says, "Only Shelley would think of going to Europe with one guy and coming home engaged to another, and an Italian star, at that. She is just interested in making the headlines."

Another points out that Miss Winters recently was given a raise by her studio and a promise of good parts, so "it's hard to see how an ambitious girl will give all that up for love."

One columnist insisted Vittorio asked how much money Shelley made. This isn't true, however. Research discloses he's well-heeled.

Meanwhile, Shelley ignored the pessimists and charged full-steam ahead to establish Vittorio's career in Hollywood. She arranged the contacts and interviews that brought Vittorio his first American picture. She introduced him to executives who showered him with offers of long-term contracts at major studios. He turned these down; he says his theater work in Rome is more important to him. Like any feminine woman, she tried to keep from him the fact that she was partially responsible for the roles he won.

Shelley took him to Hollywood parties. She introduced him to his idol, Charles Chaplin, and to her former instructor in a Shakespeare class, Charles Laughton. One of her happiest moments came when Laughton told Vittorio, an expert in Shakespearean drama, that Shelley would make a fine Shakespearean actress.

"See?" chortled a proud Shelley to Vittorio.

His approval and admiration, you can see, is important in her life.

"Shelley has been very anxious that Vittorio be as fond of America as she is of Italy," a friend says. "He always had been impressed with the technique of movie-making. But he was skeptical of the cultural side of Hollywood. So she took him around to the local art galleries."

She also escorted him to the Circle Theater, where she has worked, and that meeting led to Vittorio's giving a reading of Italian poetry to an audience of selected big-wigs of the plaster city.

Shelley and Vittorio hope that they can establish a theater in Rome where they can give English-language plays for the large American colony there. Vittorio is a director of note, too, in Italy and the government is scheduled to subsidize a theater that he will open in the Fall.

Some critics of la Winters point out that the new Shelley won't be as exciting as the old. They think her bombastics of yore meant showmanship.

But Shelley insists that the new Shelley will be an even better actress.

"I feel my living in Rome half of the year will expand my career as an actress," she says. "Any artist reflects to his audience his own experience, and the more experiences, the more you can give to the public."

Shelley recently was loaned to MGM for a picture directed by William Wellman. This movie-maker is known for his penchant for rugged he-men actors and his scorn of any thespian in skirts. Shelley, the old Shelley, anyway, was famous as an actress who demanded the best, found it hard to compromise and rode hard over anybody's feelings to get what she wanted.

Hollywood expected an explosion. But Shelley and "Wild Bill" Wellman got along just dandy.

Whatever the outcome of the controversial Shelley-Vittorio combination, one thing is sure.

Hollywood can rest more easily, now that the old Shelley Winters is on the shelf.

"If Shelley has found happiness at last, that means 500 people in this town have found happiness, too," cracked one of her pals. "The producers and others who work with her can sleep nights now." END



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ingrid's side of the story

(*Continued from page 53*) to Europe, advising me that the meeting would be in his father's home in Stode, Sweden. Dr. Lindstrom's cable came as a great surprise to me. I sent a cablegram to the ship on which Dr. Lindstrom and Pia were traveling to England, informing Dr. Lindstrom that I would be in London as per our previous agreement.

Because Dr. Lindstrom has told me on numerous occasions that he did not want the visitation to be accompanied by any publicity and if there were publicity he would consider that as a justification to cancel the visitation, I took the following precautions: the sleeper reservation from Rome to London was made in the name of my sister-in-law, who boarded the train in Rome. I in turn drove by car from Rome to Pisa where I then boarded the train and stayed in a closed compartment which I never left till I arrived at Calais. At Calais, I boarded the ferry-boat and stayed behind the closed doors of my cabin until I arrived in Dover, where I was met by Sidney Bernstein (a mutual friend of Dr. Lindstrom and myself) who drove me to the home of Ann Todd and David Lean, the well known British director.

At noon, Thursday the 21st of July, Mr. Bernstein telephoned me at the home of Miss Todd and Mr. Lean, advising me that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia had arrived at the Washington Hotel in London. I heard nothing further until 5 o'clock of that day, when Dr. Lindstrom telephoned me from Mr. Bernstein's office, stating exactly as follows: "I understand you have expressed a desire to see the child." I was taken aback by the studied cruelty of this remark, but controlled myself to answer: "Yes." Dr. Lindstrom informed me that he was too tired to come over that evening. I told Dr. Lindstrom that he could go to rest if he desired and to send Pia with Mr. Bernstein. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that Pia was tired too and I then suggested that Pia could go to bed right away with me. Dr. Lindstrom then advised me that this was impossible since Pia was never to be left alone with me, thereby delivering a second blow to me during the same conversation. I succeeded in controlling myself, avoided arguing with Dr. Lindstrom any further, and asked to speak to Mr. Bernstein. I told Mr. Bernstein that if Pia did not come to the house where I was living, I would come to Mr. Bernstein's office immediately with the Police. At 6 o'clock Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived. When they arrived, Dr. Lindstrom told me how tired they were and that they could stay only for an hour. To this Pia added that papa was so tired because he had stayed up dancing every night, coming to bed as late as 7 o'clock in the morning.

AFTER the three of us had a short talk, I wished to arrange with Dr. Lindstrom for my staying with Pia while they were in London. He and I went to talk in another room, but could not discuss the purpose of the visitation and the arrangements therefor because Dr. Lindstrom was only interested in bringing up our previous personal relationship, and would not discuss intelligently the custody of Pia. Dr. Lindstrom informed me that I could see Pia only when it suited him. He told me, by way of example, that the following day he could not bring her at all because he did not have the time, but perhaps I could see her on the next following day. He further stated that he did not know how many days he and Pia could stay in London, as he had expected to see me in Sweden. I became angry at the absurdity of these statements, and left the room to visit with Pia. Ann and David Lean, who had taken care of Pia during our discussion, then interceded privately with Dr. Lindstrom. As a result, Dr. Lindstrom agreed not to take Pia away immediately but agreed to stay for dinner. Pia expressed her desire to stay for the night but in view of what transpired stated she would come back the following day and stay with me. As to the plans for the following day, it was only after repeated insistences by Mr. and Mrs. Lean and myself, that Dr. Lindstrom stated that he would try to bring Pia back the next morning. I heard nothing the next morning and was beside myself with anxiety and it was not until the day was practically consumed that Dr. Lindstrom and Pia arrived, at 6 o'clock in the evening.

Pia brought her night clothes and was very excited about staying with me. Dr. Lindstrom spoke to Mr. Lean telling him that they had to also find a room for him, since he was not going to let Pia sleep alone with me. Mr. Lean told Dr. Lindstrom that he did not have a bed for him and asked Dr. Lindstrom what could be done to have Dr. Lindstrom trust Mr. and Mrs. Lean and leave the house. Dr. Lindstrom then asked for the key to the front door, which was given to him, and he left the house. After we had gone to bed, Dr. Lindstrom entered the house and sat all night in the hall, where the maid found him in the morning. Dr. Lindstrom explained that he had good reason to believe that I was planning to steal Pia. I swore on the memory of my deceased parents that I had never planned to commit such a crime. Dr. Lindstrom, nevertheless, told me that he couldn't trust me.

The following morning we went to Mr. Bernstein's farm in the country for the weekend. Dr. Lindstrom allowed me to be with Pia, he staying most of the time in his room. He suggested that he eat on a tray in his room and I told him that this was unnecessary, as since he insisted on staying in the same house with us, Pia would think it very strange if we did not all eat together.

Whenever he had the opportunity, Dr. Lindstrom brought up the past and delighted in berating me. Pia was of course aware of our heated arguments. I kept trying to avoid these discussions, but since Dr. Lindstrom chose to re-open and continue such arguments, stating among other things, that he never could trust a woman like me, and made numerous other remarks of a scurrilous nature about me in



This is the Rossellini's summer house at Santa Marinella in Italy where Pia would stay with her mother, from July to September, if the California Superior Court grants permission.



Ingrid's apartment in Rome, she feels, is the proper setting for her daughter's annual visits. However, Dr. Lindstrom is opposed to Pia's leaving the United States and its jurisdiction.



A large assortment of toys fills Robertino Rossellini's room. Ingrid is anxious for Pia to get to know and love her half-brother—and also the twins expected by the Rossellinis in June.

the presence of Pia, I felt that she should hear the defense, as well as the accusations. In desperation, I placed before him the decree of the California Court and asked him where it appeared in the papers that he had the right to behave the way he did during the period of my custody. After one of the arguments I returned to Pia, who was watching television, and Dr. Lindstrom entered the room and sat down in back of me and stated: "You'd better say good-bye to the child tonight, as we are leaving early in the morning and you might not like to get up so early. So, this is your last evening. I'll stay a couple of more days in London but I won't have time to let you see the child." When I heard this I started to cry and Dr. Lindstrom accused me of making scenes to upset the child.

The next morning at approximately 7:30 we rose to drive back to London. Pia and I had seen in the newspapers that *Alice In Wonderland* had opened, and as Pia and I had read the book together we wanted to see the picture. I expressed to Dr. Lindstrom my desire to take Pia to see that film during the day. He emphatically refused stating that it would call for publicity. Pia herself stated that she did not mind if another picture was taken, since she had had already so many taken. When I mentioned to Dr. Lindstrom about the interviews and photographs that he had recently given while I was taking the precautions referred to at the beginning of this affidavit, he replied: "Oh, my dear, I understand now you are jealous." When we reached the Washington Hotel Pia and I said good-bye.

Mr. and Mrs. Lean then interceded once more and pleaded with Dr. Lindstrom to let me see Pia again, either permitting us to go to the movie or permitting Pia to visit me. Finally Dr. Lindstrom agreed that if Mrs. Lean, and her daughter and secretary, together with an American friend of Pia, who had just arrived in London, would accompany Pia and myself, we could go to the movie. The following day we all had lunch and saw the picture and there was no publicity nor were any photographs taken. After the picture we all went to Mrs. Lean's house and within a few minutes Dr. Lindstrom arrived to take Pia away. Dr. Lindstrom immediately announced that he had a taxi waiting outside, thus obliging Pia and me to do in extreme haste what at that time, I was told, was to be our farewell.

THE next morning as I had to bring Pia a small gold chain that had been repaired in the meantime, I delivered it personally to the Hotel thus obtaining the opportunity to again see Pia and help her pack. On leaving, Dr. Lindstrom insisted on following me into the lobby of the hotel. I again asked him to consider what should be done for the future, telling him that I could not take another summer like this. He gave me to understand that in 1952 he had no intention to come to Europe and that he would never let Pia travel with someone else. I told him that this matter would have to be clarified immediately. He agreed to write me about the next visitation, but to this date I had not heard from him.

After months of consideration, I have come to the conclusion that Dr. Lindstrom's behaviour, in giving to my meetings with Pia an atmosphere of exceptionality, tension and quarrel, may only attain this result: that in my daughter's mind, the concept of "meeting mother" or even simply of "mother" coincides with that of "trouble." Now, experience shows that, in such conditions, the natural tendency and self-defense of any child is to avoid the visitations in order to avoid trouble and discussion. On the other hand, to deprive the girl from contacts with her mother cannot but be to her detriment.

It is already a fact that I have only received very few (I believe four) letters from my daughter since the London visit whereas I have sent her many times that number. I bring this fact out not by way of criticism of my daughter but only as an illustration of the actuality of the above mentioned risk.

I believe that the succeeding visitations should take place in the proper environment rather than in the strained environment of a hotel or some other persons' home: in my home where I live with my son Robertino, and my husband under normal home life circumstances, and so that my daughter Pia can play with, and enjoy the company of her brother Robertino. To offset Dr. Lindstrom's statement that Pia, living with me would live "in sordid conditions" I am attaching hereto photographs of the home which we own in Santa Marinella, on the Thyrrenian Sea approximately 40 miles from Rome, and of the apartment which we rent in Rome, located at Bruno Buozzi 49.

I further state that it will be inadvisable for me to travel in the summer of 1952 since I am expecting the birth of the second child of my present marriage.

In view of the above conduct of Dr. Lindstrom during the 1951 visitation, it is impossible to have such visitations with Dr. Lindstrom present. I, therefore, respectfully request that I be permitted to have some competent adult person accompany Pia to my home in Rome, Italy. In the summer of 1952. It is my further suggestion that the visitation commence not later than July 15, 1952, in Rome. I will return Pia to her home in the United States accompanied by a competent adult person so that she will return in time for the school semester commencing in September 1952. I believe that the visitation under the circumstances outlined above will be proper for my daughter and will serve to consolidate the relationship between my daughter and me, and I still hope that, although my marriage to Dr. Lindstrom has been dissolved, we can in the future discuss in fairness the problems affecting the welfare of our daughter Pia. I am sure that Pia will then look forward to each annual visit with me and my family in Italy. To deprive me of any reasonable contract with my daughter would be unjust in itself and against the existing interlocutory decree. On the other hand, to deprive Pia of the right to be with her mother under normal home environment would be gravely unjust and harmful to her in her formative years. **END**

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TO HER TORTURED MIND VIOLENCE BECAME "the normal thing"

Natchez, during the romantic and fabulous period between two wars, is the background for this exciting novel about a woman and her deep love for the land and one man. She was a Southern gentlewoman but Jane Lennerd's primitive passions drove her into dark places. Hers is the fascinating story of a woman's secret thoughts and desires.



The NATCHEZ WOMAN

by Alice Walworth Graham

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dr. lindstrom's side of the story

(*Continued from page 53*) and said that she would not meet with me or the child. I sent messages to her through a few trusted friends and relatives informing her that I would be willing to bring Pia to meet her, as aforesaid, but defendant was unheeding of these pleas that she should see the child personally. It is theretore not true that it was impossible for defendant to see Pia during the summer of 1949. Defendant could have seen Pia, but defendant chose not to do so.

6. Defendant states in her affidavit that my reason for refusing to permit Pia to come to Europe in 1950 was apparently prompted by my belief that if there were no decree by the California Court, she would never return the child to the United States.

ANSWER: I was indeed at that time apprehensive that without an express Court order by a Court of competent jurisdiction, I would be without the jurisdiction which I deemed essential to safeguard the child's custody. Defendant had already invoked such illegal procedures as obtaining a purported Mexican divorce from me by proxy, when she well knew that neither she nor I were residents of Mexico, and she had already illegally entered into a purported marriage ceremony by proxy with Roberto Rossellini, when she well knew that the Courts of California, which was the State of our domicile, would never have recognized her Mexican divorce, and that in no event could a legal divorce have been obtained in less than one year in this State. Under these circumstances, it is indeed true that I was fearful and apprehensive that if defendant could have had Pia in her possession outside the United States, she would have sought, in disregard of the child's best interests, to keep the child outside the United States, to obtain a color of right so to do under an order of some court not having jurisdiction over me, and do so even if such action on defendant's part would have deprived Pia of her rights of American citizenship. That defendant had entertained plans to seek sole custody of Pia is further shown by the fact that on or about March 15, 1950, she had filed an action against me in this Court, bearing No. 572,195, wherein she prayed, among other things, "that the care, custody and control of the minor child of the parties hereto, to wit, Pia Lindstrom, be awarded to the plaintiff (Ingrid Bergman Lindstrom). On or about April 19, 1950, the plaintiff in that action (defendant herein), through her attorneys, dismissed that action with *prejudice*.

7. Defendant states in her affidavit that during the negotiations which preceded the interlocutory decree she was informed that a visit with Pia could take place in the latter part of that summer.

ANSWER: The fact is that on September 18, 1950, my attorneys and defendant's attorneys entered into a written stipulation which I approved in writing, and which stipulation provided that I would, within twelve months from the date thereof, go abroad with Pia so that Pia could visit with defendant, but which stipulation further expressly provided that the exact place of the visit was to be arranged according to the mutual convenience of plaintiff and defendant. The fact further is that I made it clear at all times to my counsel, to the defendant's counsel, and to defendant, that I had no intention of agreeing that Pia should go to Italy.

This is shown by the testimony which I gave at the trial of this action before Honorable Thurmond Clarke, Judge Presiding in Department 7, on November 1, 1950, and the transcript of said testimony shows that I testified as follows:

"Q. (BY MR. PACHT) Would you like to take your daughter to see her mother?"

"A. (DR. LINDSTROM) Yes. As a matter of fact, I planned to go to Europe next year, and I would be glad to take the child along to see her mother, if it is possible. *I have no intention to bring her to Italy, nor have I ever promised I would do so.*"

8. Defendant implies in her affidavit that I promised to bring Pia over to Europe for Christmas 1950. I never made her any such promise. Moreover, the short Christmas school vacation of approximately ten days would ordinarily have made such a visit impractical.

9. Defendant states in her affidavit that with regard to the proposed 1951 visitation, I refused to bring Pia to Italy for the reason that I did not intend our daughter "to come under the influence" of Roberto Rossellini.

ANSWER: It is probably true that I made such a statement. This, however, was only one of the reasons why I objected to taking the child to Italy. Among other reasons therefor was the fact that it had been reported to me that some Italian court had approved defendant's Mexican proxy divorce from me and defendant's proxy marriage to Roberto Rossellini, and I had no confidence that such court might not claim or assert jurisdiction to award custody of Pia to defendant, even without my being subject to its jurisdiction.

10. Defendant implies in her affidavit that at the moment of boarding the ship that was taking Pia and me to Europe, I advised her for the first time that the meeting would be in Sweden. She states that this cable came as a great surprise to her.

ANSWER: In point of fact, on March 20, 1951, I notified defendant that I would probably go to Europe in the latter part of July and that my plans were to be in England the last week of July. Thereafter, however, I had two telephone conversations with defendant, in which I suggested that Sweden would be the best place for defendant to meet Pia.

This is confirmed by a letter which I sent to defendant under date of July 6, 1951, and which was mailed to her on that date or early next morning, by air mail, and which letter also shows that defendant not only knew before I left California with Pia what meeting place I was proposing, but the reasons therefor. The letter reads as follows, insofar as it relates to Pia:

"July 6, 1951

Dear Ingrid:

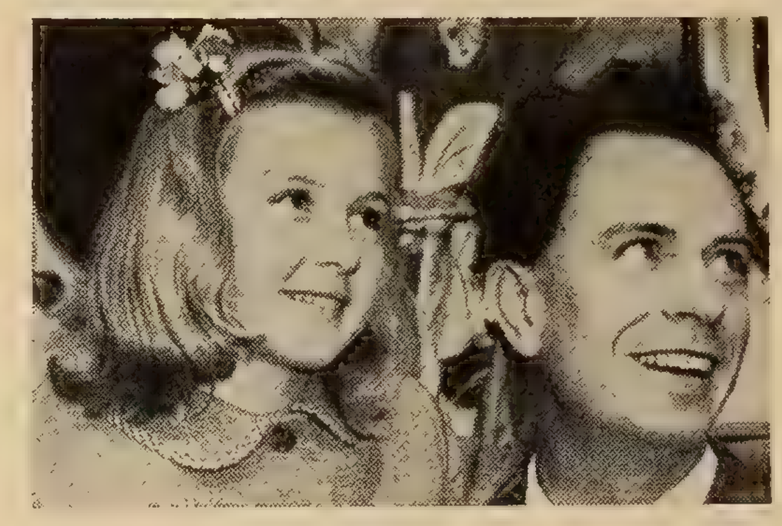
. . .

In your telephone call June the 28th, you mentioned to me that any arrangements I made for Pia's trip to Europe this summer would be all right with you, and that you would adjust your plans accordingly, or as you expressed it, 'I shall do exactly as you want it this time.' It is important that this trip shall not be an additional severe or unnecessary strain for the child and I would appreciate your cooperation in this matter. Your attitude had drastically changed from what you told me in your next to last telephone conversation with me a few weeks ago. At that time, you insisted you had a right to take the child with you any place in Europe you wanted, and that you could force me to let you do that and also that in case I did not go myself, you could force me to send the child alone.

. . .

March the 20th of this year I notified you that I would probably go to Europe in the latter part of July and that my plans were to be in England the last week of July. In our last two telephone conversations, I suggested that Sweden would be the best place for you to meet Pia and in our last telephone conversation I emphasized this again. Because of that last conversation and other developments and upon the advice of Judge Pacht and others, I have decided that the best place for Pia to meet you and where she would be the least exposed to complications and planned publicity, would be in Stode, Sweden. Judge Pacht has already informed your lawyers here, accordingly.

As you recall, it was last October that I promised to take Pia along to Europe sometime this summer, where you could see her in England or Scandinavia, the exact place to be later decided upon. I think that if I had had a chance to talk these matters over with you directly, we could have worked out a program that would have tended to minimize the many difficulties which exist. As things now stand I can only make the arrangements which from here appear the best for the child, and which are in accordance with



Dr. Lindstrom and Pia posed on the Queen Mary as they left to see Ingrid last year.

the decisions of the California Courts.

Pia is well and seemingly happy and healthy and I think she told you already that she passed her seventh grade in school.

With kind regards."

IN addition, the fact that defendant knew before Pia and I left California that we planned to meet her in Sweden is shown by the following cablegram which I caused to be transmitted to her from Beverly Hills, California, on July 8, 1951:

"CALIF JULY 8 1158P LT INGRID BERGMAN
HOTEL EXCELSIOR ROME (ITALY)
AS DISCUSSED JUNE 28TH SWEDEN BEST MEETING PLACE FOR CHILD WE PLAN BEING THERE FROM AUGUST FIRST LETTER FOLLOWS

P"

The cablegram which I sent to defendant shortly before boarding ship in the middle of July was merely a still further confirmation as to the intended meeting place and as to our expected time of arrival. I have no recollection of mentioning that the meeting would be in my father's home, although I did say that the meeting place would be Stode, Sweden. Defendant would have been free to visit with Pia anywhere in Sweden and it was neither my intention nor did I specify that she would have to either meet in or stay at my father's home.

I received no answer from defendant to my letter to her of July 6, 1951, nor my cablegram of July 8, 1951, nor the one sent just before boarding ship, until the day before our ship arrived in England, at which time I received the following radiogram:

"AS AGREED OVER TELEPHONE I WILL BE IN LONDON CARE SIDNEY BERNSTEIN THURSDAY 19—"

My letter of July 6, 1951 had been sent by registered mail to defendant at the address she had designated, and I subsequently received a return receipt postmarked from Rome, July 13, 1951.

Because of the radiogram from defendant and in order to avoid unnecessary publicity, I did not use my train tickets from Southampton to London, but arranged for Pia and myself to go to London by automobile

11. Defendant states in her affidavit that she learned of our arrival in London at noon on *Thursday, the 21st of July.*

ANSWER: In July, 1951, there was no Thursday, the 21st. The fact is that we arrived in London on Friday, July 20, 1951, and that on that very day, as soon as Pia and I had gotten settled in our hotel, I contacted Sidney Bernstein in accordance with the radiogram which I had received only the day before arriving in England. This I did notwithstanding that it was I, and not the defendant, who had been taken by surprise.

Within one hour after I called on Mr. Bernstein, I took Pia to the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Lean, at whose home Mr. Bernstein informed me that the defendant was. I had never met the Leans before and they were strangers to me.

14. In her affidavit defendant relates what she claims was the conversation which she had with me at the home of the Leans on the first day that Pia and I were there.

ANSWER: It is not true that in that conversation I dwelt on our previous personal relationship. The fact is that this was the first time I had seen defendant in over two years and that Pia had seen her in two and one-half years. The picture which defendant paints of this first meeting after so long a lapse of time is completely distorted. That neither the child nor I found ourselves responsive to the defendant's emotional excitement on that occasion is not difficult to understand. After the first hour which was devoted mainly to casual conversation, most of which was between the defendant and the child, defendant expressed a desire to talk to me alone, and we went out to the garden. With a vehement outburst, she said, "Now, you can go! I am going to take care of the child!" I then calmly asked, "What are your plans?," to which she replied, "I have the right to take the child wherever I want!" I maintained that she had no such right since the arrangements which I considered to have been made in good faith were that she should visit with the child in Sweden. Defendant then said, "I will under no circumstances go to Sweden!" I asked her, "Why can't you go to Sweden where we both lived and have friends and relatives. I am perfectly willing to let you have the child alone in Sweden for three or four weeks. I know the child will be comfortable there, and I will feel that the child is safe when you have her there." Defendant replied that Sweden had treated her badly and that she (the defendant) didn't like it there. I replied that if the child had come all the way from California when she had not even wanted to come, the least that defendant could do was to take the possible discomfort of traveling to Sweden, which is only a few hours by airplane from England. I reminded her, too, that one of the principal reasons why I had promised to take the child to Europe in 1951 was to visit my father, who was expected to celebrate his eightieth birthday that year.

Defendant then insisted that she had the right to take the child wherever she wanted, including Italy, and that she was going to take the child to Italy. To support her contention, she produced a letter from her attorneys in California, which she claimed substantiated her contentions. The letter was signed by one of defendant's counsel, and I remember especially one sentence which said that nothing would please the writer more than to take me before Judge Clarke and charge me with contempt of Court.

In view of what defendant had said as to her right to take the child to Italy, and of the past experiences which I had had and which have been hereinabove partially referred to, I told defendant that I did not feel that I could leave the child with her in England. Nevertheless, I told her that I would rearrange my plans so as to delay our departure from England and stay longer than the couple of days which were then planned.

It is not true that I told defendant that she could not see Pia on the day next following our arrival in London. I did tell defendant that I had engagements for the fore part of the day which I had previously arranged, and that I would bring the child over in the afternoon, which I in fact did. The Leans invited me to stay for dinner that first day, and I did. It is not true that Pia expressed a desire to stay for the night on the occasion of our first day at the Lean's; at least no such desire was expressed in my presence, and on the contrary the child was quite happy to leave when we departed at 10:30 P.M. Most of that evening defendant spent with the child alone upstairs. When I left with Pia that evening it was definitely understood that I would not be able to bring her back until the afternoon of the following day.

15. Defendant gives her version of the second meeting at the Leans.

ANSWER: At first the Leans said they could not understand my concern about leaving Pia, and although I had not formerly been acquainted with them, I felt that the circumstances required that I should explain my concern, which I did. Mr. and Mrs. Lean thereupon stated that they could appreciate my apprehension. Therefore, the second day, when Pia was to stay overnight, they insisted that I should stay in the living room on the sofa; and they proceeded to make a bed there for me. I told them that I preferred not to trouble them by staying there overnight.

Mr. Lean then insisted that I should take the key to the house, which I did. It is absolutely untrue that after defendant or any of the others had gone to bed, or that any time during the night, I re-entered the house and sat all night or any part of the night in the hall. The fact is that I went back to my room at the Washington Hotel in London and slept there overnight, but arose in time to arrive back at the Lean house at about 8:00 A.M., the reason for this being that Mr. Lean had said that he would be up early since he planned to go to work on Sunday at 8:00 A.M., and I wanted to thank him and say goodbye. In addition, I had made arrangements with the defendant

that she and the child and I would leave on Sunday morning at 9:00 A.M. for the country home of our mutual friend Sidney Bernstein, where defendant and the child could be undisturbed together.

When I arrived at the Lean home at about 8:00 A.M. Sunday morning, Mr. Lean's plans had apparently changed because he did not leave until later. I had had breakfast at the hotel and therefore declined the Leans' invitation to breakfast. I had no discussion that morning with defendant or anyone as to any belief that defendant was planning to steal Pia. On the contrary, the atmosphere was friendly that morning, and the three of us, (defendant, Pia and I) left for Mr. Bernstein's country home in Kent at about 11:00 A.M., when defendant and Pia were ready, in good spirits.

16. Defendant in her affidavit describes her version of the manner in which we spent the time at Mr. Bernstein's country home. It is significant that in the first paragraph which she devotes to this, even defendant admits that I stayed most of the time in my room. It is significant, too, that the effort which I made to allow defendant as much time to herself with the child as possible is exemplified by my offer to eat some other place.

I had in fact come to the Bernstein farm armed only with a brief case full of medical journals, which I proceeded to study in my room. When I found defendant and Pia settled for the weekend, I even offered to leave for a couple of days while Mr. Bernstein was there, although this would have been against the advice of my counsel. Defendant told me this would be unnecessary. Over the weekend I barely saw defendant or Pia except at meal time. The atmosphere on Sunday and Monday seemed to be without animosity. Mr. Bernstein returned to London on Monday, and on Tuesday I informed defendant that I could hardly longer delay my departure for Sweden, and I again suggested that she should come to Sweden where she could spend several weeks alone and uninterrupted with Pia at any place of her own choosing. Not only did I have commitments to be in Sweden, but I felt that should any trouble arise between defendant and myself, the interests of the child would be better protected there. Particularly would I feel more confident in permitting defendant a free hand with the child if she would go to Sweden because so many of our respective relatives were there and because Sweden was the country of our origin. Commencing on the morning of July 24, 1951, it was the defendant who insisted on bringing up our past in front of the child and in berating me. I pleaded with her repeatedly not to discuss such matters while the child was there, but the defendant insisted that this was what the child should hear. She kept repeating in front of the child that defendant had a right to take the child wherever she wanted. She tried to justify and gloss over her own conduct by attempting to find fault with the kind of life we had led together. She unfairly reprimanded me in front of the child, saying, "Why did you save money? And why did you buy all that insurance? We could have spent the money and had fun with it!" I found it necessary to answer that we had lived well, and that she had never denied herself or been denied anything she wanted. She retorted, "We (meaning Rossellini and herself) live much better on debts. We have more cars and servants than you and I ever had, but we have nothing but debts." I naturally resented very much defendant's attempt to dignify such an irresponsible approach to home life.

IN front of the child defendant said, "If you don't change the custody agreement so that I can take Pia wherever I want, and sign a paper to that effect, I'm going to sue you in October." Suddenly, still in front of the child, defendant accused me of having stolen $50,000 from her. Defendant said, "You stole $50,000 from me in 1949! And it's only because I and my lawyers are so generous that we haven't put you in jail!" To this baseless charge I made no reply whatsoever in front of the child. She said her lawyer had told her that I had never been able to account for that $50,000, referring to an item in that amount which was paid out in January of 1949. In point of fact the item so paid out represented taxes to the United States Government paid for income received in 1948.

It is not true that I said to defendant that she "had better say goodbye to the child tonight." Defendant knew from the time we arrived at the Bernstein place on Sunday that we were only planning to stay there for the weekend. On Tuesday morning, July 24, 1951, having already postponed our departure, I told her that we would have to leave the next morning for London. It is not true that I told defendant that I intended to stay a couple of more days in London, but that I would not let her see the child during that period. The three of us (defendant, Pia and I) drove back to London in a taxi Wednesday morning, July 25, and it was only that day that I arranged for new reservations enabling me to prolong my stay in London until Friday, July 27; and defendant knew that we had had reservations to leave Thursday morning, July 26, for Sweden.

17. Defendant in her affidavit gives her version of the *Alice In Wonderland* incident.

ANSWER: Before leaving Mr. Bernstein's country home defendant had insisted that she and the child were going to meet the press. I objected to her subjecting the child to such deliberate publicity.

A few hours after Pia and I arrived at our hotel in London on Wednesday, on the day that we returned from the country home, Mrs. Lean called and urged me to let defendant and Pia go to see *Alice In Wonderland.* Mrs. Lean explained that she realized how concerned I was and that she could put my mind at ease because she and her daughter were also going. I then asked whether Pia's playmate who had just arrived by plane from the United States, could accompany them, and this was arranged. Mrs. Lean assured me that there could be no publicity and she

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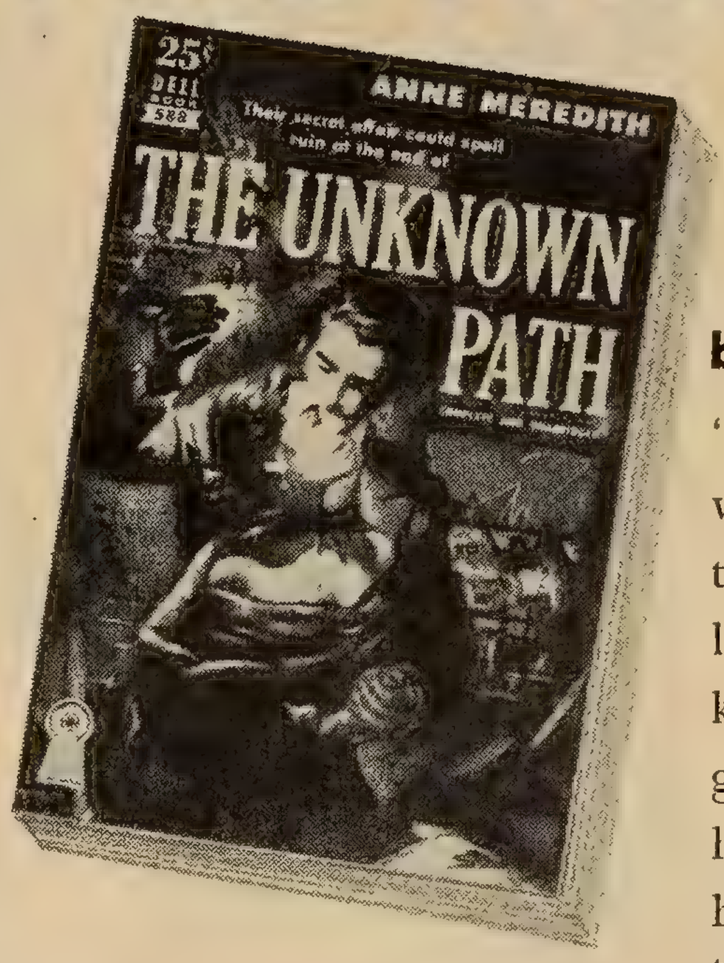
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THE UNKNOWN PATH



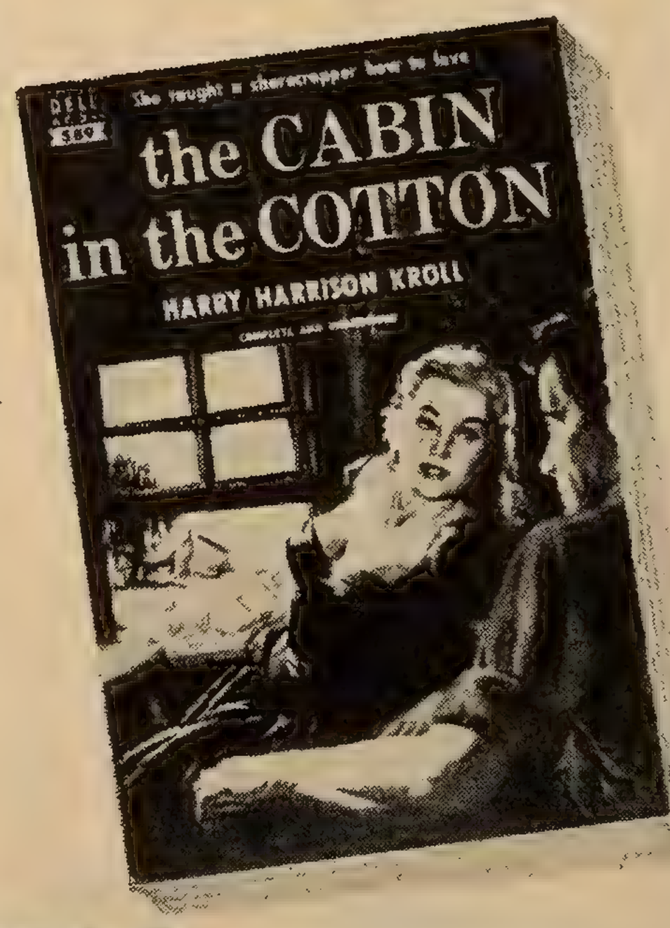
by Anne Meredith

"Then it was too late; she was in his arms and with the first touch, passion rose like a tidal wave and he knew he could not let her go. In that first moment he knew such delight as had not come his way in twenty years."

That was how it all began. For five years Oliver Youngman and Lily Brown defied convention to share love's happiness—and its pain. How could they have known that cruel fate would intervene when the flame of passion had blinded them to all else.

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by Harry Harrison Kroll



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further assured me of Pia's safe return.

That I should have had misgivings about permitting Pia to go to a movie in the first place is understandable. Defendant had assured me that it was ridiculous for me to suppose that Mr. Rossellini might be on his way to England. I had not hesitated to tell her that I did not care to have my young daughter meet him again. It is significant that Mr. Rossellini did arrive in England almost immediately after we left.

It is not true that I granted interviews in Hollywood, New York, London or on shipboard. Such pictures as were taken were the minimum that could be permitted, and were only such as I was unable to avoid while traveling six thousand miles with the child for the purpose of meeting defendant.

18. As to the affidavits of Mr. and Mrs. Lean, I am frank to state that I am puzzled by them. During my brief acquaintance with them on the occasion of Pia's visit to their home, I had thought that our relationship was characterized by friendliness and mutual respect. We parted with friendly words, I presented them with some minor gifts in appreciation of their hospitality and when I returned to the United States I wrote Mr. Lean as follows:

"September 21, 1951

Mr. David Lean
Ilchester Place 1 (W 14)
London, England

Dear David and Anne:

Just a little note to again thank you for your hospitality while I and my little daughter were in London, and for your kindness.

We are now back to work, both at school and in hospitals.

With kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,
PAL/RW P. A. Lindstrom, M.D."

Shortly thereafter, I received a reply from Mrs. Lean, who is also known as Ann Todd, and the reply from her reads as follows:

"ANN TODD
1 Ilchester Place
W 14 London

October 8th

Dear Peter

It *was* nice hearing from you—& thank you so much for writing. Give my love to your darling daughter. Your nylons are wonderful even though I spurned them. I may be coming to New York for two weeks after Christmas for a television play & two radios. It will be lovely seeing America again. Cookie, David & I send our best wishes.

Ann"

19. Defendant in her affidavit refers to her visit at the hotel on the morning of the day that Pia and I departed from London.

ANSWER: As a gesture of common courtesy, I accompanied defendant down to a taxi. There was no discussion of any kind between us at that time, and we parted with a handshake.

20. In her affidavit defendant attempts to psychoanalyze the relationship between herself and Pia. Defendant says that my behavior has given to her meetings with Pia an atmosphere of "exceptionality." I can only reply that if there is such an atmosphere, it has been caused by the conduct of persons other than myself or Pia, and by incidents beyond our control. If the concept of "meeting mother" has for Pia lost its ordinary connotation, it might be time for defendent to reconsider where the fault lies.

21. I can offer further proof that the precautions which I took during the trip which Pia and I made last summer were not only justified but were *approved by this Court.*

For on April 13, 1951, a hearing took place before Honorable Newcomb Condee upon my petition as guardian of Pia that an allowance be made from the guardianship estate in connection with the trip to Europe to be taken by Pia that summer.

Immediately after the hearing, I was informed by Rudolph Pacht, that Judge Condee inquired:

"Is there any chance of the California courts losing jurisdiction over the child?"

Mr. Pacht informed me that he replied:

"There will be special precautions taken to prevent it."

Given such instructions by this very Court, and expressly warned as I was by my counsel that I should not permit defendant to have the child alone under circumstances that would enable her to apply to a foreign jurisdiction which would not be bound by any orders of the California Court, I believe this Court is now able to judge whether I did not in fact accord defendant even more latitude than that to which she was entitled.

CONCLUSION

I have given calm and fair consideration to defendant's motion.

I believe it completely unreasonable that I, a citizen of the United States, should be forced to send my daughter, also a citizen of the United States, overseas to a foreign country where she will be outside the jurisdiction of any court of the United States and in the home of defendant and others, who are not citizens of the United States.

In addition, Pia herself has repeatedly expressed her preference not to go to Italy. That I, who because of professional commitments am unable to go to Europe this summer, should be required to entrust to a third person the safety of my child for a trip to Europe in time of political unrest seems inconceivable.

Apart from the obstacles that distance and the lack of protective jurisdiction impose, it is unlikely that it would be to the best interests of Pia to be exposed to the personal environment which defendant has chosen.

I therefore respectfully request that the motion of defendant be denied.

PETER A. LINDSTROM

no time for modesty

(*Continued from page 37*) Margie again and have her sing with him on his show, "The Railroad Hour."

The onlookers' astonishment was compounded when, right after the pair went to work, they heard MacRae boldly suggest, "Look, Margaret—you're singing too high above my baritone. Why don't you drop down a third? You won't have to reach for the high ones then and you can't go flat." To which Miss Truman immediately replied, "That's a good idea. Let's try it."

The harmonious results of Gordon's impetuous suggestion soon showed on the air. So much so, in fact, that afterwards, driving home with his wife, Sheila, Gordon pulled up at a Western Union office and impulsively scribbled a telegram saying how great Margie was on his show and how much all the gang loved having her. He sent it off to the White House, Washington, D.C. And he got back an appreciative, personal letter bearing an internationally famous signature.

By doing what comes naturally, whether it's giving the President's daughter a hearty smack in public or bursting into full throated song while ambling down the street, Gordon MacRae has earned a certain reputation in Hollywood for being cocky, super self confident, even bumptious and brash. He'd be the last guy in the world to deny any of these estimates, by the way, also the last to dream of changing himself. "I'm strictly a square," he'll admit cheerfully, "I act first and think afterwards," which trait, he'll further confess, has brought him transient trouble at times, but usually kept him out of it. In fact, being nobody but Albert Gordon MacRae, morning, night and noon, is exactly what has brought him his triple threat fame, a lovelaced marriage, a happy home and a busy world which, to him, is one large, succulent oyster.

Right now "Nature Boy," as Phil Harris calls him, is sitting on top of that world—a favorite singer on radio and records and the hottest male attraction at Warner Brothers. Right now "Muscles" MacRae, as Bing Crosby addresses him, is having the time of his life doing everything he's dreamed about doing since he was four years old, and at 31 he figures he's just getting going. The other day, after belting out a song in a manner which particularly pleased him, Gordie sighed appreciatively at his own efforts and spake thus: "I am probably the best darned young baritone in captivity— or could be" he qualified, "with a lot more work. Someday I'm gonna sing at La Scala!"

And again, on a recent afternoon when he had swatted out a tidy 68 on the Palm Springs golf course to trim the ears off the local pro, he said something else concerning another ambition next to his confident heart. "If I can just spring myself with *The Desert Song* in the can and tape some radio recordings ahead, I'll go to England this summer for the British Amateur and the Open. Looks like I'm ready at last, and who knows? Maybe I'll win 'em." Thus fired up, he ripped off another round for a disastrous 79—but that fiasco dampened his sporting ardor only fleetingly.

THE truth is that Gordon MacRae is the original, incurable optimist, an affirmative full-of-beans character who's never nursed an inhibition in his life. People who call him a "canny Scot" on the strength of his bagpipe handle are only talking to the birds. Actually, Gordon MacRae's ancestry is as much German as it is Scotch, but more actually he's the prototype of the all-American go-getter—reckless, aggressive, confident, and ready to shoot the moon, if there's an outside chance of hitting it, which he invariably believes there is. He's never played a card close to his vest in his life (and at poker he's deadly). He's never pussyfooted, hesitated, cavilled or gazed at the world over a dour frown. He's never hoarded anything—money, love, friendship or talent. He's not rich today; in fact, he's in debt, although he collects around $250,000 a year and keeps nine cents on the dollar of it after taxes. He's still paying for the Cadillac he bought in 1947, and not too long ago with hardly more than that tax money in the bank he looked at a $70,000 house his Sheila liked and bought it that afternoon. "Because," he explained with MacRae logic, "it was just right for us and besides the fellow who'd lived there had raised the same family we have—two girls and a boy—wasn't that wonderful?"

That may not be the most cautiously conventional way to acquire real estate but Gordon MacRae couldn't be cautious or conventional about anything if he tried. Whether it's sporting a green Tartan dinner jacket at a formal Hollywood affair, as he did once, or donning a silk top hat, which nobody's worn since the days of Valentino, for a Boulevard premiere, he acts as he pleases and obeys every impulse. Rules just don't dig him. Once, back East, Gordon got mobbed at a theater by a bunch of predatory teen age dolls. One swiped his handketchief and raced up the street. MacRae raced after her for three blocks, caught her and snatched it back. "Hey, that's mine," he said, "I want it."

Last Christmas, Gordon planned a big surprise for Sheila—the mink coat she's wanted for so long. With half the 14 rooms in his house still unfurnished, he certainly couldn't afford it but that was a small item to Mac. So he bought a beauty and took almost FBI pains to keep it undercover for the big morning. On Christmas Eve the furrier delivered it to him stealthily at Lakeside Golf Club and Gordon sneaked it in the back door at home, buried it under blankets high in a back closet. Then that evening, setting out for a cocktail party, Sheila happened to mention that it was a cold night and the cloth number she had might be chilly. So Santa MacRae raced back for the box, ripped it open and threw the premature surprise over her shoulders, after all the weeks of secrecy. "Here," he said, "maybe this will keep you warm." That's the kind of a Joe he is—just has to do what he feels like doing, right now and all the time.

What Gordon MacRae feels like doing most of the time is singing. He vocalizes every day of his life, no matter where he is—in the shower, hustling around the Warner lot, dining at a cafe, or slamming a pill on the Lakeside golf links. Members at the Lakeside clubhouse always know when MacRae's playing golf—they can hear him. As Bing Crosby has quipped, "When Muscles joined the club, seven crooners quit in disgust."

Mac himself tells a story about the time when he snagged a tiny singing role in his first Broadway musical. Between acts the weary principals flopped on couches, closed their eyes, their tonsils and rested. But Gordon kept on practicing his notes back of the wings. Finally one of them asked him sarcastically, "Gordon, do you know a song called, 'You'd Better Go Now'?"

"No," he replied gullibly, the hint floating right over his head, "but I'll look it up and learn it."

Yes, the boy likes to sing. And what he likes to sing best are his operettas on "The Railroad Hour" where he's been keeping pace with such Metropolitan Opera talent as Dorothy Kirsten, Rise Stevens, Pat Munsell, Blanche Thebom et al for the past five years. He loves that job above everything.

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But he loves golf too, has ever since boyhood when he won the New York State Juvenile Handicap cup. So, about those irresistible impulses of his—

One Sunday morning when Gordon was fairly new to Hollywood and just clicking on "The Railroad Hour" he got a phone call. "Hi," said a husky voice. "This is Bing Crosby. How about a game of golf?"

As with most young singers, Bing was Gordon's idol, and the prospect of matching mashies with the Great Groaner made his pulse pound. But Gordon had a long Sunday rehearsal—one to four—he knew if he played golf he'd never make it back in time. He wrestled briefly with his conscience—and he lost. He called up the producer, "Got a cold, kind of hoarse," he said, "about that rehearsal today—"

"Stay in bed—take care of yourself by all means," counselled his anxious boss. "Don't take any chances with tomorrow's show." Relieved, Gordon grabbed his bag of clubs, and soon teed off with his idol, Bing, way out at Bel-Air.

Well, on the first hole he canned a neat birdie. On the second he collected a par. On the third his high, arching five-iron dimpled the green, scampered straight for the cup like a home-coming gopher and plunked out of sight for any golfer's dream shot—a hole-in-one!

Bing was delighted. He ordered the ball mounted on a silver trophy, spread the news around the clubhouse and of course the newspapers picked it right up. And the next day when Gordon showed up at NBC, a little sheepishly, what he got was, "I see by the papers that you were a *very* sick boy yesterday!" But in justice to Gordon it should be reported that the operetta he was singing he knew backwards and forwards already. Furthermore, it's the only time in his life that he every hookeyed away from work, or wanted to—and in his case you might reasonably call the lure of a golf match with Crosby an extenuating circumstance.

Usually, the question of work versus play is a conflict which simply doesn't exist with Gordon MacRae. The line between the two, in his consciousness is so fuzzy that he'd really have a rough time picking it out. It may sound corny, but actually Gordon was born to sing. He never wanted to do anything else, so to him work is play, and he eats it up. As to his self-confidence, he has a ready answer.

"Confidence," he'll tell you with no false modesty, "is nothing in the world but knowing your stuff, and that in turn comes from working hard and you don't work hard unless what you're doing is what you're crazy about. I've worked because I wanted to. I wanted to learn to sing the best I could. Now I know what I'm doing, so what I'm doing doesn't rough me up."

GORDON isn't a big man, but he's as sound as a rock. He's five-feet-eleven in his socks, and usually weighs in at 170. His father was a strong man before him. Gordon has never been seriously sick, today he collects about three colds a year and he doesn't know a Hollywood doctor's name or phone number. He swims every morning in his pool at home, slips in a golf game somehow, even when he's working (Lakeside's only a brassie shot from his studio). He's early to bed and early to rise, drinks lightly, eats ravenously and works it right off. At every studio break he's off to the mountains to rough it. That "Nature Boy" tag of Phil Harris' is really no gag, but Gordon MacRae all over; the outdoors has set his pattern for health ever since boyhood when he used to shatter the sleep of his neighbors whistling at dawn for his pals to hike for the wooded creeks and ponds around Syracuse, N.Y. with a can of worms, bent pins and a bobber. He played football, basketball, baseball and lacrosse in school and from all of that collected only a trick knee which bothers him sometimes when he dances. Otherwise, the results have been markedly constructive.

Although he's built like a light heavyweight he's never had a scrap in his life or even come close. There used to be a tough kid named Jack Sweeney in his home town who occasionally roughed him around but one day when Jack's baby sister tumbled out of a tree Gordon caught her and saved a crippling fall. After that Jack never bothered him, and maybe it taught him a lesson. Gordon didn't need one. The father he adored early taught him the precept of "turn the other cheek," although usually he doesn't have to. People don't pick on a guy like MacRae, and he doesn't flare to anger easily himself. He's spanked his children only once, and that was when he caught Meredith, his oldest daughter, turning on the gas jets and figured he'd have to impress her for safety's sake, or they'd all get asphyxiated. But that experience was twice as painful to him and he's never done it since.

This doesn't mean that Gordon MacRae is in any sense a softie inside. On the contrary he's never been wanting in any kind of courage. Last fall, after finishing *About Face* Gordon took off on a fishing trip to Lake Mead back of Boulder Dam where the bass are big, hungry and belligerent. He lured along some companions from the studio who weren't as experienced in outdoor sports as he is, so when the boat they hired conked its motor out right above Roaring Rapids, and the anchor slipped, there was bad trouble.

It drifted, of course, right into the narrow neck where the water was running 25 miles an hour and cold enough to crack a thermometer. The rocks ahead were wicked, there was only one thing to do. Gordon yelled, "Jump for it!" and jumped with the others after him. But they weren't all young and husky as he was. One man, in his fifties, couldn't make it to shore against the fast current, another got swept into a 30 foot hole. Mac saw what was happening and didn't hesitate. He jumped back into the stream, grabbed the men and helped them back inside the boat. Then he climbed in himself and off they all shot, careening through the foaming race that roared destruction around every boulder.

After the wild ride was over and they were all panting on the pebbly shore in the sun, the middle-aged pal reached over and took Gordon's hand. "Thanks, Mac," he said.

"What for?" came back MacRae. "I was saving my own skin too, wasn't I? Besides," he grinned weakly, "I wouldn't have missed that ride for a million bucks." But just the same he was plenty scared and he admitted it, and there have been other times, too.

Once, down at Ellington Field in Houston, Texas, where he was earning his navigator's wings during the war, Gordon went up in a Lockheed trainer whose pilot suddenly swerved into a speed bank that sent him rattling back in the ship like a loose bolt and grabbing for the escape door. Luckily, before he could open it, the plane, which being green he was sure was headed for a crash, straightened out and flew right. Luckily that is because, as he discovered when they landed, his chute was on cockeyed and if he had jumped he'd have planted himself like a potato from 3000 feet up.

At times like that a man has a right to sweat a little, and Gordon MacRae is only human. But as for moxie of the moral sort, there's nothing on his record to show that he's ever funked any kind of decision or responsibility—and he's had some very adult ones since he was twenty years old.

On last May 21, Gordon and Sheila Mac-

Rae celebrated their eleventh wedding anniversary. He had turned 20 just two months before he took the vows, was only two years out of prep school, and his prospects consisted of a precarious $50-a-week job with Horace Heidt's band, from which he was later fired. Reviewing their romance recently, a Hollywood reporter asked Mac, "Weren't you scared taking on a wife so young without any money to support her?" Which question only struck Gordon as silly. "Scared?" he puzzled, "What do you mean? I was in love!"

GORDON first laid eyes on Sheila Stephens, the blonde, British born beauty 11 years ago when she interviewed him for a spear-toting job at the Millpond Playhouse on Long Island. Their meeting and subsequent romance has been well and often described—but one angle to it hasn't. Gordon didn't enroll at that straw-hat theatre to meet Sheila Stephens, and he doesn't go there primarily to act. The reason Gordie sought a job near Roslyn, Long Island, in the first place, was because he had tumbled for a schoolgirl in Switzerland the summer before when he sang his way to Europe and back on a boat. It was because this girl lived in a nearby town that MacRae headed that way. Only, to show you how fast Mac knows what he wants, goes after it—and gets it—the minute he saw Sheila he switched compass points without wasting a date or a look the other way. And throughout the cold winter which followed he plodded four miles on foot through the snow to court Sheila.

She gave him a hard time at first on that project so it took a while but with Bulldog MacRae, Sheila didn't have a chance to say "no" and she knew it. He popped the question one night before a credit jeweler's window in Radio City where he was making exactly five bucks a day as a page boy, and at her first shy nod whisked her in and bought the ring, a microscopic stone so tiny it still falls out of the setting.

Herman Hover saw something terrible on the Strip. Actor driving an MG stuck out his hand for a left turn and tipped over. He forgot to remove his ring!

Mike Connolly

It hasn't been all a Merrie Melody, of course, or strictly candy and cake. Marriage never is. Gordon and Sheila have had their ups and downs, ranging from the time Cadet MacRae had to borrow 50 dollars from the Red Cross to pay his bride's hotel bill in San Antonio, through the luckier stretch when he landed on the Texaco Star Theatre and a Broadway show, *Three to Make Ready* at the same time. That's when he collected $400 a week and spent every dime on a fancy apartment in the swank East Sixties, a nursemaid for Baby Meredith and high old times around Manhattan. Now there's Hollywood. Along the way there have been troubles to meet and facts to face, the kind that make a boy and girl not just two people living together but a team.

They've had their feet on the ground, domestically speaking, since one day years ago in Chicago which proved to be the turning point of their marriage. That day Sheila, who was an ambitious actress herself and is still a good one, tried out for a part in a road company, got it, at three times the salary Gordon was making, then tearfully turned it down because it would keep them apart. She was only 18 then but she's never regretted it for a minute because stacked up against fame look what she's got—Gordon, Meredith, Heather and Gar, and a MacRae family share-the-success plan for them all, including the kids, which cuts everybody in on everything their old man does. Even the moppets are welcome wherever he works, and Sheila goes everywhere he goes—even up into the Sierra on camping excursions, where the last time her sightseeing nag peered over a thousand foot cliff and almost dumped her, her husband dropped their dinner in a trout stream and man eating bears—she swears—growled around their tent all night. More her style are the frequent trips to New York, where, if Gordon's singing, she sits rapt through every performance and then lets him take her out to the Blue Spruce Inn where they used to meet, or their favorite bistro, the Epicure, and occasionally clear up to Jones Beach where, as Mac sometimes grins crudely right in front of his wife, "we used to go and neck." And even today, when Sheila strolls out by the pool in her bathing suit (she's designed like Venus) he'll wolf-whistle and then act surprised, "Why, it's only my wife!" Which he knew, of course, all the time. But he means the whistle. "Someday," she's warned him, "you're going to whistle at the wrong girl and get your face slapped." But he doesn't think he'll make that mistake.

WHILE she's pretty soft on her man and proud of him too, Sheila MacRae would be the last girl in the world to claim that she owns the model husband. For one thing, he's inclined to get tied up too often and stay too late with the boys at Lakeside and show up when dinner's cold. For some others, he wrecks everything he sets out to fix around the house, hates to go dancing, is by his own admission the third worst dressed man in Hollywood (Monty Clift and Marlon Brando come first), drives his car too fast, and sometimes falls asleep at dinner parties (he even snored at Dean Martin's the other night). And about business and money matters he's a self confessed "pathetic babe in the woods."

His manager, Jerry Rosenthal, now has Mac on a tight allowance of $17.50 a week, nothing to paint the town red these days, but obviously a sound fiscal maneuver. There are occasional dollar limit poker games which go on sometimes when Gene Nelson, Jeff Chandler, Dean Martin, Pete Lind Hayes or some other of his closer pals shut the girls out for some hands of dealers' choice—or of course a slight "nassau" stake on the links with Bing, Bob Hope, Forrest Tucker or the pros, Ed Dudley and Harry Cooper, with whom he likes to match sticks.

Gordon had only one friend in Hollywood when he arrived—Bill Orr—the Warner talent executive who found him in New York and brought him out. By now he has hundreds, including Bill, of course. With MacRae his friends know where they stand. One lady, for instance, asked him and Sheila over socially one night, then made it pretty plain she had him there strictly to sing and entertain her guests for free. Gordon sang, all right. He didn't send her a bill as Will Rogers once did in a similar circumstance, but he never went back to her house. On the other hand, if he likes anybody he'll give him the shirt off his back.

No one who knows him has ever underestimated the size of Gordon MacRae's heart, and if sometimes he uses it to think with instead of his head, perhaps he can be excused. It's not a bad failing. The habit may not win him stacks of gilt edged stocks and bonds or acres of oil wells, which seem to count most with some Hollywood stars, but he's not the type to worry much about that. Maybe he's crazy to long for the Met and La Scala, the British Open, a fishing lodge at Tahoe which right now seem straight out of dreamland. And maybe he's not. They don't ever come true unless you dream them first.



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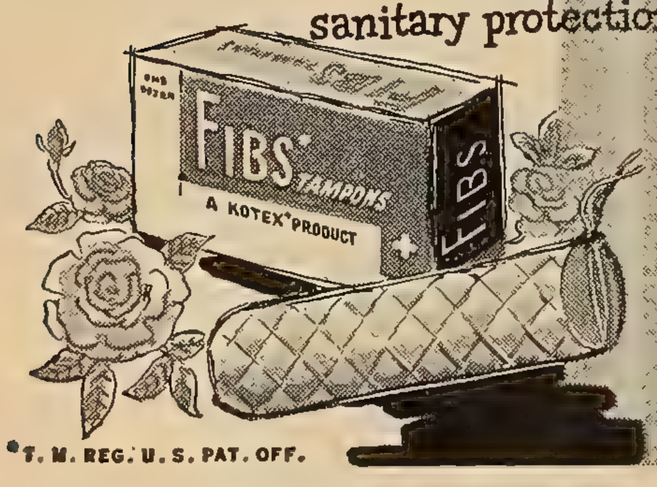
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the joan crawford myth

(*Continued from page 49*) disguised and he agreed to slip her in at the side entrance. But when Joan arrived she was wearing a big fur coat, the Crawford glamor bob, a big hat and even gardenias—her trademark flower in those days. Her silhouette was unmistakable even in the dark and two minutes later she was mobbed. Police had to be called to get her away from the theater in one piece.

Joan had really wanted to see her movie with that audience. But it was psychologically impossible for her to step from her car into a restaurant, a shop, or a theater filled with wild fans unless she was Joan Crawford. And to *be* Joan Crawford she had to *look* like Joan Crawford.

She wants everything. She says she wants a good marriage most of all and she claims that the failure of her three marriages was her own fault. "I gave both the men and the marriage too much," she says. "I wanted the perfect marriage but I knew that in Hollywood this is difficult to achieve. So I was going to show them *I* could do it . . . Well, I showed them."

But, if you will examine the record, you will see that she worked not harder but more purposefully on her career. When this career fell into the doldrums and her agent told her he couldn't find a job for her, Joan fired him and got herself a part in *Mildred Pierce.* It won her the Academy Award.

Joan was ill the night those awards were given out. Dramatically, her picture with the Oscar was taken at her bedside. She was criticized for not appearing at the Academy, sick or well, the way other stars who are nominated do. But psychologically it was impossible for Joan to go unless she was sure she would receive the award. Just as she always feels much more at ease in her own home than at other people's parties.

JOAN has handled her career as a movie star magnificently. Her career as a wife has not been so good. Actually she gave her husbands too much attention. When her husband was working on a film and she was not, she'd get up at the crack of dawn to prepare a lunch because she didn't want him to eat the studio food. Commissary food is sometimes bad but who wouldn't prefer kidding around with his fellow actors at noon to sitting alone in his dressing room? This desire to serve her husband stemmed from a good motive but Joan smothered him with kindness!

She needs love and romance. "I'm lonely," she says, but then she adds, "So what? Lots of people are lonely. I have a lot more than most lonely women."

She is a romantic. She says that her ambition is to "fulfill myself as a woman." But Joan has rigid ideals. She sometimes thinks she envies the girls who take their fun where they find it but Joan's spiritual qualities inevitably form her way of life. This being the case, it's hard for her to find a husband.

A charming, personable young man wooed her, recently, with delightful notes, cute telegrams and silly gifts. (Joan loves surprise packages. It doesn't matter whether the present comes from Cartier's or the ten cent store, she's like a kid when you give her something to open, something new to explore.)

This admirer couldn't have been more delightful and the notes and wires and silly presents were all in perfect taste. One of the notes told her that his ambition was to meet her and, he said, one day he would find a mutual friend who would introduce them. He found the mutual friend and he was, finally, properly introduced.

Then he promptly asked for a role in one of her films!

Cesar Romero—better known to his friends as Butch—is an old friend of Joan's. Butch is a wonderful dancer and when he and Joan get on the floor other couples form a ring around them to watch the poetry of motion they create. But Cesar is no romantic interest to Joan and that's why she was so amazed when, one day, the press started calling madly. There was a rumor that she and Butch had had a big fight on New Year's Eve.

"Me? Fight with my Butch? Why, that's why I've known Butch all these years. Because we don't fight," she said.

She told the columnist what had happened. They had gone to the New Year's Eve party. Joan had collected all the left-over horns and funny hats to take home to her children. She had danced a lot and at two o'clock she had begun to yawn. Joan is an early-to-bed. But Butch was having a ball and, she didn't want to spoil his fun so she decided the only sensible thing to do was to take a taxi and go home with the horns and funny hats for the kids.

At one time it seemed as if she were in love with Greg Bautzer. This was a wild and stormy romance. Neighbors reported that when the gates were locked against him Greg, his hands bleeding, scaled the garden wall. Joan would vow she'd never see him again, but then he would make some impetuous gesture or tell her how much he needed her advice—and she'd relent. But Joan does not thrive on off screen drama. Quite the opposite—she is always searching for peace.

Today Joan says, "I've been enormously lucky during my life time. Yet every now and again things pile up and up and up and the flood gates open and I cry my eyes out alone. Which is not conducive to good photography the next morning. When a woman's blue she's told to go out and buy a hat or change her hair-do. But I have three hats and never wear them and I've cut off practically all my hair. It doesn't do any good."

JOAN has put the full force of her energy into her four adopted children. But she has learned that even that can be a frustrating experience. A woman has a great desire for children. But they are babies for such a little time, and are quick to show their independence. You want to be their friend, give them the benefit of your own experience, and when they won't accept that you're baffled. Kids resent discipline when they are striving to be independent, so mother, to them, becomes not a friend but a dictator. "I've had to learn," Joan said, "that my children must go through this."

Joan never criticizes her children for publication. But because her name is newsworthy she was caught in a trap when Christopher, a high-spirited, handsome boy, ran away from home. Joan reported this to the police, and immediately, reporters and photographers flocked to her door to record the episode and whatever words—foolish or wise—the distressed mother said.

This publicity was bad for Christopher. It gave the episode an importance it did not merit. After the event he told a friend, "I guess I'll run away and get my name in the papers again."

Joan believes that if her children disobey the law they should have some privilege taken away from them just as an adult who disobeys the law has his freedom taken away from him. Joan believes that if a parent is playing a game with a child the child should not be allowed to win, intentionally. "You don't always win in life," she says. "Sometimes you win. Sometimes you lose. You learn that."

Not too long ago Christina, now 12, came to Joan and said, "I hear you used to be quite a Charleston dancer, Mother."

Joan repressed the smile. Was she a Charleston dancer? Why, when she wasn't doing the Charleston in her movies she was winning cups at the Cocoanut Grove night after night.

"I can Charleston," Christina said.

"I'm sure you can, darling," Joan said.

Christina gave her version of the Charleston and Joan applauded. Then Tina asked her mother to dance for her. Joan did the prettiest, easiest, most rhythmic Charleston the eyes of man have ever seen.

"Did you really do it that way?" Tina asked. Joan knew, of course, that this was the child's typical amazement at discovering that a parent can do anything well. Later Joan said, "If I hadn't lived off those cups I could have shown them to her."

This is the kind of honesty Joan Crawford has. And the kind of humor. But about herself as herself she has no humor. She says funny things that are funny but since she is her own conception of a movie star she must take herself seriously. Also she knows that movie stars must work.

Joan has two full time secretaries at her house and another away from the house. She is the only star who has personally dictated an answer to every fan letter received over the years. During the last World War she had a file of over 5,000 boys' names to whom she wrote regularly every week. This Christmas she sent out over 12,000 Christmas cards. When she is not on a picture she spends her time reading scripts and dictating. When she is working at the studio she has one of her secretaries come to take letters between scenes and for a couple of hours after the day's shooting is ended.

She works hard on the set, too. She has never been late in her life. She still puts on her own makeup. Nothing is too tedious for her to do if it will help the picture. Joan believes it is a good thing to be a movie star. And she has no patience with any girl in pictures who doesn't think so, too. As witness her attitude toward a new, untried girl who was given a good role in one of Joan's movies.

This girl looked down her nose at movies. She yearned to go "back to the theater," where she had never been. She thought Hollywood was just a good racket, a way to make big money. Also this girl was sloppy and Joan is immaculate both in her home and away from it. And besides, as Joan said, "she was rude to hairdressers, cameramen, makeup men, wardrobe women." This is something Joan can't tclerate. Joan always loves her crew and they reciprocate.

When the last day of shooting arrived everybody kissed Joan and she kissed everybody, and everybody was sad because they had finished a pleasant engagement. At last the girl came up to Joan. "Have you any advice to give me, Miss Crawford?" She asked. Joan, who is noted for giving good advice to earnest newcomers, gave her a long, level look, "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have some advice for *you*. Enjoy yourself while you can for I don't think you'll be with us very long."

"I've seen them come and go," Joan said later. "And this un-cooperative, rude, sloppy type goes faster than it comes."

JOAN, the movie star, is perfect. But faced with the reality of marriage, parenthood and day to day living she *must* know frustrations since she has to leap from the real to the make believe that has now become real. So she has thrown herself wholeheartedly into her new film *Sudden Fear*.

Sudden Fear is an independent film and she will participate financially in it. Contrary to what the public thinks Joan Crawford is anything but rich. In fact, at the moment, she is badly off financially. She has earned a fortune and lost it in real estate because she took an expert's advice.

To sum up this remarkable woman's character you must remember that for years magazines have printed stories called "The New Joan Crawford." Is she a new person every year? Hear what she has to say on the subject. "There has never been a new Joan Crawford. All the Joan Crawfords are me. I just grew faster and my growing pains were more acute, somehow. Why, all of a sudden I'd meet someone I didn't know and I'd say, 'Why, that's *me.*' It wasn't a new me, it was me finding new things in me and finding how to use them. These new things were always a part of me but I just didn't know it. I'd think I had finished growing and then there would be those growing pains suddenly. And I'd be surprised because I didn't expect them. I'm still surprised about that."

All these years Joan has been trying to blend the woman she could have become with the woman she made herself become. It's a neat trick. That she has not quite accomplished this blend of personalities accounts for Joan Crawford as she is today.

END

for the love of mike

(*Continued from page 51*) many years working in nightclubs to prefer them to open sky and fresh air. Cocktail parties are awkward for us because we don't drink, and that often makes other people feel uncomfortable.

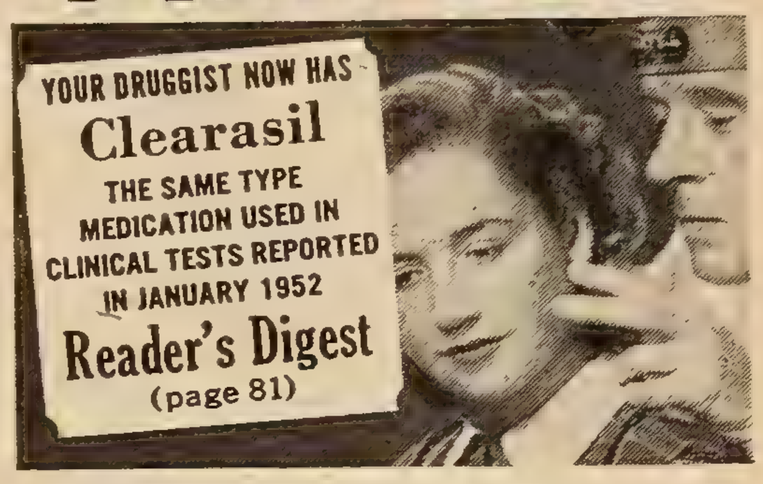
Even before we were married, Mike and I did a relatively small amount of hand-holding in restaurants. Our first dates were spent in the out-of-doors. Almost every week-end, we would pack a picnic basket and drive to Mount Wilson or the Mojave Desert. We went to the zoo, to the baseball games, and, occasionally, to the ballet in Hollywood Bowl.

There couldn't possibly have been a more romantic setting for courtship than the moonlight rides we used to take through the rolling hills behind Monte Montana's ranch, where Mike stabled his horses.

Mike is fond of telling people that the reason he fell in love with me was my mother's home cooking. There must be some truth in that; he had dinner at our place every night for months before our marriage. But the first inkling I had of my true feelings for Mike occurred when I became aware of his genuine fondness for animals. He cared for his horses with a gentleness and completely personal affection that set him apart from other men. From childhood, I have known that I could never love a man who was cruel or insensitive to animals.

I will always remember the day, only a few months after we started going together, when Dinky, my Boston bull pup, ate some poison on the lot. His death was a great loss to me, and I felt suddenly all alone until Mike talked to me. He was so sincere and sweet that I knew he understood completely how I felt. I was so broken up that I couldn't have managed the details of burying Dinky myself. But Mike took over the arrangements at the pet cemetery just as if Dinky were his.

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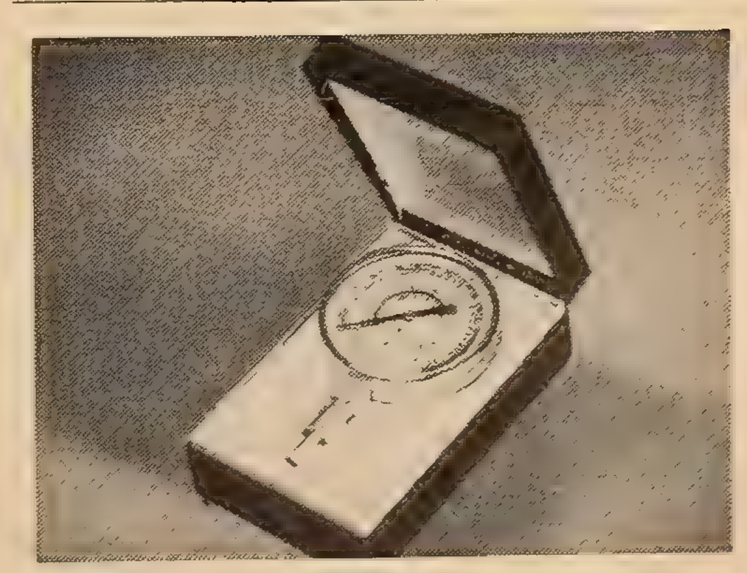
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I don't know of another man who would put up with the swarm of dogs I have around. There is Dukie and Rooney, and Annie, an over-friendly Airedale and Doberman pup who hasn't yet learned that she's too big to sit in people's laps. Mike likes them as well as I do, and I am sure he wouldn't mind a bit if I rescued another dozen dogs from the pound and brought them home.

It's difficult for me to explain to people, who don't realize how painfully shy I used to be, the many ways Mike has helped bolster my courage. I used to become absolutely petrified at the thought of watching myself on the screen. But after many months of going to movies and analyzing performances with me, Mike has at last begun to convince me of my own ability as an actress. The self-confidence I have gained has helped my work immensely.

Confronted with a problem, Mike is always buoyant and optimistic, and his sense of humor will always see him through any situation. I need that balance in my life, for my first inclination is to hide until the trouble blows away. Two years ago, when I went to England to play Lady Barbara in *Captain Horatio Hornblower,* I was simply terrified when the British press began printing critical stories about an American girl playing the role of a British aristocrat. When we were still a few days out of port, they began calling the ship to get a statement from me about it. I wouldn't have known exactly what to say. But Mike quite wisely told them to wait until we docked, and, in the subsequent interview, when he was asked what he thought about my playing Lady Barbara, he settled the matter once and for all.

"What's so great about Lady Barbara?" he asked the assembled newspapermen. "In the history books, she looks horse-faced and a little masculine. Now, we certainly didn't complain when Vivien Leigh came over to the U. S. to portray a beautiful southern belle. Why should the British press get in such an uproar about Virginia playing the role of an ugly female like Lady Barbara?"

After a hearty laugh, the reporters had to admit the logic of Mike's argument, and the dispute was quickly dropped from the papers. I seriously doubt that I would have made any sense at all if I'd talked to them alone.

There have been many other occasions when I needed Mike's calm disposition to guide me. I suppose some people, in similar circumstances, would have been upset by the hectic complications which surrounded our marriage. But because of Mike, they didn't bother me. I was working in *A Song Is Born* at the time, and we had difficulty finding, on such short notice, a minister who would marry us in the Presbyterian church. But after talking it over, Mike and I decided to be married at the Little Church of the Flowers in Forest Lawn. That evening, Mike picked up my mother and me and drove us out to the chapel. My maid of honor, Audrey Schuermann, an old school chum from St. Louis who is now a commercial artist in Los Angeles, was there. But Mike's best man, Eddie Foy, who was coming by train from the east, hadn't arrived. We waited and waited until it became clear that his train might be delayed for hours. Then we went ahead with the ceremony with Dr. Fox acting as Mike's best man.

After we were married, we all drove out to Mike's house in the San Fernando Valley for a brief reception where, finally, Eddie Foy showed up an hour later.

That evening, several people asked me what I intended to do about the decor in Mike's house. The place was obviously a man's lair, with Indian rugs, guns, and cowboy trappings everywhere, and I suppose his friends expected me to pull them down and move them out into the stable. But I told them that I thought the place had a lot of charm, just as it was, and that it would be lost the minute I started applying the feminine touch. In fact, until we rebuilt the whole house in 1950, the only room I changed at all was my own bedroom, where I added frilly curtains.

We had to delay our honeymoon until I finished *A Song Is Born.* But right away, I discovered that I had moved into a man's world. Every Sunday, we went out to Monte Montana's ranch, where Mike and Monte spent hours teaching me how to ride. I started my lessons in the corral, riding bareback to learn the natural gait of a horse. In no time at all, I became confident on horseback, if not skillful. Since those days, I have made two westerns and what I learned about horses from Mike was extremely valuable.

I have lost track of the number of times we have ridden to rodeos around Southern California in the back of a dusty old horse truck, bumping along over rough roads and loving every minute. That first summer, Mike bought me some beautiful riding clothes, and we made dozens of appearances at rodeos, riding in the grand parades just for the fun of it.

Many women I know would be completely unstrung if their husbands were called out of bed at one in the morning to help track down a half-crazed man who had just shot his wife and escaped into the hills. Yet that's what Mike did just a few months ago, and I was able to accept it with a reasonable amount of calm. He has been getting after-hours calls of this kind for three years, ever since he became a member of the Los Angeles Sheriff's Mounted Division, which works on emergency cases that the regular police cannot reach by squad cars. Last year, his group was called out to drive the cattle down out of the mountains during a big brush fire, and I have to admit that was one night I had to sit up over the coffee pot until Mike got back home safely. Still, if that is the way he chooses to serve his community, I know I'll never complain.

Ever since Mike and I were married, we have wanted to own a ranch—a real working cattle ranch that will provide us with an income and a stable existence after our careers in Hollywood have ended.

Last year, Mike and I bought a ranch near Tucson, Arizona, in partnership with Verne Goodrich, former rodeo rider and veteran stunt man.

Shortly after we bought the place, we spent five weeks in the big adobe house there, while Mike and Verne worked every day at clearing away the mesquite to plant a cotton crop. Even with a tractor, it was a man-killing job; but finally, after considerable expense, the mesquite was all uprooted. Surprisingly enough, the cotton grew and later was sold on schedule. But less than a month after that, the mesquite had taken over everything again and the job of clearing the land was there to do once more. Fortunately, before planting time this spring, we were able to sell the place at only a small loss.

This summer, Mike and I intend to take an extended automobile trip through most of the western states. One of the reasons, in addition to just being out-of-doors, will be to find a ranch. But this time, you can be sure, there won't be a clump of mesquite in sight! **END**

(*Virginia Mayo can be seen in Warners'* She's Working Her Way Through College. —*Ed.*)

the road I travelled

(*Continued from page 56*) My family life was the troupers' life actors have written about so often. We were on the road most of the time. We liked to think of Danville, Illinois, as our home, because an uncle actually owned a house there, and it made us feel less like nomads. The truth was we couldn't even pause for tragedy. A sister died in one town, and two months later, when I was just over a year old, my father finished his performance while we were playing another city, walked into the wings and suffered a fatal heart attack. We would bury our dead and head for the next date, torn with grief even as we had to improvise new routines to replace the gap in the act left by the one who was gone.

In the mystic life that children lead maybe mine was not too strange. When I was singing or dancing for people I felt most justified for being alive, and what I was doing was almost a form of adoration.

"They like you tonight," my mother might whisper to me on stage. Nothing would please me more and I would throw myself into the rest of the number with everything I had.

At that age a youngster doesn't often distinguish between strangers, and when I had contact with one, even on the street, there was the feeling that he was always the same man. For instance, no matter what town we might be playing, if occasionally I got into some difficulty, fell, or feared crossing a busy street, there was always the big man who picked me up or helped me out and called me, "Sonny." He was always very tall, very strong and he'd win my complete confidence. To a child anyone who is friendly seems that way and such men are everywhere, of course. But to me he was one of my "people," and this added to the illusion that they were omnipotent and benevolent.

Children brought up in homes have their fairybook heroes to help conjure up a magical world. Perhaps I, without such background, and yet with an active imagination, had to create my own and there was nobody but the people in the audiences to choose from.

There were exceptions, however. Strange little boys of my own age were not placed in such a category. They were just boys and you had to keep an eye out for them.

One winter we were in Spokane and between shows I was playing in the alley back of the theater with some empty boxes, just kicking them around. Then a kid my own age (about six at the time) showed up and claimed I was breaking his boxes. Before I knew it he had hit me and we were fighting. Even though he was smaller than I, as I remember it, he gave me a licking. But my lesson came not from that but from what happened when I yelled that he had won and I wanted him to get off me.

He got up and walked away. "Hey! Don't you want your boxes?" I cried.

"What boxes?" he asked. I knew then that they hadn't been his in the first place. He had just been looking for a fight. No . . . boys were just kids. They weren't people. Neither were little girls, perhaps because you didn't see them often in a theater, or maybe just because they were little girls. At that age that was reason enough!

It may strike someone that a kid as mixed up as I was spiritually and spending most of his life around theaters, hotels or boarding houses might easily have gone wrong. Yet I cannot remember ever being considered a vicious boy.

The worst family stories about me have to do with my dislike of being petted by anyone, even as a baby. If a strange woman would pick me up and coo at me I would drool horribly on purpose because I had learned that this made for a distasteful sight and I would be quickly put down.

And also, for a short period, I was a stink bomb thrower. I somehow had gotten hold of strips of film and learned that if you lit one and stamped it out immediately it would smoke for a while producing an unpleasant odor. What annoyed my mother particularly was that I used to throw most of them in the doorways or porches of our landladies. This was a direct violation of theatrical ethics; you often don't like your landlady but the nature of your vocation is such that you soon learn to treat her with the greatest courtesy. She stands for shelter and food in a foreign land—and you are always in foreign territory as an actor.

A PERSON can take many roads to God—a love of people was the one I stumbled on. It wasn't a bad one. All the qualities of spirituality were present even if it was perhaps only a form of make-believe. As a matter of fact there *is* a healing power in people under certain circumstances, as I learned one day when I had grown up and we were playing a New England city.

Our act was half-way through when I began to realize that we were winning no reaction at all from a half dozen patrons seated in a group in the front row. They just stared at us devoid of any expression at all. I began to concentrate on them but with no result. Finally, a little annoyed, I even heckled a bit. The idea of this, as far as a performer is concerned, is not to get any satisfaction from insulting the person he is addressing but to stimulate a response, any sort of response, after which he quickly re-establishes a friendly relationship. But I got nowhere with my frozen six.

When the next show started and I ran out on stage I was disagreeably surprised to see them still sitting there. Again I worked on them and again I got nowhere. The rest of the actors were angry about them, too.

As soon as I was offstage I ran up front to the manager to complain that a rival theater must be sending over "deadpans" to spoil the show and bother the actors—a practice not unknown in show business. He was sitting in his office with another man and came out into the hall to talk to me. He asked me whom I meant and I described the group. When I got through he smiled and told me I was wrong.

"The man in my office is a doctor from the state insane asylum on the edge of town," he said. "Those six persons who bothered you are his patients. He often brings groups of psychotics to the theater because they are greatly benefited just being in the presence of normal people. While you were feeling annoyed they were feeling proud that they could be there. But because it was an unaccustomed event to them, they were a little too nervous to appreciate what was happening on stage. They were being thrilled by a wonderful adventure of their own."

He introduced me to the doctor who talked further on the subject. And I was really thrilled by his words. It's funny how

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Two producers were talking and one of them asked the other what he thought of the last picture he had filmed.

"Well, frankly," was the reply, "I was a little disappointed."

A bit nettled, the other said sharply: "Who are you to be disappointed?"

"Huh?" was the testy reply. "Say—who do you have to be around here to be disappointed?"

Dan Bennett





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the knowledge that one has helped anyone, even accidentally, warms the heart. Every performer backstage felt good about it when I told them.

But my odd fancy, immortalizing the people in my audiences, couldn't last forever. It got a bad blow in Long Beach, California, when I was about eight years old. We were playing a short engagement. While we were in a cafeteria the earthquake of March 10, 1933, which took the lives of 127 people and injured more than 4,000 others, began rocking the city. I was frightened, of course, but not any more than the older people. But a little while later, when things had quieted down and we started to walk down the street, we had to pass a building where a heavy steel marquee had crashed to the sidewalk killing 15 people. The forms of some of the victims were still lying there, covered with blankets, and suddenly I wanted to scream but couldn't. I waved my arms and my mother bent down to speak to me.

"Donald! Donald! What's wrong?"

I tried to tell her but not a word came from my lips. Up to that moment I had really believed that strangers lived forever and that only we, the O'Connors and the others in the theater world who were actors, ever died. But here were people lying dead who were just like the people of the audience whom I revered. For the next two weeks I walked around dumb—the shock had taken away my voice. Believe it or not, but at the age of eight I was already suffering from having my faith shattered!

WHEN I finally could explain it to my mother she was understanding enough not to laugh about it, and afterward when we'd have periods of quiet together she'd tell me about the teachings of Catholicism. But either I wasn't ready for it, or I just couldn't make the switch from what I had believed. It took somebody else to get me thinking about religion—a seven-year-old boy whose father was a Presbyterian minister.

This was in Chicago while we were laying off between theater bookings. The boy was a neighbor, we liked each other, and one day I visited his house. I sensed immediately that his father was not like the priests who came to visit us, nor was his house like the parishes I knew. It bothered me. Perhaps because I had lost one faith and was trying to understand the one I was born into, it was disturbing to feel that there might be still a third to worry about!

When I got a chance I asked the boy about it and I remember his attitude; since he was the son of a minister he acted as if he could easily explain the whole thing to me—and he began. I don't have any recollection of what he said exactly but out of our talk I got my first knowledge that there were lots of religions . . . yet all very much the same. One thing bothered me and this question I can recall asking.

"Then people are the same . . . no matter who they are or where they are?"

He said they were and I felt better. Because I still relied on people, even though they had tumbled from their pedestals. People still made up most of my world. I knew I would always have to depend on them.

THIS may seem like odd kind of talk for small boys to engage in, and friends sometimes scoff and refuse to believe me when I tell them about it. For a while I started wondering myself if this ever happened, if seven and eight year olds were really talking religion. Then the other morning I overheard my daughter, Donna, who is only five, talking about a playmate of hers to our maid one morning at breakfast.

"Betty is not like me. Do you know that?" Donna said.

"Oh. Is she taller?" asked the maid.

"No, she's not religious like me," said Donna.

The maid gave a little gasp. So did I where I was sitting just outside the breakfast nook. And I listened closely for the maid's next words.

"Are you sure, Donna?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," Donna said. "She told me. She isn't religious like me. She is religious like she. She said it wasn't the same at all. And I don't like it."

"Oh, don't you worry," the maid said comfortingly. "I bet in the long run it gets you to the same place."

I could tell from Donna's voice that she felt better immediately. And so did I.

Donna goes to Sunday School while I had little or none of such training. By watching what she goes through trying to understand the perplexities of the world, even with this advantage, I can appreciate that my fanciful philosophy as a youngster was not too weird. Donna knows that there is a distinction between people and God, but she is also vague enough about it to say things like, "Of course, I was very young when Christ died."

In her way she will come to the same faith that I came to in my way. I feel confident that even those friends of mine who are non-believers in God, and who are so articulate in defending their atheism, will eventually find the security of following in His footsteps.

By whatever road I traveled I got where I longed to be and with an understanding of my relationship to Him. Somehow I have learned what prayer is, that to ask for the specific is meanness and only to seek the all good should be the purpose of such communication from the soul. One's conscience, one's sense of good and evil make this all plain in time.

And all this I learned in my own sort of Sunday School . . . the dingy theaters of the country . . . where I started off by worshiping the plain people who attended them!

END

hollywood's most passionate loves (judy garland)

(*Continued from page 35*) Had Judy fought with Sid Luft in Palm Springs on their vacation? Was that why he wasn't along? No answer.

Did Miss Garland have any intention of returning to motion pictures? Yes, but she had no definite plans.

Any truth that Miss Garland was already married to Sid Luft, had, in fact, eloped with him to Cuba? Ridiculous!

How did she feel about being back in California? Just wonderful.

Did she have any plans for the immediate future? Yes, she would do her vaudeville act in Los Angeles, then repeat in San Francisco. She would finish there by June 21st or 28th.

Was it true that Miss Garland planned to marry Sid Luft as soon as her divorce from Vincente Minnelli was final? Judy turned beet red. "How dare you ask that question in front of my child?" she stormed. "Don't you have any common sense?"

JUDY'S divorce from 44-year-old Minnelli became final on April ninth. He promised to pay Judy $500 a month for

the support of Liza, aged five, and gave up completely any interest in Judy's Malibu Beach house. Judy, in turn, paid him $25,000 for his interest in the home they had shared in the Hollywood hills.

As soon as this final decree was entered in the Superior Court, it was expected that Judy would elope with Sid who had flown into town a day after her arrival.

The day after her decree, however, she didn't rush to the preacher; she took Liza for a drive to Palm Springs.

"We had a nice quiet rest," she recalls. "We talked and took walks, and then when it turned hot, we drove back home. It was a pleasant, simple Easter vacation. Liza and I both had a wonderful time."

"But everyone expected you and Sid to get married," said an omnipresent reporter.

Judy grinned. "I know," she admitted. "What's the big hurry? Sid and I have each been married before, and we don't take marriage lightly. I love him, and he's definitely my fella. If the relationship continues as it has, we'll do it. But we're not a couple of kids who've got to get married this very minute or else.

"Some time during the middle of summer or maybe even before that when things slack off, we'll get married. Right now, there are shows to do, rehearsals, a million and one details, and I'm not going to sandwich a wedding in between."

What a change from the frightened actress who once felt that she must live every day as if it were her last, from the Judy Garland who once felt that no man really considered her desirable.

At 29, Judy has finally grown up. She has developed a realistic sense of values. She realizes that there is more to marriage than the passion she once thought was all-important.

Sid Luft, she knows, is responsible for her confidence, her comeback, her present happiness. When he's near her, she feels that everything will be taken care of, nothing will disturb her.

Yet, she is wise enough to know that Sid, too, is fighting a battle, making a comeback, regaining his stature.

It is no secret, for instance, that when Sid first met Judy, his financial condition was none too good.

As a matter of fact, his ex-wife, Lynn Bari, testified that at various times in their unhappy marriage, she had given him $16,000 in cash, $13,000 in property equity, and that after their divorce, he was delinquent in his support of their son, John.

To friends she confided her bewilderment at Luft's ability to take Judy dining and wining at expensive restaurants while he was $3,000 in arrears.

After Judy opened at the Palladium in London, and Luft flew over to manage her appearances, his financial affairs began to improve.

Upon returning to Los Angles, he immediately took care of his delinquent support payments with a check for $2,889.

Everyone talks about how wonderful Sid has been for Judy. It works both ways. Judy has been the anodyne for everything that troubled Luft.

Before he met her, Luft had been one of those handsome, personable men-about-town who somehow find it extremely difficult to settle down and specialize in any one type of work.

For a short while he worked as confidential secretary to Eleanor Powell. Then he joined the Canadian Air Force as a pilot officer. The pay was low, the prestige high. Later he worked in picture production, aircraft plants, and according to friends, "conducted an enterprise connected with horse-racing."

His best job, to date, however, has been as Judy Garland's personal manager, a job which has given him money, position, confidence, and the reputation of being a very shrewd cookie whose sole aim is Judy's welfare.

Sid is the organizer of M. S. Luft Productions, a company of which Judy is the principal asset. He has hopes of making a musical version of *A Star Is Born*, the old Selznick classic about Hollywood. It would be an independent venture and Judy's motion picture comeback.

One of Judy's closest friends is of the opinion that Judy will not marry Luft until Sid gets on his feet financially. The way Luft's been going this past year, he should have a substantial bank account very soon.

This thinking about money is another indication of the startling change which has taken place in Judy.

Three years ago, when she was drawing $5,500 a week from Metro, she had no interest in finance. Money poured through her fingers like water.

Nowadays she takes an interest in her earnings, discussing various investment practises with Sid and Abe Lastvogel of the William Morris Agency.

When Sid suggested that Judy might earn considerable royalties by making a record album for RCA Victor, and use those earnings to rent an apartment in New York, she checked the rent, the possible income and went ahead with the deal.

She is also investigating annuities and a trust fund for Liza.

Judy has been in show business her entire life, and she has seen what happens to men whose sole occupation is the management of their wives' careers.

Some of these men deteriorate into messenger boys.

Others develop into full-fledged stage producers, entrepreneurs of great acumen managers of distinction who branch out into allied fields.

Suppose after a few years of marriage to Luft, something happens to Judy, and she is unable to continue her career. What happens to Luft?

Judy herself won't discuss this with anyone, but she has thought about it, because she has developed a sense of realism.

What sort of step-father will Sid make? How will he treat Liza? How will Liza take to him? What sort of step-mother will I be to his son, John? Where will we live? Will we have any children? Won't we get on each other's nerves, not only living but working together? Can a man devote his whole life to a woman? Isn't there always time for marriage?

These are some of the questions Judy was asking herself several weeks ago. This was the type of introspection she never indulged in prior to her other marriages. This is why she said, "I don't think Sid and I will possibly get married before July or August. Working together as manager and artist, you know, is a good deal different from living together as man and wife."

Luft, too, is in no particular hurry. He loves Judy and has found the secret of keeping her happy—work and independence. But he knows, too, that she is a high-strung girl who requires careful handling. This is no easy job, especially for a fellow like Sid who's always relished his freedom and self-reliance.

As long as they have doubts, Judy and Sid won't make a move toward marriage. If by chance they have, as you read this article, then rest assured that it was only after the clouds of doubt had disappeared. For at 29, Judy has finally put passion in its place.

END

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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

he's really living

(*Continued from page 43*) across the ceiling. Everywhere there are potted plants crying out for water. Usually there's a party going on. People drift in at all hours, rifle the ice-box and carry their loot back into the living room where they sit on the floor and eat before the fireplace. Sometimes, if a lady's around who knows how to cook, she cooks. Or else Steve will whip up a dish that originated in Lithuania or Tibet. He likes to give parties because when they're over he's the only one who doesn't have to worry about making the trip home.

Steve Cochran is not an easy man to know. He talks very little about his childhood, although his family seems to have shared his easy-going attitude toward life. He was born nine years after his sister Vina in Eureka, just off the coast of northern California, where his father worked in a lumber mill. From the schoolroom in Eureka, Steve could hear the pounding of the surf on the beach, and more often than not he played hookey to sit on a jetty looking out over the Pacific and dream of sea-faring.

Before he finished third grade he'd been in love seven or eight times, but this career was interrupted when, at eight, his family decided to take him to Denver, Colorado, on a visit to his uncle. They got as far as Laramie, Wyoming, where the family jalopy, and the family finances were both exhausted. They were not only flat broke, but stranded in Laramie's worst snowstorm in years. For seven days and nights nothing moved in or out of the city, and Steve's father got a job in an ice house. They figured Laramie was a likely city so they settled down there and put Steve into school, where he fell in love the first day.

Steve can't figure now how his parents got the money—there never seemed to be any left over—but somehow they enrolled Vina in college. Despite Vina's having one of history's most tormenting kid brothers she got through, taught school one year and married. This left Steve more or less on his own where family life was concerned. His mother worked off and on, he never seemed to be close with his father, and almost their last act as a family unit was their trip to Denver, which they finally made.

From the time he was 12 to 15, Steve's summers were spent working on surrounding ranches, and on high school vacations he earned money as a gandy dancer. A gandy dancer, explains Steve, is a shoveler on a railroad section.

His name was enrolled and stayed for one year on the student roster at the University of Wyoming. He left because he couldn't see any sense in studying dramatics if he wanted to be an actor. He figured the only way to learn was to act.

Steve tackled it the rough way. His first acting job was with a Federal Theater project in Detroit, a city which he remembers with considerable displeasure because of his various lodgings there. No matter which boarding house he tried, the results were always the same. He had to creep quietly into the beds, for if he jumped in with any force he was choked by the resultant mist of green powder (bug-killer) that enveloped the room. This green powder has become synonymous in his mind with Detroit, for it was always there, in the corners, on the floor and in the mattresses. The sad part was the bugs seemed immune to it.

Steve tried Hollywood a few times, leaving it as soon as he had train fare. For Hollywood in the late 30's wanted men with lean jaws and drawing room noses. In those days, Steve Cochran looked like an itinerant who specialized in cow punching and gandy dancing. He soon added to his list of vocations, becoming a carpenter, a policeman, and a shipyard worker.

All this was neatly interspersed with acting jobs here and there. Once he directed and acted in the Junior League's Theater For Children in San Francisco. "As an audience, those kids were monsters," he says grimly. "Unless some guy was being stabbed or shot on the stage, they weren't interested. All they did was run up and down the aisles, puncturing each other with blow guns."

He kept trying Hollywood, and Hollywood kept sneering. His first real start was when he played opposite Constance Bennett in the Theater Guild road show of *Without Love*. On opening night in Columbus, the always confident Cochran suffered his first case of stage fright. "You're stupid," he kept telling himself. "You're opening in Columbus. Who's covering the show in Columbus? Calm down." But he didn't calm down and when he opened his mouth to speak his first lines, nothing came out but a humiliating squeak. He carried on in true fashion after that, and never again had any trouble unless it was the shattering experience in *John Loves Mary*. As the hero, Steve was to remove his trousers in the second act, and soon after the curtain had gone up on said act, a terrible realization came over him. In the next clinch with the heroine he whispered desperately into her ear, "I haven't got my *shorts* on!" After her next exit from the stage he could hear her footsteps tearing across the boards behind the backdrop, and when she came on again she gave him a reassuring nod. At his next opportunity to fade slightly out of sight he slipped into the wings, ripped off his trousers, and literally jumped into the shorts that were held there waiting for him.

Had he not done some quick thinking he would have found himself in a situation embarrassing even to him. For Steve may be a character, but he does draw the line. He bemoans, for instance, the fact that he has a reputation for being a 16-cylindered wolf. A lot of men, single and attractive, would find such a reputation to their liking, but Steve shudders for the times he has asked girls for a date and they've backed away from him, all but screaming with fright.

"Ye Gods," he says helplessly. "I'm only a man." But that, the dolls figure, is precisely the trouble.

He claims he's quite serious when he's in love but admits that his heartache over a broken love affair lasts from two P.M. to four P.M., at which time he once more has his eyes in focus. He was engaged four times, and married twice, once to Florence Lockwood, daughter of a portrait artist, by whom he had his only child, a daughter Xandria, and once to Fay MacKenzie. His first marriage lasted eight years, the second two years. Steve has now been single for three years and likes the idea.

"Once in a while," he says, "I start thinking about the advantages of marriage—a home and an anchor and hot meals and all that—and then I catch myself up. Whoa, boy! You'd be miserable within a year."

Steve likes his freedom. Considering the fact that most of his friends are married, he was once asked if he didn't feel like an odd wheel with them. "Nope," he said. "*They're* the odd wheels."

For companionship he has Tchaikowsky, and few men could ask for more. Tchaikowsky is a mutt, which fact cannot be safely stated in Tchaikowsky's presence. Tchaikowsky has to date bitten 21 people and been quarantined 19 times. The two times he escaped quarantine were pure luck and only served to make him wonder what was wrong, because he has come to expect such action directly after the spanking given him by his master. Tchaikowsky is part Schnauser and part heaven-knows-what, and was so-named because he has a faint resemblance to the composer, except, of course, that he is very much alive. He also has a slightly frightening countenance, as witnessed by the fact that one visitor to Steve's home keeled over in a dead faint when first beholding the dog. The man was sitting in the living room one night, facing the window behind Steve's back, and suddenly his eyes went past Steve to the window and his face froze in terror. Tchaikowsky was out there, standing on the hill by the window, which made him appear to have the height of a man. The light from the living room shone out and revealed two glaring eyes and a pair of appalling fangs, framed by a stiff mass of hair which stood straight out from the face. Nothing else was visible but it was enough, and the visitor breathed a choking sigh and lost consciousness.

Tchaikowsky was acquired 11 years ago by Steve as a decoy in the matter of meeting a girl. This particular girl had a supercilious Afghan which she used to walk in Central Park every evening. It was spring, and Steve had a hankering to meet this girl. He tried every ruse in the books but received only fishy stares for his pains, so as a last resort Steve became the owner of Tchaikowsky. Armed with his mutt, he sallied forth on an evening in May, certain that dog owners could always start a conversation. The end result of it was that Tchaikowsky bit the Afghan and the friendship never got started.

Tchaikowsky is, in his inimitable way, almost as famous as Steve because Steve talks about him all the time. Once Steve watched the dog coming home along a Carmel road, watched him pass a little boy without so much as a flick of his dog eyelashes. Thirty yards past the boy, Tchaikowsky turned on a dime, bolted back and nipped the kid in the derriere. "I don't know what gets into him," Steve says. Another time, when Steve was up in Folsom making *Inside The Walls Of Folsom Prison*, Tchaikowsky up and bit one of the guards. But the dog's real fame has come from his ability to play the piano. This he will do most willingly, in a haphazard way, at a whispered command from Steve, and once, when Steve got the idea of having Tchaikowsky play on a personal appearance tour with him, the dog made headlines when he tangled with the Musicians' Union. The dog could not play the piano, said the union, unless there was a standby musician, or a full standby orchestra in the pit, or unless he got a membership card. Tchaikowsky was furious and would have bitten Petrillo himself had the man been available.

The dog accompanies Steve wherever he goes, with the possible exception of Hollywood cocktail parties, but Steve shies away from these. "Ugh," he says at the mere mention of one. "Everybody trying to impress everybody else." Tchaikowsky did used to play the piano in sundry saloons. In appreciation of his talents the customers would toss pennies, and inasmuch as Tchaikowsky had no use for coins of the realm, Steve would collect a beer or two for himself.

Steve's dream idea of entertaining consists of a Roman style dining room. He wants a long, long table down the middle of the room, surrounded on all sides by comfortable couches. To lie down while eating is his idea of Eden, and he probably

wouldn't object to having grapes dropped into his mouth by a batch of curvesome cuties.

The impression that Steve never moves unless necessary is erroneous. He just *seems* that way. He owns a 24-foot ketch which he keeps harbored at San Pedro, and is a Sunday afternoon sailor. If he doesn't sail, he paints or caulks. scrapes or polishes, and although he's never had the boat out longer than two days, he'd sail more if he didn't have other things to do. He rides a lot, and is making a home movie with some pals who have managed to get together a script, camera, sound equipment and lights. The film has been shot spasmodically for some months now, in places like the San Pedro wharves and a San Francisco boiler room. He writes letters to his mother, who now lives in Alaska, the result of a round trip ticket some six years ago. Mrs. Cochran decided she liked Juneau, in much the same manner she had liked Laramie, cancelled her return ticket and now runs a restaurant there, on the wharf.

Steve writes letters to his daughter in Carmel and fiddles about with the writing of plays. He keeps promising himself, every week, that he will start painting again, but there never seems to be time enough and his brushes and canvases remain in the closet. He studied art at one time but could never make up his mind whether he wanted to know about fine art, illustrating or cartooning, and settled on acting instead. His friends from Laramie keep in touch with him, one pal in particular who engineers trains through Wyoming, and wants to know why on earth he doesn't "come home for some hunting or fishing." Steve is paradoxical in that despite his boyhood in the wide open spaces he doesn't really miss them at all and enjoys himself in the city just as well.

"If I ever had my swan song in Hollywood," he says, "I'd go back up to Maine and work in a shipyard. You can always do something, you know. Or maybe I'd join the Merchant Marine. Every time I work on a boat for a picture I get the urge to sneak off to sea and leave the picture flat."

Travel has a strong fascination for him, not because he wants to visit famous libraries or castles or shrines, but simply because there are places he hasn't seen. He associates cities he has visited with strange memories. As it was bug powder in Detroit, it is whistling kids in Philadelphia. "Never saw anything like it anywhere," he says. "You drive down Broad Street and on one corner a bunch of guys are standing there and they all whistle when you go by. The next corner it's girls, and *they* whistle!"

When he's at home in Benedict Canyon, however, he contents himself easily. He has a battered collection of records which includes chamber music, and a library whose most well thumbed books are those by Shakespeare, Jack London and Erskine Caldwell. And he has his friends and he has Clarence and Tchaikowsky.

Steve takes life as it comes and doesn't argue with it. He is completely without pretension. He is a charming bachelor not constituted for marriage, but there's hardly a female fan who wouldn't be happy to get one good crack at becoming Mrs. S. Cochran. **END**

(Steve's latest picture is Warner Brothers' The Lion And The Horse.—Ed.)

am I too daring?

(*Continued from page 40*) calendar job, which I did as a legitimate figure model at a time in my life when the $50 I was paid looked like the vaults at Fort Knox. It was the first, last and only job of figure modeling I ever did in Hollywood. But having the news break at a time when several women were already making a point about my flamboyant taste in clothes, I quite naturally felt that both the calendar and the reasons why I posed for it might be misinterpreted.

I was advised to deny that it was me. But how can you deny anything so obvious? There must have been several hundred thousands of the calendar printed; you can get one anywhere. Anyone can tell that it is me, even though my hair was longer then and partially covered my face. So why try to deny it?

At the time I posed for the pictures, I was living in the Hollywood Studio Club, trying to pay for dramatic lessons with the irregular income I made as a model. Other than a few random fashion jobs, which pay very little on the West Coast, I hadn't worked for nearly a month; I was flat broke, the finance company was after my car, and I was four weeks behind in my rent. One day, in desperation, I called Tom Kelley, who is one of Hollywood's most artistic photographers, and told him I was willing to pose for the calendar job he had been asking me to do, off and on, for several weeks. As I told reporters, the job was perfectly professional and proper. Tom, who was shooting a series for an eastern calendar company, wanted a blonde model to illustrate the title "Golden Dreams." We worked only 30 minutes and he shot me in two poses. His wife was there, helping with the drapes and the lights. And the $50 he paid me for the job, I might add, was the most important money I've ever earned. It helped me to keep going until I got my first really important break in movies a few months later, in *The Asphalt Jungle*.

I am retelling this story, which has appeared everywhere by now, not because I like the story especially, but because I do not want it to have any relation to what I intend to say about the way I dress. I don't think it would be fair, and I do not want to put myself in a position where the obvious facts of my life can be distorted. I am very grateful that Hollywood has understood the circumstances associated with my posing for that calendar. It makes me wonder, in fact, just how much attention I should pay today to the criticism of my taste and habits of dress. Not much, I've come to think.

You see, I'm forced to admit that all of my adult life I have preferred to dress for men rather than for other women. For this reason, I suppose, I can not expect other women to appreciate or even like my clothes. But *I* do, and I was hurt by the accusation that I have no taste in my manner of dress. It is simply that, during the relatively few years I have been able to afford pretty clothes, I have always been most at ease when I am presenting myself on an unmistakably feminine level. Every suit, every dress, and every gown I own was carefully selected for its potential effect. Personally, too, I feel that if more women followed this same principle they would be more feminine. But that's only my own opinion.

I have always been clothes-conscious. Back in junior high school, I was painfully so when my entire wardrobe consisted of two hand-me-down navy wool skirts, two identical white cotton blouses, and an old red corduroy jacket. Then



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AN AMERICAN IN PARIS—Paul Whiteman* (Capitol).
This 12-inch LP record actually contains two complete albums' worth of music: the *American In Paris* suite on one side and the *Rhapsody In Blue* on the other, both conducted by Paul Whiteman, with Leonard Pennario's piano solo the highlight of the *Rhapsody*. Gershwin would probably have been very happy with both of these.

BELLE OF NEW YORK—original sound track album** (MGM).
Maybe this LP, which presents eight numbers from the movie will help to remind you that good songs are still being written. These performances feature good melodies with delightful lyrics and many ingenious rhymes, ably sung. The music is by Harry Warren and the lyrics by Johnny Mercer.
Anita Ellis did the voice-dubbing for Vera-Ellen and she gets credit on the label for her two numbers, *Naughty But Nice* and *The Bride's Wedding Day Song,* which is subtitled *Thank You Mr. Currier, Thank You Mr. Ives.* Fred Astaire is his nonchalant self on *Baby Doll, Seeing's Believing, I Wanna Be A Dancin' Man,* and *Oops!* He's aided by the chorus on the clever *Bachelor Dinner Song,* and the chorus operates alone on *When I'm Out With The Belle Of New York.*

THE MAGIC GARDEN—*Pennywhistle Blues* by Willard Cele* (London); Buddy De Franco (MGM).
If you go for musical oddities, the original version by Mr. Cele himself is the one for you, though the flageolet isn't our idea of an instrument for lengthy solo performances. Buddy De Franco transfers the simple theme to his clarinet, with artificial results; jazz fans will prefer *Buddy Blues* on the other side.

QUO VADIS—Dramatic Highlights* (MGM).
Something new—MGM Records now comes up with a set of two LP records offering important scenes from the production just as they are done on the screen. Walter Pidgeon speaks an introduction written specially for this recording.
After Walter's said his piece, you'll hear Robert Taylor, Deborah Kerr, Feliz Aylmer, Nora Swinburne and just about everybody else you saw on the screen. Until the Hollywood companies start releasing the latest films for TV use this is about the closest you can get to having your favorite movies in your own living room.

SINGIN' IN THE RAIN—title song and *Wedding Of The Painted Doll* by Tex Beneke (MGM). *All I Do Is Dream Of You* by Ziggy Elman (MGM).

THE BRAVE BULLS—title song by Harry James* (Columbia).

WITH A SONG IN MY HEART—title song by Ziggy Elman (MGM). *I'll Walk Alone* by Leroy Holmes (MGM).

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my only thought was that someday I might own, not a big wardrobe, but just enough clothes so other girls wouldn't make fun of me.

A few years later, at the age of 16 I began modeling, and was able to buy my first good dresses—dresses that fit. I discovered Vogue and Harper's Bazaar and, at the same time, discovered that the clothes they featured were designed for, and modeled by, women with boys' figures. Even at that age, I realized that I didn't have a boy's figure. I certainly don't now.

I wonder how many women really fall for that routine under the pictures of sliver-hipped models in the fashion magazines— "You can be an entrancing, new, exciting *you,* madam." Obviously, they must discover that they can't be the minute they go to a store and try on one of those creations, that is, if they can get it on in the first place.

Personally, I never tried to. When I was still a girl, I realized that I had a full woman's figure. I know, too, that my figure enabled me to earn a living as a model for several years before I got into movies. What, I ask you, is wrong with that?

Even today, I do not own an extensive wardrobe; I can't yet afford one. In fact, the clothes I own have had such a personal meaning in my life that I can remember every outfit I have ever bought since I started in pictures. They are all good clothes, however, and I think they are in quite good taste, if seemingly somewhat flamboyant.

The first expensive clothes I ever owned were the three suits which I bought on credit from a Hollywood ladies' shop when Twentieth first signed me in 1948. They were all expensive—one grey, one beige, and one dark blue dress suit. In a flush of enthusiasm, I also bought every accessory to go with them—also on credit. I learned a lesson from those clothes, and I never really wore them comfortably, for three months later, when Twentieth dropped my option, I couldn't pay for them. The minute I stopped working the collection agencies descended en masse. I had an awful time getting that bill paid, and I swore never again to buy any of my clothes on credit.

BELIEVE it or not, I did not own a single cocktail dress until a few weeks after I'd completed *Asphalt Jungle.* Then I bought a simply-styled, black silk faille dress with a long narrow slit down the front which is held together with a tie. I wore it with black arm-length gloves and no $125 was ever better spent, in my opinion. Some people thought it was a little daring, but I love the dress, now as then. I wish I could still wear it to parties, but it has had its day, I'm afraid.

My first expensive evening gown was the one I purchased for the Foreign Press Association's annual dinner, where I was presented with a Henrietta award, and named as one of Hollywood's most promising young players. I very gratefully accepted the award, and later, was told I looked nice doing it. But I also heard that some of the women present had thought my gown a trifle extreme for the occasion. I seriously considered these comments, but, in my opinion, they were not reason enough to take the gown back to Oleg Cassini, who designed it. I've always admired his taste and imagination in women's clothes, and my gown is no exception. It is a red velvet creation which fits snugly down to the knees and then flares out, in the Lillian Russell tradition. It plunges somewhat in the front, but not extremely. Frankly, I love the gown and wish I had more occasions to wear it.

I have another evening gown which other women criticize but which has won me an appreciable number of fine compliments from men. It is a strapless red silk taffeta, snug from the bodice down to the hips, which is covered with black French lace. At I. Magnin's, where I paid a stiff price for it, I was told that the dress was the only copy of an original purchased by a San Francisco social leader. I wonder if her dress has ever been criticized in her set the way mine was the night I wore it to one of the few formal Hollywood parties I have attended. This is the gown that provoked so much comment from the Hollywood columnists . . . it was the proof positive, they claimed, that I was utterly lacking in taste. I'm truly sorry, but I love the dress.

My favorite dress, however, is an off-the-shoulder cocktail dress, made of beige lace over coffee-colored silk. It has a sort of tail effect in the back.

My only other new cocktail dress is a black silk by Ceil Chapman which has a big puff at the side and drapes tightly around my legs. I like its slimming effect.

I have also heard a number of comments about the two suits which I own, both of which are simply styled and, I think, tastefully designed. Perhaps it is the way I wear them; I honestly don't know. The black one, by Christian Dior, I wear with a simple red beret, black pumps, and a red rose at the bosom to add a touch of color. The beige one, I wear with brown shoes and a yellow rose. I rarely wear costume jewelry, but I like flowers. I don't think however, that either suit is made especially provocative by wearing flowers with it.

The other day, when I was hurrying to the makeup department across the lot, wearing blue jeans and a T-shirt I had put on hurriedly at home, I was stopped by one of the executives in the casting department who told me, "Marilyn, you shouldn't wear blue jeans on the lot." "Why?" I asked, thinking that of all places, the lot was the one place I could feel completely at home. "An actress should always look her best," he said.

I suppose this is true. But I have always felt comfortable in blue jeans—they're my favorite informal attire. I have found it interesting, however, that people whistle at jeans, too. I have to admit that I like *mine* to fit. There's nothing I hate worse than baggy blue jeans.

I have only a few other idiosyncrasies about clothes. I like bare-looking shoes for both formal and informal occasions. I believe, like the classic Greeks, that a woman's feet are an important part of her beauty. Furthermore, when I dress for formal occasions, I never wear a girdle or other confining garments. Freedom of movement is very important to a woman, psychologically as well as physically.

During the brief period I have been in motion pictures, I have always considered that my clothes and the way I wear them are very important to me. But I have never consciously tried to make a public display of my clothes.

I suppose, however, because of my background as a model, I will always have to expect that a tinge of daring might seem to be associated with my attire. Not very long ago, I wore the bathing suit which I model in *We're Not Married* to lunch in the commissary at Twentieth. With a robe over it, of course. The next morning, I was surprised to read in a column that I was seen eating lunch in my bra and panties. I suppose that from across the room the flesh-colored inset on my suit made me seem scantily attired. But I wasn't.

I know myself rather well, I think. Personally, I don't consider myself too daring, in my dress or in my behavior.

I leave it to you to decide. *Am* I too daring?

END

darling, you're nuts!

(*Continued from page 39*) at me and said, May I call you up next week?

"That threw me again. I thought, what's wrong with me that he wants to wait till next week to call? But I said, airily, 'Oh, sure. Do give me a ring.' That was Saturday night and he called me Monday morning. We nxed up a date for the following Saturday."

THERE's a tiny place tucked away in Los Angeles called the Tiffany Club. Only real hot music lovers know about it. But Janie's that, and so, it turned out, was Trav. He couldn't have made more of a hit with her than suggesting that they go, not to a plush nightspot, but to the Tiffany to hear Nat King Cole.

Thus, on their first real date together, they were bowling along downtown, and, to be in the mood, Janie was singing King Cole's "Lush Life" along with the record being played on Trav's car radio, when smash! Trav jammed the car in front of them which had stopped too suddenly.

In an instant, Trav was out and apologizing to the driver, a little old lady. They looked over her car and saw that he hadn't actually hurt it at all. He gave her his card, the name of his insurance company. The lady, responding to his charm and good manners, gave him a smile, and drove on. It wasn't until then that Trav noticed his own car—his new car, his luxury car. *That* had its whole nose jammed in! It was third-cousin to a wreck and it turned out to be a very special art to even limp it to the Tiffany Club. Finally, the automobile club came to haul it away.

In *Bronco Busters*, John Lund and Scott Brady play the title roles, so the studio wardrobe department fashioned some "saddle pads" for them to wear during riding scenes. "They're falsies," said Lund, "only with a reverse twist."

Sidney Skolsky in Hollywood Is My Beat

Janie and Trav laughed like crazy, heard Nat King Cole till dawn, took a taxi back to Jane's—and Trav said he'd call next morning. He did. They had two dates the following week. They had three the week after. The week after that they had four and by the end of January and up until they broke their engagement, they dated every night.

But in between there were those pressures—those special Hollywood pressures for love and the very special Hollywood pressures against it.

"I'm impulsive," Jane confessed, sitting in the library of her exquisite home. Outside, making an enormous racket, were Maureen, who is now 10, and Michael, who is seven. They were impatiently waiting for their mother, who was driving them out of town for a special week-end, just the three of them, away, alone together. "I'm madly impulsive," Jane repeated. "I do things and then I think, What did I do? And when I have that doubt, then I know I must pause and get it straightened out."

You can search the Hollywood record backward and forward and you'll never find a star who has kept things straightened out better than Jane. Take the matter of agents. Most stars change their agents about as often as they change their hair styles. Not Janie. When she first came to town, an unknown little radio singer, she signed with an unknown agent named Lou Wasserman. He's still her agent, still one of her best friends, but now he's climbed as high as she to head the mighty MCA.

For another example. It's an old Hollywood wisecrack that all stars fight with Warner Brothers, that is, if they are under contract to them. Jane started with Warner Bros. She is still with Warner Brothers. On both sides it's a mutual admiration society. On both sides they are happy as larks.

One more example. Most stars turn over their domestic help as often as they turn over their bank balances. Janie has had the same wonderful housekeeper, Carrie, since before Maureen was born, and the way they glow at one another makes you feel as though you were in a room full of white satin stoves. Now Janie, on her charm bracelet, wears a fifty cent piece, which has been dipped in gold. She gives that pixie grin of hers when she explains its significance to her. "When I first started out in this business," she says, "a friend gave this to me and had it engraved, 'It's the principle of the thing.' And it is. Everything is. You've got to get the principles right and stick with them, particularly in this town, or you are utterly lost. This gold-dipped 50-cent piece looks like gold, but it isn't really. On the other hand, it's not quite—or rather it's more, than a half dollar."

It is because Jane sincerely believes, and rightly, that love in Hollywood is like that 50-cent piece—at once itself and more than itself—that she felt she had to pause on the threshold of marriage. In justice to herself and Trav she wants to be sure of their love.

"Whether or not we like it," Jane said to me, "any of us who become so-called 'names' do become public institutions. I'm not saying we aren't royally rewarded for it. I'm not claiming it isn't all very exciting and wonderful. I love it. But the fact still is that our lives get cut up more than a boarding house pie. In the broadest sense my life is divided into three sections —Jane Wyman, the movie star, who makes two pictures a year or maybe more, then the mother of Maureen and Michael Reagan, who tries to be a good mother, then Jane Wyman, herself. However, on top of that, there's the 'institution.' The 'institution' calls me here to help launch the Red Cross drive or Community Chest or something like that every week or so. I'm asked to broadcast for the Hallmark Card Company, or a dozen other firms and I'm delighted to do so, because they have been so good to me in the past. Then, ever since 'Cool, Cool, Cool of the Evening,' the 'institution' has been in the record business.

"Don't tell me that I don't have to do all these things. I know that. Yet they are very hard to resist. They are part of an enormously exciting business. Besides, all of us out here always think these extra activities will not take as much time as they do. In fact, they always take twice as much time as we expect, but still we don't believe it."

THE "institution" then was what exerted the special pressures on Jane, when she and Trav began dating seriously and nightly. One of those very special pressures can be traced to Hollywood's dramatic instinct to build up everything twice as high as it really is; a second pressure is publicity. All Janie's friends, and she has legions of them, began asking, "Darling, are you really in love again? When are you being married?" And when Ronnie married Nancy Davis the questions came thick and fast. "When are you setting the date?" Janie was asked from dawn to dusk.

Then publicity came along and said, "Hey, this is getting rough. What shall we tell the press?"

Naturally, Trav had his side in all of this, too. He's a handsome fellow—tall,

Blondes



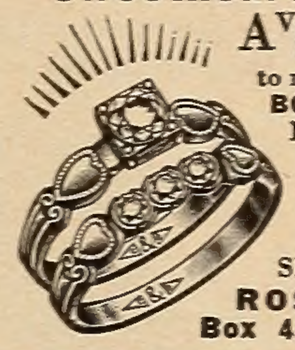
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dark and laughing. For a brief time, he wanted to be an actor. However, he changed his mind and went into the construction business, and to his great credit has made a wonderful success in the business world.

"That's one of the things I find so stimulating about Trav," Jane said, "that executive ability. But when I stopped to think about what marriage would mean to us, I began wondering where we would live. Not here. I would certainly never subject a new marriage to the pressure of living against an old background. You know how that can ruin things."

Janie's face lighted up, suddenly. "One of the best things I can say for Trav," she explained, "is the way my Michael likes him. Michael's all man, and very much my protector. In the past I've had a couple of escorts he didn't like. He behaved beautifully at all times, was very much the little gentleman, but simply too dignified. I knew Trav was 'in' the day Michael brought down one of his toys to him and asked, 'Do you know how to make one of these things work?' Trav was able to repair it instantly."

I think Jane would give up anything or anybody who'd seem to shadow Maureen's or Michael's happiness. The two of them attend a very fashionable school, about 40 miles out of Hollywood, and are home every week-end. Lots of other movie children go there—Joan Crawford's Christina and Christopher, for example—and Jane alternates with other mothers in going down to pick up their various broods. But Jane gives up every Friday to Monday, whether or not she is acting as school chauffeur, to her son and daughter.

Add up all of these factors and you see, as Jane does, "the special pressures."

Add them all together, and you can see how it was possible for her to go to dinner and dance all evening, and then, homeward bound, tell Trav that she felt it wiser to break their engagement.

And really it is wise as everyone knows to want your mind to be as completely in love as your heart seems to be. And really it is wise, particularly in Hollywood, to wait.

Except that even though Trav said, "You're nuts, darling," they still see one another every night and call one another every day. And she's thinking about his future and he's thinking about hers.

And do you think any two people, who aren't wildly in love, act that way? **END**

(Jane Wyman can soon be seen in Warner's The Story of Will Rogers.—Ed.)

hollywood's most passionate loves (liz taylor)

(Continued from page 34) that is worth a small fortune. This fact brings up another salient point.

Elizabeth has always been looked upon in Hollywood as a sensationally beautiful ignoramus. This isn't so. Even Mike was surprised to discover the depth of her knowledge of art. Most people have overlooked the fact that Elizabeth, close as she has been to her father, has absorbed a vast knowledge about paintings. Her father once had the Hatfield-Taylor Art Gallery at the Beverly Hills Hotel. Unlike many another actress, Elizabeth never paraded her intelligence, but to prove the fineness of her taste, she gave Mike six in a series of Augustus John drawings for Christmas, and he gave her a Huldah painting of a young girl. (Huldah, by the way, did a portrait of Elizabeth for her parents).

When I last talked with Elizabeth, she told me the hitherto untold story of the struggle she and Mike had to find a house in Hollywood. Long before the trip to London, Elizabeth and Mike took long rides around Bel-Air, the beach and Beverly Hills, searching for the type of home they wanted to settle down in. At long last, in the Riviera district, not far from the old Will Rogers ranch, they found what they wanted—an extremely modern home with a view, which could be seen from practically any direction through huge glass windows.

Then, a few days after the marriage, Elizabeth called her mother, gave her the address and asked her to start negotiations. Cleverly, she told her mother not to divulge the name of the purchaser, and the deal had almost gone through when the prospective seller noted the name of the party on Elizabeth's check. Something went wrong then, and by the time the minor detail was straightened out, the price had jumped by $15,000.

But there was another house, almost equally attractive. It had a swimming pool, which is almost a necessity for both Elizabeth and Mike who are expert swimmers. At press-time, it was a toss-up between the two places. And here again, another lie about Elizabeth can be destroyed once and for all.

Mrs. Wilding has been pictured as an extravagant girl who has no sense about money. If this were so, how does it happen that even though her studio was prepared to advance her the down payment against her salary, she refused to complete the deal because it was too much money. Unlike some of her friends who have gone into hock for show palace homes, Elizabeth has insisted that her marriage be solvent from the beginning.

Girls with the dollar complex, of which Elizabeth has also been accused, are notoriously selfish and neurotic. On one occasion, Elizabeth said to me, "You know, it is a fact that Michael once seriously considered giving up pictures entirely to go back to painting, and he may do just that one day. When he does, I'll retire with him, you may be sure of that."

And, on the same subject, let me assure you that I have never heard Elizabeth complain about how much money was taken out of her check for taxes, which is a familiar theme with many an actress.

I recall that not too long ago, Elizabeth was publicly spanked in the press for dancing cheek to cheek in a Hollywood night club with Stanley Donen, but she won't be doing that with Mike. The fact of the matter is that Elizabeth, like a lot of other Hollywood stars, went night-clubbing because she was unhappy. Most people who go to night clubs do so because they are not happy at home. In London, Liz and Mike are seldom seen in the gay places.

Her routine is sleeping late in the morning, reaching the studio in time for lunch and spending the whole afternoon on the set. They rarely go out, except to the homes of intimate friends. They have been horseback riding at least two days during their weekends in the country, staying with friends. If, in a way, Liz was a doormat for her first husband's desire to show her off, she certainly isn't for Mike. She has a new maturity now, though she won't be 21 until next February.

It is odd that the moment you apply a microscope to the simple facts of Elizabeth's new life, you discover another old lie that deserves to be denied. During her first courtship and marriage, she learned to smoke, and she smoked too much, nervously. Today, she likes an occasional cigarette for enjoyment, not to prove that she is sophisticated.

ELIZABETH has always loved dogs, and she and Mike have been spending many hours romping with a mongrel wire-haired dachshund which he brought home, unexpectedly, as a present for her. This is the first pet that Elizabeth has had since her return from her first turbulent honeymoon when she learned the news that her dog had died of convulsions at the vet's.

Remember how fashion designers nearly reached a knock down drag out stage in creating a voluminous wardrobe for Elizabeth for her first honeymoon? At that time, she was extremely clothes conscious, but that's all changed now. Mike, who frequently shows up in one of those sport shirts, with no buttons at all, has brought a casual attitude into her feeling about fashions. Today she ignores mink capes for an omnipresent polo coat until one bystander at a cocktail party was heard to comment, "Good Heavens, doesn't that girl *ever* dress?" Perhaps that's where some of the stories started that she and Mike weren't too well off, financially.

I am afraid that the interest in our Elizabeth is so great that she and Mike will constantly be followed by the hounds of falsehood. As, for instance, the story about Liz' paying for the honeymoon. She did. But I learned that the rest of the story is that Mike could only take $70 out of England, and he insisted on spending every last cent of it on a big dinner in Paris, their honeymoon night. Naturally he had to draw on Elizabeth's dollars.

Elizabeth feels very strongly that it's idiotic to question anyone about whose money pays for what. On her new contract she earns $4,000 a week for five years without options. Mike earns perhaps half that amount here, but he has continuing properties in London; in fact, he has a percentage of the pictures he does with Herbert Wilcox, and it is entirely possible that in a year or so his total earnings could be more than Elizabeth's straight salary arrangement.

The contrast between Elizabeth's first marriage and her second will be forever inevitable so long as she is a star, but there is no genuine comparison. The child-bride marriage is almost completely forgotten in her life, now. Whereas Elizabeth lost many pounds of weight due to worry and sadness when she was Mrs. Nicky Hilton, she gains weight with ease now that she is Mrs. Michael Wilding—and this set off another widely circulated rumor concerning expected motherhood.

Recently, Elizabeth laughing heartily, said to her mother, "Look, Mother, I have a double chin," to which Mrs. Taylor replied, "I don't care if you have three double chins—just stay as happy as you are."

And what are the chances of this?

The girl who once said, "I thought I was grown up enough to handle marriage—but I wasn't. I found out two weeks after the wedding that I'd made a mistake—but it was a beautiful wedding, wasn't it?" now says, "I want to know my husband and like him as well as love him!"

Personally, I think that this marriage, full of youth, excitement and—yes, let's use the word—passion—is a wonderful continuing story of perfect romance, so long as Liz and Mike can keep it from following Hollywood tradition. And my personal wager is that they will!

P.S. About those baby rumors. They're planning a family—but not for another year. Although, nature has a way of ignoring brides and grooms and budgets. **END**

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